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THE TOILETTE.

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Through one tall window, hung with lace,
The warm sun sheds an amber beam;
Within the mirror shines a face
More beautiful than any dream;
As, with uplifted arms and hands,
Before the gilded table there,
A miracle of grace she stands,
And binds the tresses of her hair.

Her dimpled arms are white as snow,
But, oh! so soft and warm, I ween;
Her lips, that with rich crimson glow,
Part but to show the pearls between;
And in her eyes soft hazel shines,
Such kindling sparks from love's warm fires,
They seem—half human, half divine!—
The gentle home of sweet desires.

Beneath her corsets, nestling there,
Like timid birds within the nest,
What dream of beauty can compare
With the soft hies of her breast.
And that warm vale that, sheltered, lies
Between those regions of delight,
Where linger sweet unuttered sighs
That wait the blissful bridal night.

Each dimpled shoulder's gentle height
Seems a fair hill of purest snow,
That sloping, rises smooth and white
Above the lesser ones below;
Whose hidden pinks are far more fair
Than any flower that greets the sight
In fragrant summer gardens, where
New blossoms open to the light.

And still the heavy braids she binds
With fingers glancing in their haste,
Whereon each shining tress she winds,
When loosened reaches past her waist;
And from rosetted slippers peep
Two feet, so dainty and so wee,
The Sultan's greedy eyes might weep
With jealous love such feet to see.

GAVESTON'S HEIR;

OR,

CAUGHT IN THE TOILS.

By the Author of "She Would be an Actress."

CHAPTER XXI—CONTINUED.

The rest he needed came to him, as it will sometimes when least looked for, and his head had scarcely touched the pillow when he slept the dead, dreamless sleep of utter exhaustion. He was literally worn out by excitement and want of rest, and nature asserted her rights, as it is mercifully ordained she shall when she has been over-taxed. As for Mr. Hawkes, he was exceedingly wide awake nearly the whole night. The fate of Mrs. Dale seemed to have a strange interest for him, and over and over again he examined the letter her husband had received.

"Tracing the paper may do something," he muttered. "Queer, common stuff it is—the water-mark cut straight through. I must find you, my runaway lady—and when I do, why 'write me down an ass' if I don't hunt out the prettiest case that's ever gone through my fingers. I tell you what it is, Daniel Hawkes—keep a still tongue and a wise head, and your fortune's made, my boy!"

Long before the business world was astir—before the man in whose interests he was working had opened his weary eyes once more to his despair and his loss—the detective was speeding away by the earliest train to the scene of Mrs. Dale's disappearance.

Not by a fast train by any means, but in a third-class carriage, among all the common people—navvies going to work, market folk making for their destinations, and all the heterogeneous assemblage of people which early avocations bring together. He did not talk much, but he heard a good deal, especially at the latter end of his journey, as the train neared Warwick and went whirling by the outskirts of Gaveston Park, affording a glimpse of the hall.

Then he heard a great deal of gossip about the master of the place, which he turned over in his own mind as he sat in his corner with his hat over his eyes, and sifted as it came in, picking two or three grains of truth to be treasured in his memory out of a tremendous quantity of nonsense and supposition.

He presented himself at the door of the Gaveston Arms about eight o'clock; called for breakfast, complimented Mrs. Badger on her cookery, chucked the fresh-looking servant girl under the chin, and gossipped with the worthy host about the prospects of the harvest.

He declared he could never drink his tea unless a lady poured it out for him, and won the landlady's heart entirely by the way he made himself at home, and enjoyed what was set before him.

In an hour from his entrance he had learned everything the honest couple could tell him respecting the affairs at the Hall—all about the master's return home, his popularity, Mattie Brock's dismissal, the heir's death, Miss Alice's alarm, was pumped from them in the most delicate and skillful manner by this customer, "who never had tasted such tea and such ham and eggs in his life, never."

He obtained a minute description of Mrs. Dale, had an interview with the boy who had seen her go, saw Mr. Gaveston (without being seen by that gentleman, however), and then went to Mr. Ord. No longer the gratified customer of the idle traveler, to the lawyer he was the sharp and shrewd officer who knew what he was about, and went at his work with a will.

The interview was very short—a few questions asked and answered on either side, a trifle more information gained, and Mr. Hawkes departed once more for Birmingham. Arrived there, he still had half an hour before his appointed meeting with his employer, and that he devoted to searching out the shop of the firm whose name was on the paper stamp. One of the partners, whom he knew by sight, happened to be there, and to him he applied.

"You have some paper with a curious water mark, Mr. Bethune," he said. "Name of 'Tita,' cut in two *across*. Have you sold much of it?"

"None," the gentleman replied, in surprise. "It was only cut and made up a few days ago. The samples were only sent out yesterday."

"*Some* of it has been sold. I have a letter in my pocket written on it, and I'd give a trifle to find out who bought it. I can't show you the inside, but may be you can see it is your paper."

Mr. Bethune looked closely at it. "If this was *bought* here," he said, "and not carried away by any of the workpeople, it was bought three days ago; it is part of the *waste* that we sell off cheap. Here, Simmons!"

An intelligent lad of about fifteen presented himself.

"Did you sell any of this paper—the 'Tita' paper, you know?"

"I sold all of it, sir."

"All of it?"

"Yes, sir, one person bought it all, except a few sheets."

"Do you remember what your customers were like?" asked Mr. Hawkes, quietly, though he was eagerly impatient for an answer.

"Oh, yes, one was Mr. Harris, of the Globe Tavern. He said it would do very well for circulars. He offered ten shillings for all the lot, and Mr. Smith took it and——"

"And the other—the person who bought the few sheets?"

"'Twas a woman," the lad replied—"a servant, I think. I shouldn't have remembered her, but she was so curious looking She was short and stoutish, and so *ugly*—no, not exactly ugly, for she had a pleasant smile, but her face was all seamed and scarred. I couldn't help staring at her, for she looked as if, some time or other, she had been dreadfully beaten and cut about the head."

"And how was she dressed?"

"I think in a cotton gown. She looked exactly like a servant. She had a pleasant voice."

"And you don't remember anything she said?"

"She said nothing to me, sir. She took up the *Post* while I was putting up the paper, and when she laid it down she just said, 'Poor darling,' and sighed."

"And what day was this?"

"Wednesday, sir."

"Thank you! you have given me the clue I wanted, I hope and believe. Good morning, Mr. Bethune. Good morning, young gentleman. Always use your eyes and ears as well as you have done in this instance, and you'll get on yet."

George Dale was waiting in a fever of impatience, when Mr. Hawkes reached the inn.

"Have you any news for me?" he asked, breathlessly, when the officer entered.

"No news, but some clue I hope. Order in some bitter ale and bread and cheese. I breakfasted at Gaveston at eight o'clock, and I've been running about ever since."

"At Gaveston?"

"Yes; I haven't let the grass grow under my feet, I can tell you. I learned a good deal *there*, but I've found out more here. I think I've got hold of the party who bought the paper your wife's letter was written on."

"Ah! And who was it?"

"Mr. Gaveston's discarded servant. Mattie Brock!"

CHAPTER XXII.

RUTH.

Turning away from Mr. Dale and his search, and from all the persons directly and indirectly concerned therein, and from the fate of all with whom our story has hitherto had to do, we will take a peep at certain private matters known as yet but to Ralph Gaveston himself. Mr. Ord's words about marriage, though lightly answered at the time, and apparently no more thought of, had made a deep impression on him.

He was the last of his family; at his death Gaveston, which his brother had so much loved, would go to strangers, and the old family be extinct. This would never do, he thought, and the only way to avoid such a catastrophe was to take unto himself a wife, and have an heir to inherit after him.

His sister-in-law wished it, Mr. Ord advised it, and he himself—well, if he did not particularly incline to the holy estate of matriomony just at present, he was not extremely averse to it, provided he could find a suitable partner; so he cast his eyes about to find, if possible, a lady sufficiently well bred, good looking, and "weel tochered" to boot, to head his table and direct his household.

As Mr. Ord had predicted, and he himself had foreseen, no sooner had the grave closed over the little heir, than Mrs. Gaveston, urged on by Alice, began to make immediate preparations for departure to Leamington, where she had elected to remain through the rest of the summer and ensuing autumn and winter. Ralph did not plead with her to stay, as he would once have done, but aided her plans and acquiesced in her arrangements in the same kind spirit he had always shown.

He proved himself extremly liberal and generous, stripping Gaveston of many things which were by right his, that her new home might be furnished forth as became his brother's widow. Even Alice, with her secret dread and ill-concealed dislike of her uncle, was forced to join in the general hymn of praise that went up in his honor, and to acknowledge that Uncle Ralph had behaved most honorably. Mrs. Gaveston remonstrated with him on the way in which he took down favorite pictures, and sent away pet articles of furniture on her behalf, but he had his answer ready.

"They are not household gods to me, my dear sister," he said; "every association at Gaveston is new to me; but I know well how dear even senseless pieces of furniture become through long use. Your home will be more like home with accustomed things about you; so take them, and let them speak to you of me sometimes; I shall soon replace them here."

"Ah! Gaveston will be changed. New furniture, new faces; a new mistress may be—eh, brother?"

"Perhaps," was all the answer Ralph Gaveston made; but his sister-in-law knew that her surmise was correct, and she sighed with a feeling of sadness, for she often confessed to her own heart that were there no law in the way she could have given the wanderer of so many years his brother's vacant place in her heart.

Perhaps some such thought was in his mind too when he bade her farewell, for he kissed her with tender impressment, and suffered his eyes to speak what his lips did not utter! Certes, this handsome, well-preserved, young-looking widow, seemed a far fitter mate for him than the one he had chosen, only in his own mind, as yet, for up to the hour of the family leaving the hall nothing had been spoken by him of love or marriage.

Within a month of the funeral they were settled in a pleasant house a little out of Leamington, on the road to Guy's Cliff, with a frontage overlooking one of the prettiest views in Warwickshire, with the fine old mansion of the Percies, and its grand old woods, and the picturesque mill close by, for its main features.

Nothing of grace and comfort was lacking in it, and very soon their friends flocked to see them, making them forget in some measure the splendors of Gaveston. The vacant places in the hall were soon filled—new furniture and pictures replaced the old, and fresh servants filled the situations of those who had preferred going with their mistress to remaining to try the rule of the new, for that a new mistress was coming to rule over them they all devoutly believed. Rumor said, and for once rumor spoke truly, that Ralph Gaveston had cast favorable eyes on the daughter of Sir John Grantley, his nearest neighbor.

Ruth Grantley, the choice of Ralph Gaveston's eye and pocket, if not of his heart, was the eldest of a very large family, but a heiress in her own right, owing her name and fortune to her godmother, who had stipulated that this child of a sentimental novel reading mother and fashionable wordly father should be called plain "Ruth" and nothing else.

"It was her name," she averred, "and her money should go to the child if she bore it, not else," so Lady Grantley had to lay aside all her notions of Ediths or Malvinas, or whatever her fiction ridden brain had intended for the child's name, and accept the plain Scripture cognomen for her eldest born.

Alas, there came a time, poor lady, when her family grew and multiplied, and it mattered little what the younger branches of the household vine were called. By that time Ruth was growing up meek and grave, with large, serious eyes, and straight, well cut features—not by any means a bad realization of the generally conceived ideas of the Jewish maiden who "stood breast high amidst the corn," and picked up her fortune among the rich man's reapers.

Her mother was wont to call her plain and Quakerish, and, indeed, the demure little maiden affected sober hues and quiet pursuits almost to a fault, though she lacked neither spirit nor intelligence when called upon to act. She was just eighteen at this time, about the same age as pretty Alice Gaveston, with whom she was very intimate, but she had not "come out," had never been presented, though her mother wished it very much.

"Time enough when I am married, mamma," she would reply gravely, and Lady Grantley would lift her hands in horror, and declare "that the way girls talked about such things now a days was perfectly disgusting!"

"When she was young, no girl ever mentioned such a subject as marriage; she supposed Ruth picked up her dreadful notions out of the horrid books she was always reading."

But Ruth pursued the even tenor of her way undisturbed by her mother's murmurings, and at eighteen showed no signs of being or wishing to be a fashionable young lady. Her fortune was strictly settled upon herself, a liberal sum being allowed to her father for her maintenance and education, and it was to be wholly under her control when she came of age or married.

Sir John Grantley found the addition to his income very useful, and it was no matter of regret to him that his daughter had such quiet tastes, and preferred the unexciting and inexpensive routine of a country life to the whirl of fashionable London society.

Lady Grantley would have liked to spend the extra hundreds brought into the family treasury by Ruth in a town house and gaieties therein; but the girl was firm and her mother was bound to yield. Her own expenses were few, her pleasures simple, and most of the money paid for the education of her young brothers and sisters came out of her allowance.

With the family at Gaveston Hall she was very intimate; Mrs. Gaveston liked and appreciated her many good qualities, and encouraged her intimacy with Alice to the utmost. She did not much like Lady Grantley, thinking her frivolous and weak minded; but for her daughter's sake she tolerated her acquaintance. And it was this little gentle eyed girl, with her quiet manners and nun-like deportment, that Ralph Gaveston had singled out to be his partner for life.

No one could accuse him of mercenary notions; he was rich enough to marry whom he would, and he could settle a fine fortune entirely upon herself, if her guardians so willed it. He singled her out from all the young ladies he met, and manœuvring mammas brought daughters in plenty to lay their charms at his feet, when it became evident that little Ralph's life would no longer stand between him and fortune; but this young girl charmed him beyond all others, and he resolved to woo and win her as soon as he could legally call himself master of the estate.

Mrs. Gaveston, with womanly eyes, suspected what was going on, but Mr. Ord did not, and Ralph Gaveston chose to keep him unenlightened. Within a week of the child's funeral, while yet the search for Mrs. Dale was going on, he might have been seen—was seen, indeed—strolling in a lovely sequestered nook in the park, with Ruth by his side.

The evening sun cast the shadows of the giant trees across their path, flecking it with light and shade, and the cawing rooks were whirling homewards in their flight; but the pair who wandered there in the gloaming saw nothing, heard nothing, but themselves. The Grantleys had driven over to see Mrs. Gaveston, and

PAULINE MARKHAM, of Wood's Museum.

were sufficiently intimate friends to accept an impromptu invitation to dinner.

Ralph had seized his opportunity and spoken to Sir John, and gathering from him without much trouble that the match would be agreeable both to himself and his wife, had sought out Ruth, and beguiled her out into the chestnut avenue. The trees were just putting forth their flowers, and all nature appeared to have donned its brightest dress to do them honor as they strolled.

The mementous question had been asked and answered, and Ruth's heart was in a whirl of fluttering delight. There was a deep vein of romance running under her calm exterior, and she had loved Ralph Gaveston from the first hour of their meeting, with the idolatrous affection which women will bestow on the one object they single out from all the world to love. And to all appearance her hero was a man worthy of it—honorable, gentlemanly and handsome. What could a girl desire more? There came a time when Ruth remembered that the voice which asked her to be his wife was husky and trembling, and that the lips that sealed the compact on hers were white and cold, but she forgot that now in the excess of her joy. Hand in hand they strolled together under the trees. The color had come back to Ralph Gaveston's cheek, and the light to his eye, and he was talking in low, earnest tones to his companion.

"Ruth," he said, in low, earnest tones, "Ruth! I never felt the beauty of the name till now."

"And I never heard any beauty in it before," she replied, looking lovingly up at him; "I always thought it so common; and mamma says it is so unromantic and ugly."

"Unromantic! Well, I don't know; the original of the name was the heroine of a grand old romance, any how. I can fancy the Jewish maiden something like you, dear—a little more swarthy of skin and tall of stature, perhaps; but with your sweet face and loving eyes."

"I don't think Boaz was like *you*," she replied laughing, while he drew her close to him and kissed her upturned face.

"So you really love me, little Ruth?" he murmured. "Tell me so again, that I may realize my happiness."

"I do," she replied. "I always have, ever since we first met!"

"And you will never let anything come between us nor take away your love from me?"

"Never—nothing ever could."

"Then you are mine now, and till death," clasping her in his arms.

"Another kiss, mine own, to seal that bargain, and then we will go in and attend to the proprieties. A little while, and we shall be free to do as we like, and wander where we choose, with none to remark on our proceedings, or say us nay."

Again their lips met in a loving kiss, and Ralph's arms closed round his girl-love in a fond embrace, but ere he could release her she gave a slight scream, and exclaimed—

"Oh, Ralph, look there!"

Freeing himself from her clasping arms, he turned and looked. There, in the moonlight, not twenty yards from the spot, stood a man, looking full on them; a little man, pale and haggard, with his hand upon the collar of a large dog!

CHAPTER XXIII.

CHECK!

It was only for a moment that the lovers saw the man and the dog, yet that one instant was sufficient to make Ralph Gaveston's cheek blanch and his hand quiver, and Ruth looked at him in amazement.

"It was only a man and a dog," she said, quietly, "and they are both gone. Do you think they were poaching?"

"Hardly," he replied; "there's no game here for them. They must be looked for—searched for, instantly!"

He looked so wild, and trembled so much, that she grew quite alarmed.

"You are ill, surely," she exclaimed. "There was nothing in their appearance very alarming; it was only the thought of——"

"Of being caught love making—eh, darling?" he said, trying to appear himself again, though the ashy hue still remained on his face. "That was very dreadful, was it not? Nay, never look at me like that, pretty one. I am not ill nor frightened, only startled; and I will tell you why. I know that man well."

"Know him?"

"Yes; or at least, if that question had been put a day ago, I should have said so. I knew him out at the diggings, far away in that North American wilderness you have heard me speak of; but the other day I had undeniable proof that he was dead."

"Dead!" exclaimed Ruth, looking round her with a shiver, as though she expected some ghostly thing to start out of the shadows and confront her.

"Even so—dead and drowned. My informant saw him sink to the bottom of the Atlantic about half way across; and as he never rose again, and the ship sailed on without him, it is but fair to suppose he is lying there now. It is a strange thing for him to start up and confront us just now, is it not?"

"Oh, *don't* talk like that!" Ruth said, nestling close to his side; "it is horrible to think of."

"Why, you don't believe in the supernatural, do you, darling?"

"Oh, no."

"Nor I. It was that man alive and in the flesh, I am sure of it. I must find him, and find out how he comes to be alive and here. He will have a marvelous story to tell if the other tale I heard be true, and I see no reason to doubt it."

"But what made you so terrified? You looked like death for a moment."

"Did I?" I believe any sudden start does turn my face white. I have never got over several terrible things that happened out yonder. It seems very womanish and weak minded, but it is a physical, not mental affection, which only time will remove. You will pardon it, won't you, and not think me a coward when you see my cheek turn pale sometimes?"

"A coward! Oh, no; I never could think that. I've heard too much about your life to think you that; and Mrs. Gaveston told me all about that terrible time when your friend was——"

"Ah—h! Don't talk about it, dear. I only wish I could blot that night, with all its hideous memories, out of my mind forever. You would not wonder at any illness of mine if you knew what I have suffered, then and since."

"Forgive me! I did not mean to speak of anything painful."

"I know you did not, my birdie. But come, let us go in; they will wonder where we are. We won't *talk* of our engagement yet, Ruthie, except to papa and mamma, unless, indeed, you want to stand before the world in the proud position of a *fiancee*."

"Oh, no," replied Ruth, laughing; don't let us be public property yet. We shall be talked about quite soon enough; let us have a little peace. I should like best for no one to know at all till——"

"Till you take your place yonder as mistress. Well, why should they? We'll consult with the powers that be upon that subject."

So the newly betrothed pair went in—*one* of them, at least, as happy a being as the world contained; the other oppressed with doubts and fears, and casting about how to crush another head of the hydra, which, since his arrival in England, had sprung up to confront him.

Nothing was said about the engagement except to Sir John and Lady Grantley, though it was suspected by Mrs. Gaveston and Alice, the latter of whom looked upon her friend with anxious eyes, and waited her confidence on the subject with doubt and dread.

Ralph Gaveston made no search for the man they had seen; he knew it was no ghost, and that he had seen Limping Jack a living, breathing man.

He knew, too, that if he had come to England to seek him he would do it, and it was no use to hasten the catastrophe.

"Pshaw! What can he do to me? What does he know?" he asked himself. "Nothing—less than nothing! Ralph Gaveston, Esq., of the Hall, is a very different person to the rough digger out yonder, who perhaps never spoke to yonder rascal half a dozen times in all his life. Did the man Dale lie to me, I wonder, when he said the fellow was never picked up? Is he in league with him to raise this devil of memory to terrify me at every turn? Terrify! I must be growing a very poltroon. My pretty flower—my bride that is to be—was braver than I. She might well look astonished to see the color leave my face and my eye grow dim at the sight of a lame man and a black dog. It won't do; I must learn not to betray myself like this."

Meanwhile Limping Jack—for Jack it was—had made his way out of the park. He *had* been saved from his fearful peril at sea, and here he was, not *quite* so ragged and miserable as when we met him in New York, but nothing to boast of yet.

He had been hanging about Gaveston ever since the day of the funeral, though he had kept out of sight. He had a little money, and he had reasons of his own for not wishing to be seen just yet, for he had a great deal on his mind he wanted to arrange and set in order before proceeding with his plans.

Wolf's flying at his former master on the day of the funeral was an accident, and a most untoward one, for Jack by no means intended to reveal his presence on that occasion.

He was crouching behind the low wall of the churchyard, with Wolf beside him, intently listening to and watching all that was going on. Some bits of low-spoken gossip reached his ears, which were exceedingly interesting.

"Died suddenly, did he; in a kind of fit?" he murmured. "Ah, I shouldn't wonder; and Mr. Ralph's the master now—and he'll make a good one, he's so like his dear brother! Well, I never saw his dear brother, but I dare say he is. He's like some one else he and I once knew. Hullo!"

He might well exclaim, for, in his absorbed reverie, he had loosed his hold of Wolf, who, thereupon raising his head, looked over the wall and surveyed the proceedings with much satisfaction, till he caught sight of his old master standing bare-headed by an open grave.

The sight seemed to rouse some unpleasant recollections in his canine breast, and with a fierce bark he sprang over the low fence, and gave his old friend the affectionate greeting we have elsewhere spoken of.

Jack was terribly alarmed for a moment, for it would not have suited his plans to have been found out just then; but in the bustle that ensued, Wolf returned to his side, bruised and crestfallen, but with something of an air of triumph in his eyes for all that. To get him away was Jack's first care, and the pair stinted not, nor stayed, till they had put a good two miles between themselves and Gaveston churchyard. Then, sitting down behind a hedge, Jack fairly hugged the shaggy companion of his wanderings in uncontrollable satisfaction.

"I knew it, old boy! I knew you'd know him again. He'll want to buy you, old dog. 'Tisn't a thousand pounds 'll pay for you, though we've starved for want of a penny before now."

In the week which elapsed between the funeral and his sudden appearance in the park he had matured his plans, and on the evening in question he proceeded to Gaveston to openly seek an interview with the squire. He was deterred by seeing the visitors arrive. It was no part of his programme to seek the man he wanted in the midst of company, and so run the risk of his having him arrested and imprisoned as an impostor.

"I'll catch him *alone*," he said; "that's the game. Before any one else he'd ride the high horse, and have me sent to jail, and no time to speak. That wouldn't do. He's a magistrate, may be, and might take a fancy to come and see me, and then very likely I should be found to have committed suicide, and be comfortably got rid of. No, no, Jack, my boy; bide your time."

He did, and loitered about the park till sunset, when he encountered the man he sought, and Ruth Grantley, in the chestnut avenue. He saw all that passed, though he was too far off to hear, and chuckled to himself.

"Oh, oh! *That's* the game, is it? I can wait now, and I will. The squire wants a wife, does he, to make his happiness complete? And he hasn't bad taste, I must say. Ay, kiss her and hold her close to your breast, Mr. Gaveston—closer, closer yet, I like to see it, for I know every smile from that honey mouth is more money into my pocket!"

He saw the effect of his appearance on the pair and marked Ralph Gaveston's perturbation with delight.

"No more hiding," he said, as he limped away. "It's an open hand-to-hand fight now, and may the best man win, says I."

Straight to the Gaveston Arms he went, and asked for accommodation. Mr. Badger eyed him rather suspiciously, for, though improved in appearance, he was still scarcely the man to take in without questioning; and he was about to refuse, point blank, when his wife interfered, and civilly told the new comer to sit down, for that she would accommodate him.

Setting bread and cheese before him, she pulled her husband into their private bar and shut the door, with the emphatic announcement, "You're a fool!"

"A fool!" ejaculated the astonished Badger, thinking his better half had gone suddenly mad.

"Yes, a fool, a dolt, an idiot! Have you no eyes?"

"Why, yes, my dear; and seeing the man was a tramp, or little better, and knowing you don't like to take in such, I was going to tell him to go about his business."

"Oh, you are a donkey! Didn't you know the dog?"

"Never looked at him, my love."

"No, I thought not. Why, it is the very beast that flew at the squire in the churchyard. I knew it the minute I clapped eyes on it. You know what a hue and cry there's been after the man that was seen with it; and now they come to your very door—and you, you stupid, want to send them away!"

"I'm sure I didn't know, my dear," Mr. Badger began; but his wife pushed him away, with the assertion that "he *never* did know anything," and went to see about a bed-room for her shabby guest. To her great surprise he began to talk about Mr. Gaveston, and asked a good many questions about the hall, openly avowing he was going to see the squire.

"My dog here belonged to him once," he said, touching Wolf with his foot, "and may be he'll be glad to see him again."

"Glad to see him, when he flew at him like a tiger!" exclaimed Mrs. Badger.

"Oh, were you there?" asked Jack. "Ah, that was an accident—something had put the dog out, and I was so taken up with seeing my old acquaintance looking like a gentleman that I'd let go of him—that was all. Mr. Gaveston's a noble looking man, ma'am."

"Yes, he is. He's as fine a man as any hereabouts. It's a pity his hand is so disfigured."

"His hand!"

"Why, yes. You can't know the squire if you don't know *that*. His right hand has been smashed awful, somewhere out in foreign parts. It's a sight to be seen, with scars all over the back of it now."

"Ah, yes, of course. I know about his hand being hurt, but I didn't know about the scars being so bad. I thought, may be, there were none."

"That man's an impostor," Mrs. Badger said to herself, as she went up stairs. "No one could have known the squire abroad without knowing of that scar."

"I knew Ralph Gaveston was a 'cute man," was Jack's reflection upon the above conversation, "but I didn't think he was so 'cute as *that*. By Jove, he's forgotten *nothing*. I shall have to have my wits about me when it comes to a tussle with *him*."

CHAPTER XXIV.

ALICE'S MADNESS.

Though the lovers agreed that their engagement should be kept a secret—and said nothing except to Sir John and Lady Grantley on the subject, little Ruth could not hide her new found happiness, and Alice Gaveston's sharp eyes read her secret in her joyous face. Ralph had suggested to Sir John that the whole affair should be private, declaring, with a laugh, that he didn't want to be country talk, and that Ruth would rather not be known everywhere just yet as an engaged young lady. Sir John was nothing loth to be silent on the subject, though her ladyship would rather have relished the *eclat* and fuss usually attendant on such proceedings. So nothing was said, and no questions were asked; but Alice lured her friend up into her own peculiar sanctorum, and then and there began to talk to her.

"Ruth, dear," she said, "I'm frightened."

"Frightened, Alice! at what?"

"I hardly know," the girl replied—"frightened for you, dear."

Ruth opened her brown eyes, and looked at her friend in bewilderment. She had heard that Alice had been nervous and hysteric lately. Could she be going out of her mind?

"Why?" she asked; what have I done?"

"Nothing, Ruthie, nothing. Don't look at me in that way; but—but—do you love my Uncle Ralph? Has he told you that he loves you?"

"Alice!"

"Ah, you wonder at me. Perhaps you think I'm mad—sometimes I think I am myself; but I know, dear, I saw you just now in the avenue, and you must not love *him*, dear! better tear out your heart—better *die* than give it to him!"

"And why?" asked Ruth, her agitation freezing her tones and making them seem stiff and haughty. "What can *you* have to say against him. Even suppose your surmise was correct, which you don't know, you and yours should be the last to speak against him after his behavior to you."

"I know, I know," said Alice, with flashing eyes and crimson cheeks, "I know all about his great kindness and his generosity, and so does all the world. Ralph Gaveston is not one to hide his candle under a bushel, and it was necessary for his reputation that he should play the kind uncle and the wise guardian to his dead brother's widow and her helpless children! My father's brother! When I think of him, Ruth, it brings back my belief in old nursery superstitions, and I feel as though he had been some elfish changeling, sent into this mortal world to work nothing but woe and mischief!"

"Woe and mischief! Alice, you are mad to talk like this. What wrong has your uncle ever done you? Gaveston is his by lawful heirship; you were offered a home in it; what could he do more?"

"Lawful heirship! Offered a home here! Grant me patience, heaven, or I shall die! Look here, Ruth, I dare not speak—I swore I would not, but I tell you if you marry my uncle, and I know you and he mean it, you will bring misery on yourself such as you little dream of. The day will come, if ever you are his wife, when you will wish you had died at his feet, out among the trees yonder, ere you had let him call you by that sacred name!"

Ruth was thoroughly frightened now, but not for herself; she really and truly believed that Alice had lost her reason, and attempted to soothe her.

"Don't," she said sadly; "take your own way, but remember my words when you stand here mistress of this old house. There will come a day when every stone of it will speak out to you, as it does now to me. Ah! I was forgetting myself. Ruth, for the sake of all you hold dear—for the sake of your happiness in this world and the next—never marry Ralph Gaveston, never listen to his vows of love."

She burst into hysterical tears, and Ruth put her hand on the bell to summon assistance.

"Don't ring, Ruth," her friend said, calming herself with an effort. "I see you don't believe me. Well, be it so; go your own way, though I swear to you you will regret the hour that makes you the mistress of this cursed house."

"You have said too much or too little," said Ruth, gravely, and with a coolness in her tone. "If you do not explain what your wild denunciations of your uncle mean, I must perforce think you mad, for there is nothing to warrant them."

"Nothing!" Alice repeated bitterly. "Oh, no, nothing but my word, my unhappiness. Ha! Ha!"

The laugh changed into an hysterical scream, and the young girl rang the bell violently. Mrs. Gaveston and Jessie soon appeared upon the scene, and Alice was put to bed.

"Don't look so frightened, my dear," the former said; "it is only a fit of hysterics. Alice is quite out of health and strangely subject to them of late. She will be quite well soon. What brought it on?"

"I really don't know. We were speaking of a subject on which our opinions differ, and Alice seemed agitated and distressed that I could not agree with her, and then the attack came on."

Miss Grantley spoke quietly and with complete composure; but she was conscious that the housekeeper was regarding her with curiosity and scrutiny, and she felt quite startled when Mrs. Gaveston asked, "was it of my brother, Mr. Gaveston, you were talking?"

"It was."

"I see you are surprised at the question, my dear; but Alice has taken the most unaccountable dislike to her uncle, and I invariably find, when she has one of these wretched fits, that he is directly or indirectly the cause of it. Don't talk to her about him again if you can help it."

"I certainly shall not," Ruth replied, and again Mrs. Bartley's eyes seemed to search her face as though she would fain read what their conversation had been about. Ralph Gaveston met his *fiancee* with an assuring smile when she descended the stairs ready for her drive home.

"So poor Alice is ill again, is she?" he said. "She is sadly out of health just now; don't look unhappy about it, birdie; these fits are distressing, but not dangerous."

"Surely there can be no deceit or wickedness in *him*," was her thought, as she got into the carriage. "Alice is, *must be* out of her mind."

"I wonder what is the matter with that girl?" Lady Grantley remarked, as they drove home; "it is something very odd and mysterious. Mrs. Gaveston is exceedingly anxious about her."

"Oh, some feminine malady or other; *nerves*, or something of that sort, I suppose. Girls are always acting and fussing, and fancying themselves ill."

Sir John had no mercy on female weaknesses, and anything bordering on the hysterical he specially abhorred.

"I know *one* who is never fanciful," her ladyship said. "Our Ruthie never has hysterics. What do *you* think is the matter with Alice, dear?"

"She is mad, mamma."

"Mad!"

"Yes, I am sure of it."

"My darling child, what a dreadful idea. Whatever makes you think so?"

"What she said to me, mamma. She insinuated the most frightful things about Ra—, about her uncle; and bade me never marry him if I valued my happiness either here or hereafter."

"My dear Ruth, are you not romancing?" asked Sir John.

"Not in the least, papa; if I did not feel sure that something had affected poor Alice's mind, I should be most unhappy. She said that I should live to curse the day I ever listened to him, and——"

Poor Ruth could go no further, but fairly broke down, and began to cry.

"Don't worry yourself, darling," her mother said; "hysterical people say all sorts of things. Thank goodness, they are going away, and you won't see much more of them."

"I don't wish to," Ruth replied, and the subject was dropped. Lady Grantly took occasion to visit Mrs. Gaveston alone, to inquire for Alice, and endeavor to find out what ailed her; and to her Mrs. Gaveston confided, with much grief, that they feared something was indeed wrong with Alice's mind, and they were going to consult an eminent physician about her immediately on going to Leamington.

The strangest feature of the case, she said, was the strange antipathy she showed to her uncle, despite his uniform kindness to her.

"He bears her strangeness like an angel," Mrs. Gaveston remarked, "and tells me not to grieve over it; but it troubles me very much."

Lady Grantly was very sorry for Alice's ill health, but she was secretly glad when the whole family made their exodus from the hall, and left the coast clear for Ralph Gaveston's wooing to go on as it would.

"It's a good match, and I don't want it spoiled," she soliloquized. "It is good for Ruth, good for the boys, and, through them, for me. Thank goodness that crazy girl is out of the way."

On the morning of the day after the fate of gentle Ruth Grantley was sealed, a man presented himself at the door of the hall and asked to see Mr. Gaveston. Not boldly at the front door, as though he had a right to ask and expected to be admitted, but shirking to the back of the house, and making his way through the stables to the kitchen door, like one ashamed and afraid of himself or his mission, and expecting buffets and rough words as the result of his appearance there.

He was an ill looking man, neither clean nor tidy, and he slouched along with a hang-dog gait and manner that told of long strife with his fellow men and their laws.

It was Dan the Devil set free by the captain of the Urania on his arrival in England, to his great surprise, and once more prowling about and living by the exercise of the same evil spirit, whose promptings out at Yale had led him to rob and cheat, and murder innocent folks whenever his purse wanted replenishing.

His familiar had deserted him, or the laws were too strong for him here, and he had had but a hard time of it.

He made his way to Gaveston to ask help; he had nothing else in his head, for his suspicions did not point to Mr. Gaveston as the murderer of his friend; he laid that crime to the score of Limping Jack, whom he thought he had silenced forever. His sole idea was to get help when he asked one of the men about to send a message to Mr. Gaveston for him.

"Can't do it," the man replied. "My master's going out. You must leave a message."

"I've no message. I'm an old friend of his, out at the diggings yonder, and I wanted to ask him to help me a bit; that's all."

"Oh! if master saw all the folks he's met abroad we should have nothing to do but send in messages. You must come again or write."

"Very well, I will; I think he'd see me, he used to be a good-natured chap. I say, mate, you couldn't give a poor devil a mouthful to eat, could you? I haven't tasted anything to-day, yet."

Dan was wonderfully humble and subdued; but even the wild beasts of the forest can be tamed by starvation.

"Well, I dare say I can," the man replied, kindly enough; and going into the kitchen presently returned with bread and meat and a mug of ale.

"There," he said, "drink that, and put this in your pocket; and if you want to see master, come a bit earlier another day."

"Thank ye, master, I will; and I hope you'll never know the need which makes you beg for the bits and sup."

"Saddle the Emperor, James, and bring him round to the west door, and get ready to go with me to Warwick."

Dan the Devil set down the half finished ale, and looked at the servant with wild amazement in his eyes.

"Who—who's that?" he asked.

"The master; there he is."

There he was truly, lounging carelessly across the other side of the stable yard, never seeing the man who sat there staring at him as though he had seen a vision; handsome, gentlemanly and *debonnaire*, in a black velvet morning suit and wide-awake hat, looking as though he had never known aught but luxury and ease in all his life—a wonderful contrast to the rough creature to whom his servant had given food as he would to a stray dog.

"So that's Mr. Gaveston, is it—Ralph Gaveston, Esq.? Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord!"

"Of course that's him—I thought you said you knew him."

"So I did, but gentlemen look more like navvies than anything else out at the diggings. His togs weren't much better than mine when I saw him last; and to think of him now. "I'll come again soon; he's sure to see me."

He looked so white and bewildered as he shuffled away that the servant felt glad that he was off the premises, fearing that he was going to have a fit, and expressed himself pretty strongly over the servants' hall dinner regarding "the queer folks that came asking for master."

Whatever had startled or frightened Dan in the appearance of Mr. Gaveston had had a strong effect upon him. His knees shook so he could hardly walk and his hunger was forgotten. He sat down under a tree in an unfrequented part of the park and tried to collect himself.

"I needn't beg of him any more," he said. "I'll be bold and ask and have; I never was to look to myself, my life. Pshaw! I'm weak and a fool; what have my fortunes made!"

He leaned his head upon his hands and fell into a reverie, from which he was roused by something passing round him. He raised his eyes to look, and it was Wolf smelling at the untasted meat in his pocket, while not a dozen yards off stood the man whom he had

sent to his death a thousand miles away on the wide ocean.

TO BE CONTINUED.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

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NOTICE.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

To Correspondents.

LARKINS, Troy, N. Y.—Heenan knocked Tom King out of time in the seventeenth round, and about three quarters of a minute elapsed before time was called; and when it was called Heenan left his corner and went up to the scratch, but King had not left his corner, whereupon Heenan retired to his corner; time was soon called again, when Heenan again advanced—King being from one to two minutes in coming up. Whether, in all, five minutes elapsed from the termination of the round and the commencement of the next, we cannot positively state, but are under the impression that such a time did intervene.

M. W., Minneapolis, Minn.—1. Ethan Allen and mate's best time against Dexter was 2:15; Dexter's best time 2:17¼. 2. You can get Menken's poems of the publisher, Carleton, Broadway, New York, and through any bookseller; photographs of theatrical celebrities can be obtained of any of the parties whose advertisements you can find in another column. 3. We shall be glad to receive items from you at any time.

RACE BOAT, Boston, Mass.—1. Two miles, 13:52, by R. F. Clarke, Charles River Course, 1859. Josh Ward is accredited with having rowed five miles in 35:10. 2. The course rowed over by Brown and Coulter, at Pittsburgh, when the former won in 34.28¼, is said to have lacked nearly half a mile of being the stipulated distance, five miles. 3. Brown pulled cross-handed, the others did not. 4. No record of time for one mile.

BILLIARDS, Washington, D. C.—1. Dion won by 1,500 to 1,104. The stake was $1,000 a side in gold. It was Foster's first and only public defeat. 2. From John Deery, in New York, May 23, 1866. Score, 1,500 to 1,366. 3. His first match with a recognized first-class player was that spoken of in an answer to your first question, which took place in Montreal, July 19, 1866.

J. G., Bangor.—Hoyle says that "a straight beats two pairs," but adds, "straights are not considered in the game," although they are played in some localities, and it should always be determined whether they are to be admitted at the commencement of the game.

G. L. S., Toledo, O.—If the horse is drawn previous to the word "go" being given, even if he has scored, only the forfeit money can be claimed, notwithstanding the whole stakes were up.

C. B. S., Memphis.—You can get Youatt's book on The Horse, which we presume is the work you want, through any bookseller. We do not know anything of Professor Rarey's work.

W. J. R., Elmira.—1. Dave Reed, in our opinion, is one of the best bone players on the stage. 2. Billy Birch is considered one of the best and most original in the business. 3. The story now being published in a cotemporary called "The Life of Menken" is all fiction.

J. H. B.—1. The best two mile heat time in harness is 4:56¼, made by General Butler and by Dexter also. 2. The best two mile wagon time is 4:50¼ by Flora Temple. 3. For three mile heats, in harness, 7:33; to wagon, 7:54, both by Flora Temple; under saddle, 7:32¼, by Dutchman.

FIFTEEN 2, Chicago.—"A and B are playing cribbage, A has just made a go and there remains one card to each player. B plays an eight and A a seven, making fifteen, and the last card, for which he takes three holes. B says he is only entitled to two. Which is correct?"......A was right.

DIXEY, St. Louis.—Your budget came to hand too late to be used in our last issue, and as it is not fresh enough for the current No. it is omitted. When it is convenient for you to do so, give us the latest items so as to reach us by Monday, if not sooner.

CASKADE.—"At billiards, if the player hits the red ball first and then the white, what is the forfeit if he hits the two reds first and then the white?"......1. Two points in either case, provided his ball goes into the pocket, or off the table.

H. A. S., Marietta.—We cannot give you the population of either city at the present time, but we are told that Cincinnati has 50,000 more than the other. You had better write to the mayors of the cities.

E. B. L., Harrisburg, Pa.—1. You lose; the field is what starts against the favorite. 2. According to the Fashion Course pools follow the race when postponed. 3. Through any booksellers. Jerry Thomas is the best.

FLY COP, Rochester.—"A bets B that Pennsylvania will give or has given, in the October election, a Repulican majority of at least 10,000. Who wins?"......As the official count gives the Republican ticket less than ten thousand majority, B wins.

FIRM YORK, Camden, N. J.—1. You acted wisely with the doubtful individual. 2. A store, well located in a good thoroughfare, might bring in the "mopusses." 3. Not knowing your individual capacity as a business man, we cannot advise you.

W. R. F.—1. Heenan and Morrissey fought at Long Point Island, Canada, Oct. 20, 1858, for $5,000 and the championship, the latter winning in 11 rounds, 21 minutes. 2. Morrissey was born Feb. 5, 1831; Heenan, May 1, 1834.

CLUB ROOM, Philadelphia.—Four horses have trotted twenty miles within the hour, viz:—Trustee, Lady Fulton, Captain McGowan and John Stewart; the latter having done it three times, once in harness and twice to wagon.

C. P. P., Tonawanda, Pa.—At the last election in Maine the vote cast was Democratic, 55,455; Republicans, 75,627, which makes a majority for the latter of 20,172.

A. I. C., Muskegon.—If it was a misdeal, the cards do not count. The dealer cannot take advantage of his own wrong doing.

J. M., Alton, Ill.—Nobody ever did or ever can do it. The fastest mile time on record was made by Land and Richards in a dead heat, viz.: 4:17¼.

R. F. E., Pensacola, Fla.—The measurement is made from toe to heel—the distance actually cleared is all that is computed.

FRANK KING, Covington, Ky.—1. The lady is playing at the Varieties Theatre, New Orleans. 2. We take a different view of the case.

TAUNTON.—"A and B are partners in a game of euchre against C and D. D deals; A orders it up. Can D. play it alone?"......No.

F. H. H., Portland.—The sketch is humorous and well-written, but as all interest in the subject travestied has died out here, it would scarcely be politic to publish your screed.

BELL.—Jem Ward was beaten by Josh Hudson in 14 rounds, 36 minutes, November 11, 1823, and by Peter Crawley, in 11 rounds, 26 minutes, January 2, 1827.

H. J., Philadelphia.—If you are determined to adopt the stage as a profession, you had better join one of the amateur associations in your city, and by that means be the better prepared to make your public *debut*.

A. B. C., Cincinnati.—She is about thirty-six years of age, and has been on the stage since she was about ten, when she was in the *ballet* at the Old Bowery Theatre.

S. P. T., Hillsboro', N. H.—You had better communicate with some Canadian lawyer. We are not acquainted in that direction.

P. E.—The fight between Joe Wormald and Andrew Marsden for the championship of England occurred January 4th, 1865. O'Baldwin beat Marsden Sept. 25th, 1866.

AKRON.—"A bets B that Grant's majority in Ohio will be three times Seymour's in New York. If Grant carries New York who wins?"......A wins.

J. C. J., Shreveport.—We cannot inform you of her present whereabouts.

CHARLIE.—We never heard of Master John that you write about.

PHILADELPHIA.—Lotta is not married at present, but may be in the course of human events.

OLD SUBSCRIBER, Kansas City, Missouri.—Tom Sayers never fought Harry Broome in the ring.

F. W. T., Washington.—The lady is not married to the gentleman you mention.

G. E. M., Philadelphia.—W. C. Wemyss, of No. 3 Astor Place, this city, can furnish you with anything in that line.

TROY, Buffalo, N. Y.—The dealer was entitled to the point for turning up Jack.

IMAGE.—We cannot give you the information, as we have never seen them on sale.

E. R. G. S., Bowling Green, Ky.—A German tells us that the names, properly spelled, should conclude with two N.'s.

ANXIOUS.—1. About an hour after eating is the best time. 2. It is beneficial.

CONSTANT READER, Xenia, Ohio.—Hurst, 210 lbs., 6 ft. 2½ in.; McCoole, about 190 lbs., 6 ft. ¾ in.

E. P. G., Salem.—Address Alfred Woodham, as per advertisement in another column.

G. W., Taunton, Mass.—We know of no town by that name in England.

CLIPPER, St. Louis.—Your better plan would be to advertise them.

TYPO.—We think you will have to take the State ticket as your guide, as it shows a more popular vote.

T. J. W., Chicago.—The draft first took place at Hartford, Ct., we believe.

SERGEANT, Fort McHenry.—1. Democrat. 2. Democrat. 3. Democrat.

"G. E. B."—Came too late to be of service; do not wish to make any fresh arrangements just now.

JOHN OHLS, Chicago, Ill.—Our opinion is that you win. We don't answer correspondents by mail.

JAS. K. LEVINS, Ontonagon.—We issue the CLIPPER on Tuesday.

R. E. R.—We cannot inform you how the lady's knee was cured. Write to her physician.

CENTRAL AVENUE, Baltimore.—In cribbage, the cards for a starter must be cut by the player on left hand of the dealer.

HAYNES, Greensburg, Ind.—Pocahontas' best pacing time was 2:17¼.

MIDDLETOWN.—1. The other players score two points each. 2. Does not count three.

ST. LOUIS, JR.—If C followed suit, as stated, there is no error to rectify; you have not stated the case clearly.

LACROSSE, Montreal, C. E.—Drop a line to John Goulding, care of this office.

SPALDING & MANNING.—We don't deal in wood cuts. Address Messrs. Clarry and Reilly as per advertisement.

KEE RICE, Baltimore.—As they did not play all the games the bet is a draw.

SUBSCRIBER, Bangor, Me.—As the ball was not regulation weight, the game is null and void and all bets are off.

JENNINGS, Boston.—1. Berthrong ranks as first class. 2. Fisler. 3. Wright.

OLD READER, Buffalo.—The bet is decided by the score of the eighth innings, and therefore A. wins.

LADY GRACE, Cincinnati, O.—Read the account in another column.

A SUBSCRIBER, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Peter Crawley defeated Jem Ward.

J. A. S., East Hampton, Mass.—1. No. 2. An umpire cannot decide on a catch he does not see.

OLD SLEDGE, St. Louis.—The Jack turned up counts, although the suit had been previously passed.

R. C., Bangor, Me.—It would do no good to publish your answer.

S. W.—The New Stadt Theatre seats comfortably 3,385 persons, the Academy 2,833 persons.

OLD MINSTREL, Norfolk, Va.—Hi Rumsey is living in Newburgh, N. Y.

MOSE, Troy.—The Tom King who fought Heenan never entered the ring in this country.

ANXIOUS ENQUIRER.—Charley Melville was their agent. They closed up some weeks since.

PUGIL.—O'Baldwin stands 6 feet, 5½ inches, in his stocking feet, and Wormald 5 feet, 11¼ inches.

CLEAN SHIRT, Farmington.—B wins, as low goes out before C's high game.

W. A. W., Uhrichsville, O.—Dexter's best time is 2:17¼.

JUSTICE, Boston.—1. Yes. 2. No. 3. Can't say.

FITZGERALD, N. Y.—Such matters are not made public.

J. H. B., Boston, Mass.—Thanks for attention.

SUBSCRIBER, Jersey City.—See answer to "W. R. T."

BOSTON.—A. T. Stewart was born near Belfast, Ireland.

FAIR PLAY, Chicago.—You are right.

CRITIC.—Received too late to be news to our readers.

A. B., Dover, N. H.—B would win.

BIRR, Quincy, Ill.—You have lost.

ELECTOR.—B wins.

JAMES LEE.—We have a letter for you.

THE LEGITIMATE AND THE ILLEGITIMATE DRAMA.

It must be apparent to every theatre goer that that branch of the acting drama technically denominated the legitimate, fails to prove as attractive to general audiences as the newly introduced plays and pantomimes of the so-called sensational or spectacular order. While a talented actor, relying almost solely upon his individual talents and marvellous conceptions of Shakespeare and other world renowned dramatists, is found available only for a short engagement, sensational pieces, whose only merit consists in stage effects and gorgeous scenery, continue to attract crowded audiences, not for successive weeks, but for months together. The prolonged performance of the "Black Crook," it is well known, netted to the management producing that initial piece of the sensational, or rather sensual school, during a solitary year, a fortune which would not be awarded to an adherent to legitimacy during a lifetime of arduous labor. Neither is this an isolated instance of managerial good fortune, for, at this present time, a spectacular pantomime, "Humpty Dumpty," is running, at a different house, a career of hundreds of nights with unabated attractiveness, bidding fair to rival its predecessor in reaping a rich financial harvest to its projectors.

We have styled stage performances of this description, and, we believe, most justly, the sensual drama, in contradistinction to the terms ordinarily applied to them—sensational. They are undoubtedly sensual, as they are intended to minister to the audiences' amusement entirely through a direct appeal to the physical senses, chiefly to the sight and to the hearing; and any emotions thereby created are mainly the reverse of those sought to be evoked by a classical dramatist, who, relying upon the dignity of language, upon the power of rhetoric and the ingenuity of the dramatic art, seeks to awaken the passions of the auditory simply through the medium of intelligence.

All dramas are sensational, which should be regarded as a generic term, and it is in accordance with the character of the sensations, or, more properly, violent emotions, produced upon the auditor that we have adjudged the standard of an actor's and a dramatist's merit. To produce a succession of emotions of pity, of sympathy, of horror, is the task of the tragic actor; of mirth, that of the comedian; and the more stately and dignified the language employed by the one, or the more sprightly and natural that of the other, the more powerful will be the effect produced by their artistic labors. It is on this account that the works of Shakespeare, of Otway, of Sheridan, of Cumberland and the standard drama have held their place upon the stage. What stronger emotion of pity can be excited within the human breast than that created by witnessing the sorrows of Lear, when adequately represented to the auditor's eye and narrated to his ear; of sympathy for the unfortunate loves of Romeo and Juliet; of horror at the enormity of Lady Macbeth's crimes? Emotions such as these are natural, for, violent as they are, they are tempered by criticism, intelligence and the rules of art; but when excessive emotions are dramatically evoked through an exaggeration of detail, or through a direct appeal to the senses, untempered by criticism and judgment, the dignity of the dramatic art is degraded to a mere show—to some Punch and Judy or Pelinchinello, on a gigantic scale, created to please children of the larger growth.

The popularity of the sensual drama in our metropolis is mainly attributable to the fact that it is chiefly patronised by a non-resident population which can ever be found in our midst. The commercial emporium of the New World, with its myriad of hotels, called into existence through the emergencies of mercantile intercourse, New York always boasts a floating population of many thousands, in addition to its million of localised inhabitants; and it is from this vast army of birds of passage, for the moment socially homeless, that our managers tempt a crowded auditory. And as people of this description, engaged in the daytime in the toils of trade, seek relaxation at night, they naturally select places of public resort where the over-taxed brain can find a refreshing relief, generally to be found when sought after at the theatre in which those dramas requiring the least mental exertion are being performed.

That this attendance of a non-resident population—a specialty almost with this metropolis—was a main cause in this city for the prolonged and unheard of success of the sensual drama is evident from the fact that the production of the "Black Crook," with all its original scenery, *ballet* troupe and tinsel generally in other cities, excited no more attention and attracted no larger audiences, for a more than ordinary period, than any other drama of the spectacular order recently produced in them. In these cities, tenanted by a thoroughly resident population, the habitual playgoers visited the theatre to view the piece as they would view any other novelty, legitimate or illegitimate; and having satiated their curiosity abandoned the drama to its fate. This fact conclusively shows that with us, were it not for the multitudinous presence of strangers, the most extravagant outlay in expenditure, and the most prodigious importation of Parisian material, would fail to draw larger audiences or for a greater length of time than would the engagement of any eminent actor of the legitimate class; in fact the past experience of our metropolitan stage conclusively shows that the production of pieces dependent wholly upon meretricious glitter was avoided studiously, save during the Christmas holidays, as they proved an invariable source of loss to the management of first class theatres. It was only in the hours of the Park Theatre's decadence that resort was had to a superior style of scenic decoration to allure back the former patrons who had transferred themselves to the uptown houses. The experiment appeared successful, applied to "London Assurance," but when repeated in the case of "Old Maids" and "The Rose of Arragon," brought out in a still more elaborate style of scenic decoration, it was sagely concluded that mere scenery, without a corresponding excellence in the dramatic accompaniment, was a waste in expense as regards a critical auditor.

That the days of the legitimate drama are numbered we cannot bring ourselves to believe; but this we do believe, that such will be the case, unless managers, relying upon the solitary attractions of a sterling actor in a well known and standard play, seek to embellish his performance with all those scenic auxiliaries so liberally bestowed upon the sensual play. There is no one acting play of Shakespeare, or of the old dramatists, which is not susceptible of wonderful effects, scenic and optical; but the manner in which they are now put upon the stage, in stringency of parsimony, is well calculated to disgust those intelligent and critical people who are among the surest patrons of the legitimate drama, as appreciators of the inimitable language of its dialogue and the brilliancy of its conception. Fancy for a moment Othello, correctly habited in his robes as a foreign general in the Venetian service, Iago in a Spanish costume, Cassio in one of the Elizabethan age, and the remaining characters in garbs of all climes and ages, and we have some idea as to the manner in which managers treat the *mis en scene* of the Shakespearean drama. Moreover, the scenery, habitually employed on those occasions, is even of a ludicrous and anachronic description, thoroughly revolting to the most commonplace of scholars, who has looked at the illustrations in Knight's Shakespeare, or glanced over the plates in Planche's costumes. Let managers, complaining of the decadence of the legitimate drama, reflect upon the glaring incongruities of their own conduct; let them remedy the errors of their ways by imitating Macready and Kean, who, when managers, employed the services of well read antiquarians to aid the costumers and scenic artists, and we warrant that the good old standard dramas—enunciated by actors capable of comprehending the meaning of the words by them spoken, arrayed in appropriate costumery, and the play adorned with one half the scenic effects bestowed upon sensational pieces, will not only not decay, but will flourish far in advance of empty, ephemeral, show traps, such as are now momentarily popular.

SUNBEAMS FROM CUCUMBERS.

What is commonly known as Bohemianism, as applied to the different phases of professional life out of harness, is as yet little understood in America. It is already making rapid advances on these shores, however, and bids fair to vie in reckless extravagance with its prototype in Paris, from which city it was transplanted. The title is anything but a term of reproach, such writers and artists as Eugene Sue, Scribe, Lamartine, Vernet, and a long and resounding list of the world's illustrious having taken their degrees in that popular university, and boasted in the most public manner of the freaks and follies which were laid at their door during their terms of gypseyhood. It is characteristic of the class that bears the name to convert toil into pleasure, poverty and privation into a jest, to laugh at misfortune, to shed tears over a pun, to luxuriate in hunger, to affect a perfect independence of fashions, and to throw off a greater abundance of brilliant ideas, salient wit, pungent sarcasm, racy criticism, sublime poetry, and happy, artistic sallies—never to be recognized beyond the immediate circle of their chosen familiars, and to be consigned to oblivion, it may be, to-morrow—than the select coterie of professional wits and *literateurs* who have achieved that amount of publicity and popularity which passes in this world for fame. These genuine children of genius are gregarious, and have a natural propensity for flocking together in six-story tenements, constructed after the style of a honey-comb, and always making much of the privilege of being nearest to the sky. It would surprise the admiring world, to whom their reputations are so dear, if the dwellings of some of our *illustrissimi* might be unroofed long enough to afford a glimpse of the private pursuits and habits of those who are publicly their idols. How intense would be the disgust of Matilda Jane upon recognising in the thin, spare man, with the long hair and hatchet features, who is cooking a small beefsteak for one over a cracked stove in that dingy and contracted apartment, the author of those splendid romances, so redolent of wealth and aristocracy, over which she has been shedding so many midnight tears, or to discover in the small pock-marked youth with cadaverous features who sits playing dominoes in that dingy cellar over his beer, the exquisite poet whose magic tracery has been the consolation of her life and so often inspired her dreams. Can it be that this stout, healthy looking man who lives in an atmosphere of gin and tobacco, is the ravishing tenor upon whose notes we do fondly dwell—is the happy peasant, or bold crusader, or accomplished brigand who so enlists our sympathies that we make an especial point of falling in love with him once a week regular? Here, under one roof, are clustered some dozen happy souls of whom more than one lacks, perhaps, the price of a dinner; to-night he may treat a party of five or six to champagne and oysters at the most fashionable restaurant in town. Here is a poor musician, there an artist, yonder an author, a critic, a writer of fugitive feuilletons for the literary journals. Near by is the "den" of one who measures out "blood and thunder" by the yard, whom one would naturally look to find represented by a person of dangerous character and ferocious instincts, but who, to the contrary, is the very soul of bonhommie, and, apparently, the happiest fellow in town. Decay is the pervading spirit which has imparted a character to everything within range, yet from that dark abode the sprites of imagination and the tricksy elves of fun go forth every hour to disport in the sunbeams, or to flourish their glistening pinions beneath the light of the chandelier.

A LITTLE SPECULATION.

The term "used up" is employed to signify a peculiar crisis in the affairs of a man of the world who has exhausted all the pleasures life is capable of affording, and finds that even an unlimited supply of money will no longer procure the stimulus necessary to render it endurable. "*Hard up*" is another term, somewhat similar in construction, but susceptible of a very different meaning. To be used up is simply to be wearied with too great a plethora of human enjoyment, to be surfeited with pleasure until the keen edge of appetite is dulled, and all the ordinary or extraordinary attractions of life appear stale and hackneyed from ever use; when a superlatively fine song provokes a yawn of dissatisfaction, a beautiful face excites no more emotion in the observer than a dead wall covered with placards, and even the most delicious of wines or most spicy of viands fail to "touch the spot." This is certainly a most lamentable state of affairs, and one well calculated to fit the victim for a course of theological study or the humdrum realities of every day wedded life, such as we settle down to when we become convinced that men and women are merely men and women, not gods and angels, and that life has higher aims than to be frittered away in unmeaning frivolities or silly display. To be *hard* up is infinitely worse, implying as it does a thorough acquaintance with the most approved methods of killing time, and an unbounded zest in the enjoyment of such expedients, with a depleted treasury and a combination of unlucky circumstances which set at defiance all endeavors toward their mitigation. Instances of both extremes are numerously to be met with, but the first named has apparently the advantage of the two, though its victims deny it. We once were cognizant, as the lawyers say, of a nervous, eccentric, wiry, restless, scheming, impracticable genius, named Goings, who was incessantly haunting his friends and associates with some impossible scheme or other for which money was required, and who, although always going, was never gone. He had tried all the expedients common to men in desperate circumstances, and, according to his own account, had spent fortunes in the perfection of useful inventions which somebody else was sure to bring to development just as he was on the point of stepping before the world as its benefactor. Not a public improvement could be suggested but he had thought of it long before. He had started dozens of incorporated companies, but something had always occurred to make the shares worthless before they could be rendered operative. Although full of original ideas on multifarious subjects, and living usually on the fat of the land, he was always "hard up." Having reached the lowest peg, and creditors being inconveniently numerous, our hero started north for a "change of air." Months after, he found himself at Chicago, "broke," as usual, and without a solitary friend whom he could rely upon to keep him from the poorhouse, or perhaps something worse. At the last punch he came across another member of the "hard up" family, who had dabbled in speculation like himself, with the same results, and a plan was concocted between them, of which this was the gist: The friend was in possession of means to put through the preliminaries; an office was to be hired, placards were to be printed, and all the *dilletanti* were to be invited, at one dollar a head, to inspect a new statue of the Dying Gladiator—this inimitable work of art being then to be put up at a raffle, to relieve the pressing wants of the artist's family. Railed round by an iron hedge, to discomfit the efforts of prying curiosity, and sheltered by the obscurity of an apartment shaded with crimson curtains, Goings attracted, during one entire morning, all the loafers, bummers and sight-seers of the town. The raffle proceeded, and Goings from his perch could witness the transfer of multitudinous stamps into the hands of his partner. The twinkle of his eye caught the attention of a youthful scapegrace lingering near, who quietly threw a handful of pepper upon the platform in front of the "statty." Goings stood it manfully for awhile, though his eyes filled with tears, but finally the cane of an obtrusive spectator, who was calling the attention of another to the points, stirred up the pepper, and the statue, after two or three superhuman attempts at suppression, emitted a sneeze that might have sufficed to throw down the walls of Jericho. The "sell" was explained, and the enterprising exhibitor prudently slipped out of a rearward door with the grand cash, while his coadjutor was tossed and hustled and narrowly escaped the room with his life. A couple of officers were next day seen in search of him, but the bird had flown before further clue could be had of him. Goings was gone!

"LONDON AFTER DARK."—In the next issue of the CLIPPER will be commenced the above named exciting story, on which the great play of the same name is founded, and which is exciting such interest in the English metropolis.

Sporting Squibs.

— An impecunious Frenchman advertises in a Paris paper that for a pension of $2,000 he will place himself wholly at the disposal of his purchaser; will do his fighting, climb glaciers, descend into Vesuvius, or precipitate himself from a balloon.

— Ducks and geese are unusually abundant in the sloughs and rice lakes of the Mississippi. Geese grease ought to be very plenty this winter.

— The Longworth Cincinnati prize for the best wine grapes for the whole country, was given to Ives' Seedling and the Concord; for the best table grape, to the Concord. It is said they have been Long worth a first premium.

— Four cabbages, weighing forty-five pounds each, twelve turnips and fifty potatoes, made each a barrel, were recently exhibited at the Colorado Fair. There were also exhibited squashes five and a half feet in circumference. Where was the inevitable big beet? Is it now a dead beet?

— Steam Engine No. 2, of Brooklyn, on a wager of $100, undertook, on Sunday, Oct. 25th, to force a stream to a distance of 275 feet. The distance of 271 feet was reached, when some pious citizens complained of the desecration of the Sabbath, and No. 2 had to stop off the water.

— Spruce partridges, different from the common species, are now to be found in New Hampshire, no doubt immigrants from Nova Scotia.

— The Prospect Park skating pond in Brooklyn, now in course of preparation for use the coming season, will cover an area of fifty acres. The prospect for skating room, is, therefore, very good in the City of Churches.

— A number of impious gunners have recently been arrested for gunning on Sunday, in the suburbs of Brooklyn. Having been found guilty of violating the law, they were fined one dollar each.

— Ninety-three flocks of sheep were recently killed in Switzerland by a thunder cloud which passed over the country. "Sheep meat 's good enough for boarders," will be the "Switzer's Song of Home" for some time to come.

— A bridal car is to be placed on the Pacific Railroad, when completed, where newly married couples may pass their honeymoon. This will truly be "linked sweetness long drawn out."

— Some fault finder wants to know what kind of an agricultural product horse races are, they being the principal attraction offered at agricultural fairs. Permit us to enlighten the ignorant party by informing him that a horse race is the product of the race horse.

— Westborough, Mass., has eight sleigh manufacturing companies, now making 2,000 sleighs, valued at $80,000.

— A flock of ants ten miles in width recently swept across Shasta Valley, Siskiyou county, California.

— A foot race between three girls was a feature of a late Iowa fair.

— The skating rink at Oshkosh, Wisconsin, is two hundred and fifty feet long and seventy feet wide.

— From Rouen to Paris, distance 32 leagues, or about 130 miles, was traveled on velocipedes by nine young men, in 11 hours, having rested 3 hours *en route*. They started at 7 A. M., and arrived at 9 P. M.

— A prize silk banner, offered to that county in Ohio which should show the largest gain on the Republican vote of 1866, has been awarded to Lawrence county.

— An old lady, 81 years of age, recently walked fifteen miles in five hours in Massachusetts.

— For $718 a right to fish in Taunton Great River, Mass., was sold on the 29th ult.

— The Washington Skating Rink in Fon du Lac, Wisconsin, was destroyed by fire on the 29th October.

— A grand tournament was the closing feature of the Valley Agricultural Fair at Staunton, Virginia, on the 29th ult.

— At a church fair in Augusta, Ga., recently, a "little difficulty" occurred between the friends of two ladies regarding the disposition of a prize piano. Pistols and knives were drawn, and there was just such a time among these pious people as the papers are so fond of reporting as an accompaniment of prize fights.

— A hunter named Harrington, while skirmishing for game in the vicinity of Greenwood on the 28th ult., shot a dog belonging to a farmer residing close by. The gunner was fined $25 for making "dead game" of the canine.

— A Kentucky Court of Appeals has decided that the sale of a horse to be paid for on the election of certain candidates is a bet, and that no recovery can be had on an implied promise to pay a reasonable price for the animal within a certain time.

— A bull fighter, who recently tried to introduce the sport in Havre, lost 18,000 francs by it. The Havre people do not have a liking for the amusement.

— Mad. Triadon was bitten by a mad dog, which she immediately grasped and held until it was killed, thus preventing the animal from biting others. Mad. Triadon was cured of being mad Triadon, and a gold medal was presented to her by the French government.

— A monster gun, at Fortress Monroe, weighs 52,235 pounds, and throws a twelve inch shell.

— A duel is talked of between Gens. Forrest and Kilpatrick. "Let us have peace."

— Dancing has been prohibited in the Catholic Diocese of Chicago, at fairs held for charitable purposes.

— At an agricultural fair held in Wisconsin four babies were entered for premiums. This is another crying evil that should be abated at charitable fairs.

— Wild geese are already on the wing for the southern slope. Old ladies say that this is a sign of a hard winter; but be the winter light or hard, we always have the same story about the movements of these early birds.

— Let there be joy in the Bowery! There is a good yield of peanuts this season, and the quality excellent.

— Let all good citizens assist in punishing wicked boys and wickeder men who stone and shoot insectivorous birds.

NEW YORK ATHLETIC CLUB.—The athletes of this new club will give their first exhibition on the 11th inst., at the Empire City Skating Rink, Third ave. and Sixty-fourth street. The members of the Caledonian Club will also take part.

BASE BALL.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP AND CLIPPER GOLD BALL QUESTION.

Had we anticipated, when offering our prizes, at the opening of the Base Ball season of 1868, that the present complicated state of affairs would have arisen, we should have expressly stated that the Gold Ball would be presented to that club which should prove to be winners of the largest number of games of those played for the championship; but presuming that all clubs competing for the honor would do so in an honorable manner, and that each would be given an equal chance to win on their merits, we announced that the prize would be awarded to the club who should be declared champions at the close of the season, *after accepting all fair championship challenges and playing the challengers!* This has not been done, however. There seems to have been a studied effort made to retain the championship in New York or Brooklyn and to deprive outside clubs of all opportunity of gaining it. When the Atlantic club won two games from the Unions, and thus recovered the championship, before the Athletic club had been given a chance to play one game for the coveted honor, we gave our views upon the subject by stating that the Athletics could not be deprived of their rights in this matter, and that the Atlantics should meet the Athletics in a new series for the championship. The Atlantics acquiesced, and challenged the Athletics, the result being that articles were drawn up and signed by representatives of the two clubs, who agreed to play a new series of games *for the championship*, on certain days specified in those articles. In the meantime, however, the Atlantics and Mutuals had met, and the championship had passed from the Atlantic to the Mutual before the day set apart for the opening of the new series between the Athletics and Atlantics had arrived. This, of course, rendered the articles between those clubs null and void, as the championship had been lost by the Atlantics, the Athletics again being deprived of a chance to compete for it.

But this does not settle the question. The Athletics must have their rights. They must be afforded an opportunity to play for the championship! Four clubs only have entered into competition for the honor; of those four *three have in turn held the position this season*—the Union, Atlantic and Mutual. The fourth—the Athletic—*have as yet had no chance to play for it!* This chance they are entitled to, and, as far as the CLIPPER GOLD BALL is concerned, they must have! We therefore respectfully call upon the Mutual Club to play a new series of games with the Athletics. We admit that the Mutuals are not to blame for the present confused state of affairs; still they are the champions, and must give that club an opportunity for making their claim good who have not yet had a chance to do so. The Mutuals did not win the title from the Unions (being in the same boat with the Athletics), but they *did* win it from their successors; and the Atlantic's successors must grant equal rights to others. It would give great public satisfaction if the Mutuals and Athletics could come together again this season and contend for the Gold Ball. What the public want to know, what we want to know, is, who are fairly entitled to champion honors. As far as the title is concerned we have no right to dictate terms; but in reference to the CLIPPER GOLD BALL AND MEDALS we have a right to say what we consider just and proper in the matter, and we therefore respectfully suggest that the two clubs play another series of games this season, *the one failing to agree to such proposition to resign all claim to the prizes, in which event they will be awarded to that club which is willing to play!* If, however, the representatives of the two clubs, upon consultation, should mutually agree that the season is too far advanced to bring the match to a conclusion, and should also mutually agree to defer the playing of the series until early next season, we shall make no objection, but will hold the prizes subject to the result of the games played at such time. The disposition of the Gold Ball rests with those two clubs, the Mutuals and Atletics, subject to the above provisions. Our next issue will decide the matter.

MUTUAL vs. ACTIVE.

At the Union Ground, L. I., on the 31st ult., these clubs met for the third time this season, the result being a signal victory for the champions by a score of 33 to 12. The afternoon was cold and dreary and the spectators few in number. For the first few innings the game was well contested, the score being a tie at the end of the fourth innings. Up to this time the batting had been light, and with the exception of the first innings the fielding had been very good. On the fifth innings, however, all this was changed. The Mutuals, after disposing of the Actives for three runs, with three men left on bases, commenced to hit Ebbetts pretty lively, and being assisted materially by loose fielding, ran up a tally of 14 runs. This opened a wide gap and gave the Mutuals a decided advantage. Walker, who had been under the weather for several days, and did not arrive on the ground till the third innings, now emerged from his obscurity at right field, and went in to pitch. A change for the better was observable in the next two innings, but on the eighth and last the Mutuals again got their muscle up, and punished Walker almost as severely as they did Ebbetts. Neither club did justice to itself, and under the circumstances it would be unfair to particularize the many misplays. The weather was decidedly against a fine display of fielding, and with the exception of a couple of pretty catches by Lyons and one by Mills, from a line ball, nothing was done deserving of special notice. The home run made by Dockney was from the longest hit we ever saw on the Union Ground. The ball was carried clean over the pagoda, and the striker was nearly home before the ball was touched by the fielder. Wolters and Jewett also made home runs from hits. The following is the score:

ACTIVE.	H.L.	R.	L.	F.	MUTUAL.	H.L.	R.	L.	F.
H. C. Kelly, 1st b.	2	2	1	0	R. Hunt, c f	3	4	0	1
Estes, l f	3	2	0	1	Devyr, s s	4	3	0	1
Ebbetts, p	2	2	1	0	Wolters, p	3	3	1	1
W. J. Kelly, c	2	2	0	0	McMahon, l f	3	4	0	0
Lyons, c f	5	0	0	3	Swandel, c	1	5	1	2
Haines, s s	1	3	0	1	Mills, 1st b	3	4	1	1
Walker, r f	4	0	0	1	Jewett, r f	3	4	0	0
T. F. Kelly, 2d b	1	2	1	2	Dockney, 3d b	4	4	2	4
Collins, 3d b	3	0	1	1	Flanly, 2d b	4	2	1	0
Totals	24	13	5	9	Totals	24	33	5	10

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th
Active	5	0	1	0	3	0	1	2—12
Mutual	1	1	2	2	14	0	3	10—33

Home runs—Wolters, 1; Jewett, 2; Dockney, 1. Out on bases—Active, 9; Mutual, 12. Foul bound catches—W. J. Kelly, 2; Swandel, 2. Struck out—H. C. Kelly, 1; Lyons, 1; Walker, 1; Wolters, 1. Out on fouls—Active, 6; Mutual, 5. Umpire—Mr. Mills, of the Atlantic Club. Scorers—Hibbard and McCarthy. Time of game—Two hours and fifteen minutes.

A THEATRICAL GAME.

The home and home game, and final one of the series between the Arch Street Theatre and Walnut Street Theatre clubs took place on Friday, Oct. 30, on the Athletic Grounds, Philadelphia, and was won by the Arch. The game was evenly contested up to the sixth innings, when the "Arches" handled the ash for 19 runs, which virtually ended the contest. Annexed is the result:—

ARCH.	H.L.	R.	WALNUT.	H.L.	R.
H. Crees, 2d b	3	3	Stull, s s	2	3
Ogburn, p	3	5	Chester, c	3	2
Reed, s s	1	6	Snyder, 1st b	3	3
M. Crees, c	0	5	Kelly, c f	2	3
Voltz, 1st b	2	5	Marble, r f	3	3
Meagher, r f	1	6	Casey, 2d b	1	3
T. Crees, 3d b	2	4	Barret, l f	4	2
Snyder, c f	4	3	Hall, p	2	2
Ferry, l f	5	2	Kingsly 3d b	1	4
Total		39	Total		25

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th
Walnut	4	2	4	3	3	2	7—25
Arch	1	8	5	3	2	19	1—39

Double plays—Arch—Ogburn, Voltz, and M. Crees, 1. Walnut—Hall, Chester and Kingsley, 1. Umpire—Jas. Foran, of the Athletic Club. Scorers—Thos. Kemble and Jas. O'Neill. Time of game—Two hours and fifty minutes.

ATHLETIC vs. PRINCETON.

The Athletics, of Philadelphia, visited Princeton, N. J., on the 31st ult., and played with the Princeton Club. The game was very poorly played on the part of the Athletics, particularly at the bat, and they were defeated by a score of 17 to 25. They were short Wilkins, Radcliff and Berry. The following is the score:—

ATHLETIC.	H.L.	R.	PRINCETON.	H.L.	R.
Reach, 2d b	0	6	Rankin, c	5	2
McBride, p	5	1	McKibbin, p	3	4
Howell, s s	5	0	Scheack, 2d b	4	2
Fisler, l f	2	2	Buck, s s	1	5
Hayhurst, r f	3	1	Miller, l f	4	1
Sensenderfer, c f	5	0	G. Ward, s s	3	4
Foran, 3d b	4	1	F. Ward, r f	3	4
Cuthbert, c	1	3	Fox, 1st b	4	1
Busby, l f	2	3	Eby, c f	3	2
Total		17	Total		25

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Princeton	2	3	1	1	3	5	1	2	7—25
Athletic	2	3	2	1	0	2	0	3	4—17

Umpire—Mr. Scott Stites, of the Camden.

ALPHA vs. EXCELSIOR.

The Excelsiors entered upon this game, which came off on the 30th ult., with but eight men, and as most of these were substitutes, the Alphas were the victors by the score of nearly three to one, as the following score will show:—

ALPHA.	H.L.	R.	EXCELSIOR.	H.L.	R.
Munn, s s	2	3	G. Chauncey, 1st b	4	0
James, 2d b	0	4	Lockett, s s	4	1
Jackson, c	3	2	Bracken, p	2	3
Remsen, c f	3	3	Mitchell, 2d b	1	2
Merserian, r f	3	3	D. Chauncey, l f	2	1
Hall, 3d b	3	3	Hicks, 3d b	3	2
Howard, 1st b	1	4	Moore, c f	3	1
Valentine, l f	3	3	Anthony, c	2	1
Gillen, p	3	4			
Total		29	Total		11

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th
Alpha	1	4	11	4	6	3	0—29
Excelsior	0	0	6	1	1	0	3—11

Fly catches—Munn, 2; James, 3; Remsen, 1; Howard, 2; Valentine, 2—Alphas, 10. Lockett, 2; Mitchell, 1; D. Chauncey, 2; Anthony, 4—Excelsior, 9. Foul bound catches—Alpha, 5; Excelsior, 4. Time of game—One hour and thirty minutes. Umpire—Mr. Forker, of the National Club, of Washington. Scorers—Messrs. Clark and Jones.

KEKIONGAS vs. EMPIRE, OF FORT WAYNE, INDIANA.

The railroad ground at Fort Wayne, Ind., was the scene of an interesting contest on the 24th ult., between the above clubs. Although the Kekiongas had out some second players, and were nine behind on the eighth innings, they came out victorious. The score:—

KEKIONGAS.	H.L.	R.	EMPIRES.	H.L.	R.
Geo. Mayer, c	3	4	Mees, 3d b	3	3
I. Leland, 3d b	3	4	Obermeyer, c	1	5
Dawson, 2d b	2	6	Linke, s s	4	4
Smyser, 1st b	4	3	Haeuser, 1st b	3	5
Shroeder, c f	3	5	Bohn, 2d b	4	4
Bayless, r f	3	4	Hoelter, p	3	4
Gerken, s s	2	5	Fick, c f	3	3
Stophlet, c f	3	4	Goenringer, l f	2	3
Jno. Mayer, p	4	3	Burkhardt, r f	4	2
Total		39	Total		33

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Kekiongas	3	2	8	2	1	0	1	5	17—39
Empire	3	1	6	1	5	0	10	5	2—33

ALERT vs. ACME

On the 29th ult. the Acme Club, of this city, took a trip to South Orange, N. J., to meet the Collegians of Seton Hall in friendly rivalry. The Acmes were hospitably entertained, and easily beaten by their Alert friends in a full game of nine innings. The fielding was good on both sides, but the College boys outbatted the city gents, as the following score will show:

ALERT.	H.L.	R.	ACME.	H.L.	R.
McCarthy, s s	5	2	Kelly, 2d b	3	3
Harris, c f	1	7	Higham, s s	4	3
Tiers, p	5	3	Voege, 1st b	3	3
Loughran, s f	1	6	Miller, p	3	4
Farrell, r f	2	5	Wilson, 3d b	3	3
Cuff, 3d b	4	3	Marks, c	5	3
Phelan, 2d b	3	4	Devoe, c f	3	3
Gilhuly, c	3	3	Flanagan, r f	3	3
Plunkett, 1st b	3	5	Gedney, l f	3	3

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Alert	7	2	7	2	4	8	1	3	2—36
Acme	5	5	1	1	0	8	1	1	5—27

Umpire—Mr. Sattles, of the Irvington Club. Scorers—Messrs. Griffin and Briggs. Fly catches—McCarthy, 3; Phelan, 1; Cuff, 1; total, 5. Kelly, 1; Gedney, 6; Higham, 4; Marks, 2; Devoe, 3; Mills, 1; Wilson, 2; total, 18. Clean home runs—Kelly, 3. Time of game—One hour and forty-five minutes.

JEFFERSON vs. UNION.

These Washington clubs played a match on the 23d ult., on the Union Grounds, which the Jeffersons won in seven innings. The score:—

JEFFERSON.	H.L.	R.	UNION.	H.L.	R.
Reynolds, 2d b	3	6	Emmett, 2d b	2	2
Yeatman, l f	3	6	Quantrell, c f	1	3
Doyle, s s	3	5	Alden, p	3	3
Joyce, c f	3	4	Balmer, 3d b	3	3
McCauley, 1st b	3	4	Clare, s s	4	1
Anderson, p	4	3	Shepard, c	1	3
Carlin, 3d b	3	5	Babcock, 1st b	4	1
McAuley, r f	3	4	Lathrop, r f	3	3
Shields, c	1	6	Slater, l f	3	1

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th
Jefferson	3	2	7	1	10	0	19—42
Union	1	7	0	3	7	0	2—20

Umpire—"Fergy" Malone, of the Olympic—Scorers—Wetzel, for Jefferson; Beardsley, for Union.

On the following day the Junior Clubs of the same name played a match, which the Jeffersons won by a score of 54 to 8.

BILLIARDS.

CHAMPIONSHIP OF OHIO.

CONCLUSION OF THE CINCINNATI TOURNAMENT—THE OFFICIAL SUMMARY, ETC.

After a week's superb play, during which sessions were held morning, afternoon and evening, and the unprecedented number of forty-five games disposed of, the second tournament for the championship of Ohio was closed, on the night of Oct. 24th, with great *eclat*. When it is considered that the meanest of petty spirits had, prior to the commencement of the tournament, and throughout its entire course, labored with an energy worthy of a better motive to render the affair unpopular and a failure, the tourney was singularly successful. In number, the audiences were sufficiently large; and in deportment unexceptionable; in behavior, the contestants put to the blush many of those who took part in the general tournament held in the same city about a year before; while in point of skill the playing, as the runs and averages (made, be it borne in mind, without the aid of the push shot) attest, was far in excess of the most sanguine expectations. The ten players engaged have no cause to bow their heads, but every reason to be proud of their tournament, and to claim it, if not as the best played, at least as one of the best thus far.

Last week we reported as far as the 36th game. The remainder are here briefly given.

THIRTY-SEVENTH GAME—Casper vs. Ackerman.—Won by the latter, 300 to 203. Average, 13; best run, 48.

THIRTY-EIGHTH GAME—Cronn vs. Turner.—Won by the former, 300 to 255. Average, 8 2-3; best run, 38.

THIRTY-NINTH GAME—Brainard vs. Choate.—Won by the latter, 300 to 231. Average, 15; best run, 59.

FORTIETH GAME—Ackerman vs. Brainard.—Won by the former.

FORTY-FIRST GAME—Cherry vs. Turner.—Won by the former. Average, 12; best run, 83.

FORTY-THIRD GAME—Cronn vs. Grunkemeyer.—Won by the former.

FORTY-FOURTH GAME—Casper vs. Quill.—Not played. Drawn.

At this stage all the contestants but two had completed their games. These two were Choate and Honing, between whom the first prize now lay. A tie was inevitable. Were Honing to defeat Choate, they would have to play off for the first and second prizes, and Ackerman must needs be content with the third. On the other hand, were Choate to defeat Honing, the former would secure the first prize, and Ackerman and Honing would have to play off for the second and third prizes.

The game between Choate and Honing was the forty-fifth of the series, and was played on Saturday night, October 24th, in presence of an assembly which filled the hall, many ladies being present. The playing was most excellent on both sides, as the full score given below shows; and although Choate escaped defeat, and so made a clean sweep of all his games, his majority over Honing was but 54.

	CHOATE.		HONING.			CHOATE.		HONING.	
Shot.	Count.	Total.	Count.	Total.	Shot.	Count.	Total.	Count.	Total.
1	0	0	0	0	9	27	236	2	205
2	106	106	113	113	10	0	236	5	210
3	0	106	2	115	11	27	263	2	212
4	14	120	18	133	12	7	270	8	220
5	18	138	13	146	13	13	283	22	242
6	57	195	0	146	14	2	285	4	246
7	12	207	34	180	15	15	300		
8	2	209	23	203					

Averages—Choate, 20; Honing, 17¼.

The result of the above necessitated the playing of another game between Honing and Ackerman. The latter, who had once beaten Honing, seemed to play with great confidence, and finished the game in thirteen innings, averaging 23. Could this game be counted in the general summary, it would make Ackerman's grand average 15 2-5, instead of 14¾.

	HONING.		ACKERMAN.			HONING.		ACKERMAN.	
Shot.	Count.	Total.	Count.	Total.	Shot.	Count.	Total.	Count.	Total.
1	0	0	17	17	8	0	54	3	266
2	11	11	0	17	9	2	56	2	268
3	0	11	71	87	10	0	56	5	273
4	0	11	133	221	11	70	126	4	277
5	0	11	0	221	12	0	126	17	294
6	41	52	42	263	13	0	126	6	300
7	2	54	0	263					

At the conclusion of this game, Mr. William T. Forrest, a prominent lawyer of Springfield, formally presented the prizes—giving to Henry Choate, of Cincinnati, the champion cue and $100; to Frederick Ackerman, of Cincinnati, $150, and to Anthony Honing, also of Cincinnati, $100.

Subsequently, those who had participated in the tournament held a meeting at the extensive billiard manufactory of Julius Balke, on the corner of Eighth and Vine streets, and elected by acclamation the following gentlemen as officers of the Ohio State Billiard Association:—Philip Tieman, President; Henry C. Choate, Vice President; Julius Balke, Treasurer; Secretary, Charles Miller; Assistant Secretary, A. Haake.

After passing a series of complimentary resolutions, the association then adjourned, to meet in Springfield on the day prior to the playing of the first dual match for the second champion cue of Ohio.

Annexed is the

GRAND SUMMARY.

Players.	Games Won.	Games Lost.	Total Number Innings.	Total Number Points.	Grand Aver.	Best Average in Single Game.	Highest Run.
Casper	5	5	190	1,642	8 3-5	12	88
Cherry	1	8	199	1,607	8 1-15	12	83
Turner	1	8	215	1,693	7⅞	12	92
Honing	7	2	193	2,570	13 5-16	18⅔	113
Cronn	6	3	219	2,274	10 2-5	25	136
Choate	9	0	189	2,700	14 2-7	21 3-7	136
Grunkemeyer	4	5	258	2,089	8 1-10	9½	35
Ackerman	7	2	172	2,559	14¾	33⅓	118
Brainard	4	5	198	1,956	9⅞	17⅞	143
Quill	4	4	170	1,684	9 9-10	13⅓	53

Total number of points 20,774; innings 2,003; grand average 10 7¼-20. The quickest time was 30 minutes; the longest one hour, thirty minutes.

Exhibition games, without the push shot, were played by Messrs. Michael Phelan, of New York, John McDevitt, Henry Rhines, and Thomas Foley, of Chicago, and Philip Tieman, of Cincinnati. As a general thing, the play of these experts was not up to the standard of the tournament proper. In only one instance was there a push game. It was 500 points up, and between McDevitt and Rhines. The latter won by about 150. Although playing on a carom table, McDevitt made no better run than 85, and his average was only 12.

RUDOLPHE CHALLENGES CARME.

On the morning of the 30th ult. Mons. Rudolphe arrived in Chicago; on the evening of that day he addressed this challenge to Pierre Carme, who is now domiciled in Chicago as a room-keeper:—

CHICAGO, Oct. 30, 1868.

PROF. PIERRE CARME.—*Dear Sir.*—I hereby challenge you to play with me a match at the three ball French game of billiards, 400 or 500 points up, for the sum of $1,000 a side. The game to be played with 2⅜ inch balls, on a second size table (5½x12 feet), carom or pocket, as you may prefer, of the standard make used, also in all important matches by first-class professional players in America. The game to be played within ten days from the date hereof, in any public hall that may be agreed upon. This challenge shall remain open for five days.

A. P. RUDOLPHE.

Proceeding to Carme's place of business, the recently-arrived "Professor" handed the above cartel to Carme in person. The other "Professor" took it, and, without reading it, shoved it into his pocket. The two "Professors" then began to split hairs, but up to the closing of the mails the hair had successfully resisted the cleaving process, and no match had been made. In the course of the hair-splitting operation the two players entered into an interesting argument, the object of which was to ascertain whether in France Carme went by the name of "Cocu," or "Coco." Rudolphe charged that "Coco" was right; and finally Carme settled the dispute by asserting that he was "Cocu," and "Coco" was another player. Before taking his departure, Rudolphe unharnessed his Cornucopia, and, taking out "slathers" of bills, offered to put up one, two, three or five hundred dollars forfeit. Carme replied—"Never mind that; I have $10,000 ready for you any time." This substantially was the meeting as described by the Chicago press. There will probably be no match—certainly not for $10,000, as no man, or combination of men, can be found to back either for that amount. During the evening of the 30th, Rudolphe played two games of French caroms, 100 points each, in one of which his opponent, John McDevitt, made fifty points, and in the other forty.

By next week's issue Carme will doubtless have issued a counter challenge; after which they may come to some understanding.

MATCH BETWEEN FRAWLEY AND FOLEY.—Arrangements have been made for a series of match games, the contestants to be Mr. Tom Foley, ex-champion of the State of Illinois, on the one hand, and Mr. John Frawley, ex-champion of Ohio, on the other. There are to be three games in all. The first is to consist of the American four balled carom, push shot included, on a Phelan & Collender table. The second game is to be 1,000 points up, push shot and crotchet barred. The third, 300 points, French game. These games are to be played on a four pocket, second size table, and the games played distributed in the following order:—First game will be played at Cleveland, on the 30th of November, for $500 a side; the second at Chicago, two weeks from that date, and for $500 a side; the third and last game at Cleveland, two weeks later, for the same amount. The parties met at Dave Kendall's, in Cincinnati, and signed the necessary articles and deposited the required forfeit, $150 each, with Philip Tieman. The articles of agreement are unusually stringent, and it is pretty certain that the first two games at least will be played. The general impression is that Foley has much the best of the matches. One fact has been overlooked, however, and that is that Frawley has to win but one game in order to cry quits, if he choose to withdraw.

THE SPHERES IN ENGLAND.—On Monday, Oct. 5th, a match took place at Mr. Floppett's, Victoria Hotel, Ryde, Eng., between Roberts (the Champion) and Cook, Jr., the former giving 300 points, for a silver cup. The match commenced at 8.40, and the play was very rapid till the interval took place. Roberts made breaks of 77, 69, 50, and several of 20 and 6, and 16 spots, while Cook put together 72, 39, 42, and 13 spots, and several good breaks of a minor character. When the Champion reached 500 his opponent had scored 733. Half an hour's rest was then called. Betting at this period 2 to 1 on Cook. On resuming play both did well, until the Champion got to his favorite spot, and made 16 hazards, and afterwards some of the finest all round play ever witnessed, including a break of 153, for which he was most loudly applauded. Cautious play followed, but the Champion gradually gained on his opponent till 956 all was called. 3 to 1 was now offered on Roberts, but he broke down at the spot, and let in Cook, who made 16. Roberts ran his score up to 976, and then Cook, by some very careful and steady play, went in and scored game, amid loud applause. The match occupied three hours and a quarter, including the interval.

BRAISTED VS. BRYANT.—The match for $100, French game, 100 points up, played at Chris. O'Connor's on the 26th ult., resulted in favor of Braisted by 27 points. Braisted's best run was 13, and his average within a fraction of 2.

BENJAMIN VS. BRAISTED.—On the 5th instant Ralph Benjamin and Peter D. Braisted are to play the French game, 100 points, for $50, at Captain Boyle's Astor Billiard Rooms, commencing at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. At night, in the same place, William Goldthwait and Maurice Daley are to play 1,500 points, at the regular four-ball game.

THE RING.

THE GIANTS' FIGHT FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WORLD BETWEEN JOSEPH WORMALD, Ex-Champion of England, AND EDW'D O'BALDWIN, THE IRISH GIANT.

AT LYNNFIELD, MASS., OCTOBER 29th, 1868.

ONE ROUND FOUGHT IN TEN MINUTES.

THE POLICE INTERFERE.

The Men Arrested and to be Tried in January.

O'BALDWIN RELEASED ON $5,000 BAIL.

WORMALD STILL IN JAIL.

The much talked of pugilistic meeting between those heavy weight boxers, Ned O'Baldwin and Joe Wormald, for two thousand dollars and the World's Championship, over which the fraternity have been kept in a fever of excitement for a couple of months, came to pass at Lynnfield, Mass., on Thursday morning, Oct. 29th, but after one round had been fought in ten minutes, the police put an end to the sport and arrested the contestants. Below we give an accurate history of the men, with a review of the match since its inception and full particulars of the late brief meeting:—

HISTORY OF THE MEN.

EDWARD O'BALDWIN was born at Lismore, County Waterford, Ireland, in January, 1840, stands 6ft. 5½in. in his stockings, and weighed on the day about 215lbs. He continued to reside in his native town, kissing the "gurrels" and whacking the boys, until he had attained his nineteenth year, when he shook the bog from his feet for the nonce, and journeyed to Birmingham, England. Having the bump of combativeness pretty largely developed in his cranium—which ain't anything surprising considering the place of his nativity—he naturally fell into the society of the boxing element, and became well known to all the sporters of the great iron manufacting district as "Tom Cooper's Big 'Un," his immense height causing him to be looked upon as a future candidate for championship honors. Early in the spring of '63 he took a jaunt to the English metropolis, where Nat Langham gave him a trial, with a view to matching him against Andy Marsden, another big novice, whose powers his friends desired to test ere they risked their bank notes upon him in a match for the championship. The result evidenced that his education with the gloves was as yet far from approaching perfection, and therefore didn't satisfy Ould Nat, who accordingly gave Ned the dirty shake. The ambitious Lismore man now wended his way to Manchester, but didn't remain there but a short time, as he failed to show to advantage in a set-to with a man much his inferior in bulk. O'Baldwin now returned to his old quarters at Birmingham, where, by assiduous practice, he considerably improved himself, and performed so satisfactorily in a trial which Cooper shortly afterward gave him, that the latter gave Ned a chance to distinguish himself by matching him against Marsden, of Nottingham, who is 6ft. 1¼ inches in height, for £50 a side, Bob Travers and some Nottingham friends finding the money for Andy. They fought in the London district, Oct. 21st, 1863, when Ned appeared nervous and bewildered from the start, and was defeated in just three rounds, lasting 3½ minutes, greatly to the surprise of Cooper and Joe Goss, the latter of whom was one of his seconds, and his performance was so bad that those who had been his best friends cut him dead.

Jesse Hatton now took O'Baldwin in charge, and the latter steadily applied himself to the acquirement of science and the development of muscle until the fall of '64, when he was matched with George Iles, another big 'un, who had gained considerable reputation as a fighter by his game battle of two hours and eight minutes with Joe Wormald. The betting, owing to the previous performance of the Irishman, ruled at 6 to 4 on Iles, and little done at that figure. They fought in two rings, at Weston-on-Thames, and down the river, February 19th, 1865, for £50 a side. Many expected the first few hard knocks to decide the affair, but they were destined to be agreeably disappointed, for O'Baldwin showed himself to be wonderfully clever for a big 'un, and handsomely polished off his opponent, without a scratch to himself, in just three rounds, lasting seven minutes in the first ring and fifty in the second, fighting being the word from the call of time. This proved the giant to be composed of better material than he was thought to consist of and gained for him universal respect.

Anxious to have another shy at his old opponent, O'Baldwin shortly afterwards issued a challenge to fight Marsden. The latter didn't seem to fancy the idea, however, and some time passed before he came to terms, he deferring the matter upon different excuses from time to time, reducing his avoirdupois the while, and insisting that his prior triumph was no fluke. Finally a match was made for £100 a side, and the fight took place half way between Nottingham and London, September 25, 1866. The Londoners were on this occasion outnumbered by the Midland County representatives, but O'Baldwin made such an example of Marsden in 11 rounds and 16 minutes that the latter's adherents broke into the ring after having pelted Ned with stones and missiles of every description. The money was afterwards awarded to O'Baldwin on the ground that Marsden was virtually defeated when the ring was broken into by his own party. His next appearance was in a match with Jem Mace's man—Joe Goss being first named and afterward Joe Wormald, owing to Goss' apprehension—for £200 a side and the belt, when O'Baldwin, as we anticipated would be the case from the first, was bamboozled out of the money, although he had proceeded to Farnborough, where he understood the affair was to take place, while Wormald was not within fifty miles of that place. Ned had been kept waiting at one of the railway arches in London, through, it is generally believed, a collision between Nat Langham, who had charge of the Giant, and the opposing parties until long after the train had left the depot, when, fearful of some trickery, he proceeded to Farnborough on his own hook. Against all precedent and in direct violation of the rules of the ring, the referee gave his decision in favor of Wormald, although no ring had been formed and the latter had not gone through the requisite ceremony of entering the same, which was necessary in order to enable him to claim.

Notwithstanding this swindle O'Baldwin allowed himself to be persuaded that he would obtain a fair show "the next time," and, accordingly, he issued another challenge, which was taken up by Mace, and a match made for £200 a side and the championship. This partook of the character of the previous swindling operation, it being evident that Mace never intended fighting the Giant, but he was "in" with those in authority, and, though he placed himself exactly where the articles stipulated he should not, and courted the attentions of the police, by whom he was arrested, after a "tremendous struggle," in which nobody was hurt, the decision given at the office of big *Bell* was that each man should receive his share of the stakes. Ned afterward offered to fight Mace in France and pay his expenses to go there, but Jem, who had been required to enter into his own recognizance of £300 and find two sureties of £150 each to keep the peace for a twelvemonth, said that this would interfere with his bail, but promised to come to America and fight him. O'Baldwin now determined to take a trip to the States, and the Giant arrived in New York, Dec. 11th, 1867, and in the succeeding week's CLIPPER issued a challenge to fight Jem Mace in this country for $5,000, and allow him $250 for expenses. No reply was received to this and the efforts to find a customer for O'Baldwin brought Jimmy Elliott to the front, in reply to whose verbal offer to fight him, providing proper odds were allowed, the Giant published a second challenge, open to any man in the world, and offering to meet Elliott and stake $5,000 against $2,500. This led to a meeting at our office in March last, when, after a deal of useless chaff, they left, being unable to agree upon the time of fighting. They shortly afterward returned, however, and signed articles to fight on May 19th, Elliott staking $2,000 against $1,000 that O'Baldwin did not whip him in half an hour. The match fell through at the time named for staking the second deposit, however, the matter being satisfactorily adjusted over a few bottles of wine and the amount already up drawn by mutual consent. The man of Waterford was now allowed to pursue the even tenor of his way, none of the big guns anxious to secure additional pugilistic honors appearing to think it advisable to buck against the great odds possessed by the Giant.

JOE WORMALD is a native of Poplar, London, England; is in his twenty-eighth year, and stands as nearly as possible six feet in height, his weight being something near 200lbs. From an early age he had a fancy for the digital occupation, and has lost no opportunity of improving his skill therein in the eastern sparring schools. He was at first taken in hand by Jack Hicks, who conferred upon him the title of "Hicks' Big 'Un," by which he was known until he and his mentor fell out, and the title was transferred to George Iles. Hicks had a very high opinion of his young one, and in 1863 matched him against Jem Mace's Wolf. The fight came off May 26, 1863, and lasted 4 hours and 25 minutes, during which 118 rounds were got through. Darkness then coming on, the referee was compelled to stop the mill, and both men being a good deal punished, their friends, rather than go to any further expense, agreed to draw their money. Joe on this occasion, although in anything but a fit state of health for milling, displayed such points as augured well for his future distinction. He was taken much notice of by Jem Mace, with whom, about this time, he entered into arrangements to travel with the circus, and set-to with the champion at his various exhibitions. This was a great help to Wormald, who hereby got constant practice, and gained such an insight into the minutiæ of his profession at the hands of his most accomplished companion, as in time led Jem to admit that Jack was nearly as good as his master. Wormald, not feeling inclined to confine himself entirely to glove practice, soon began to look out for some foe worthy of his mawleys, and this he found in Andrew Marsden, against whom Hicks matched him for £100 a side. Joe on this occasion unfortunately proved that, however good he was with his hands, he was a poor trainer—or, we should rather say, an imprudent one. He could not keep from temptation, became ill, and fell away in flesh to such an extent as convinced Hicks he could not hope for success against such a fresh, healthy, and powerful young fellow as the Nottingham Champion. Jack, therefore, thought it useless to throw good money after bad, and when £60 a side had been posted, declined to go on; consequently Marsden came in for a windfall which he had never expected. Wormald was much riled at the treatment he had received from his old pal, and although he could not deny the justice of it, he broke the bonds of friendship and transferred his allegiance to mine host of the Founders' Arms, while Hicks, anxious to punish him for his desertion, spread his net for another haul. His cast was successful, and he landed a still larger big 'un in the shape of George Iles, of Bristol, a novice of 6 ft. 1½ in., and weighing 175 lbs. George was young, fresh and strong, and so much the making of a good pugilist about him that Hicks evidently considered he had secured a gem of the first water, and at once proposed to match him against Joe. The latter, by no means backward, offered no impediment, and the business was quickly settled. The lads were at once sent into training, and Iles was got as fit as a fiddle, but Wormald seemed destined to ill-fortune; in his work he was again ill, his former escapades told severely against him, and instead of training on, he could do no work, trained off, and was, consequently, on the day of battle, about as unfit as he well could be for such an undertaking. His friends were willing to forfeit rather than he should run the risk of defeat; but Joe, confident in himself, would not hear of it, and was determined to leave no stone unturned to save his backers' money. The battle took place accordingly on the 15th of June, 1864, and turned out a right down game fight. Joe, being so out of condition, was obliged to play possum and let Iles cut out the work for him, which he did in a merry fashion. At first, indeed, he sparred very cautiously, but as he got warm to his work he dashed in repeatedly to force the fighting, a practice which suited Wormald to a T, enabling him to pop in some left-handed props of the most enlivening nature. As the fight progressed they got to closer quarters, and some tremendous punching took place on either side. At this game Joe had all the best of it; his deliveries were so true and straight from the shoulder as to take even his own friends by surprise, and repeatedly did he send the big one staggering back. Iles, however,

would not be denied, and he occasionally put on the hug with great effect, and now and then treated Joe to a cross-buttock, which seemed to shake him all to pieces. In the last round, Wormald being evidently tired, Iles was urged to go in and finish, and gamely endeavored to carry out his orders, but Joe stopped him with such a straightener on the snuff box from the left, and another from the same hand on the jaw, as for a time to bother him completely. He soon recovered, however, and once more rushed gamely in, when Wormald again planted the larboard fin with terrific effect on the jaw, which, bringing George's nob forward, enabled our hero to administer the *coup de grace* by a tremendous upper cut on the left temple. Iles immediately fell, and it was a long time ere he could be recalled to the fact that he was defeated, but by no means disgraced. Joe's performance on this occasion gave intense delight to his friends, and raised him not a little in the esteem of the few Corinthians who witnessed the battle. Good as was this performance, however, it did not seem to daunt Marsden, who was on the ground making mental memoranda, and who, almost immediately after the fight, intimated his willingness to fight Joe for £200 a side and the Champion's Belt, then lying idle. Wormald was agreeable, and they met at Hadley on Jan. 4, 1865. The odds at the commencement were 6 to 4 on Marsden, but the superior skill and hitting powers of Wormald, and the manner in which he went to work, had the effect of changing this in his favor, offers of 2 to 1 finding few takers. Joe had all the best of the hitting all through, nearly if not every blow leaving a heavy mark, generally in the shape of a cut, and went ahead at such a rapid pace that after the twelfth round Marsden was fearfully distressed, although boldly facing his antagonist. In the thirteenth round Andrew received terrible punishment, and in the fifteenth he was struck down like an ox. Three more times did he face his opponent only to be hammered down again, and at the end of the eighteenth his second elevated the sponge, after they had been at it 37 minutes. Marsden was severely beaten, and for some time after the ring was cleared he remained in his corner in an almost fainting condition, having his face and temples bathed with water. Wormald, on the other hand, walked away apparently unhurt, a slight discoloration under the left eye being the only mark upon his face, as the visitations from Marsden's "terrific right," from which so much was expected, failed to make any impression upon the iron frame of his rival.

Shortly after this Jem Mace, desirous of relieving himself of the odium cast upon him by his conduct in the match with Coburn the year previous, challenged Wormald, and they were matched for £200 a side and the belt. Joe now pursued the same reprehensible course which called forth so much denunciation in prior matches, making no apparent effort to get in fix, but indulging in excesses without stint, and finally, after £120 had been posted upon either side, forfeit was declared in favor of Mace, owing to the serious illness of Wormald. When he appeared at the office of the stakeholder with a physician's certificate, stating that he had been under treatment at St. Bartholomew's Hospital for some three weeks, Joe's right arm was stiff and entirely useless, and in appearance he was much wasted. This, he said, was the result of a strain and laceration of the membrane surrounding the bone, sustained while exercising with the dumb bells at Bob Travers', after staking a deposit, and he exhibited a wound made in the thick part of the arm for the purpose of injecting morphia several times daily in order to ease the pain. Whatever was the real cause, he certainly was in a very bad fix and suffered acutely; indeed, he has not yet recovered the full use of this arm, still injecting morphia frequently during the day to deaden the pain. His next engagement was with Ned O'Baldwin, the circumstances connected with which are above given.

THE PRESENT MATCH.

Wormald arrived rather unexpectedly upon our shores on Tuesday, August 4th, and on the intelligence of his arrival reaching O'Baldwin, who was in the west at the time, he sent us a telegram dated Detroit, Aug. 15th, challenging his old opponent to fight him for any sum and at any time and place the latter might be pleased to name. It had been Joe's purpose, privately expressed, to "look around a bit," get acquainted and make some friends who would be of service to him ere declaring his intentions in a fistic point of view, but the suddenness of this *defi* rendered it necessary for him to show his hand, and accordingly the week following he issued an acceptance of O'Baldwin's challenge. On the afternoon of August 29th, twenty-five dollars a side was put up for a match between them, Joe Coburn staking for Wormald, and Charley Diamond acting unauthoritatively for Edward. Joe had a benefit the same evening, and after it was over the parties met at Diamond's, when the amount of the deposit was increased to a century a side, Wormald staking that sum himself, and Coburn drawing his $25. The money was placed in the hands of Dan Noble, as temporary stakeholder. On Tuesday, Sept. 1st, another meeting was held at Diamond's, when another $100 a side was planked and articles signed, whereby they agreed to fight in Virginia for one thousand dollars a side, on October 13th, Noble being chosen final stakeholder.

O'Baldwin arrived in town during the week and objected strongly to the manner in which the match had been made, but finally consented to go on with it, and the week following proceeded to the residence of Mr. Donohue near Bangor, Me., one of his staunchest supporters, where he commenced preparatory work under the mentorship of J. H. O'Connor. At this time he looked in far worse condition than when he landed upon our shores, and instead of training to reduce his avoirdupois he found it necessary to take such exercise and care of himself as was calculated to increase his weight, at the same time that it strengthened his frame and hardened the muscles. This he paid strict attention to, and though by no means in proper condition for milling at the end of the couple of weeks passed in Maine, he was much stronger and more capable of enduring fatigue and punishment than he could have been had he adopted an opposite method of training. Wormald, in company with Coburn, made a tour of the principal New England cities, starting the week subsequent to making the match and returning on Sept. 22d. It was announced that he would then go into training at the Harlem Hotel, with 'tother Joe as tutor, but he neglected to do so, and the public were surprised to find him day after day and night after night about Bob Smith's. As the smoke-laden atmosphere of the bar and concert room of the House of Commons, added to too frequent visitations to the sherry bottle, were not generally regarded as calculated to produce perfection of physical condition—an occasional walk or a few minutes now and then devoted to exercise with the clubs and dumb bells being insufficient to counteract the injurious effects of such a reprehensible course—there were speedily formed in the minds of the public the same suspicions entertained of Wormald's intentions under precisely similar circumstances beyond the water. Much fault was found with him, and many of those who had formerly been his friends turned against him because of this, which also materially had the effect of greatly influencing the betting in the Giant's favor. The excuse offered by Joe was that some of those who had promised to stand in the match had, when called upon, refused to do so and he was afraid that if he was not on hand to look out for things in person he would be compelled to forfeit, which may have been so to a considerable extent. Although in nothing like good fix by the day originally named for the meeting, he was, we think, fully on a par with his rival upon this score.

THE DAY CHANGED—ARREST OF THE MEN.

On account of the date fixed upon, October 13th, conflicting with that of the Philadelphia election, it was deemed advisable, for obvious reasons, to alter it, and accordingly at a meeting held at Smith's on September 30th, it was changed to the 15th ult., and it was agreed that the men should proceed together in a boat from the Quaker City, and select the first suitable spot on the route arranged. Coburn and Larkin proceeded to Philadelphia on the 3d ult., and made the necessary arrangements for transportation, etc., the deposits were regularly posted, and all progressed smoothly up to October 10th, when Wormald was arrested, in the bar-room of the St. Bernard Hotel, by Captain Mills, on a warrant issued by Justice Kelly. He was released the same evening on $2,000 bonds not to fight in the State of New York, or leave the State for the purpose of fighting elsewhere, The. Allen becoming his bondsman. O'Baldwin had an exhibition the same evening at the Opera House, but though a warrant is said to have been issued for his arrest, he was permitted to enjoy his liberty. On the morning of the 12th ult., O'Baldwin, his backers, and a number of others, left by rail for Philadelphia, where, shortly after his arrival, the former was arrested, but quickly placed at liberty again, as proper measures had previously been taken to secure his release, in anticipation of such an emergency arising. Wormald attempted to leave the same afternoon, and in company with Joe Coburn, Tom Welsh and Geo. Rooke, had proceeded in a coach as far as the Courtland street ferry, when several officers made their appearance and arrested the two Joes. Coburn was kept in custody only a few minutes, however, while Wormald was conducted to the Central Office, in Mulberry street. The arrest had been made at the instance of Allen, who now came forward and renounced his bail, whereupon Joe was accommodated with quarters in this not very fashionable mansion. Inspector Kennedy stated that he must remain there over night and be taken before Judge Kelly next morning.

On the 13th ult., Wormald was taken to court, but Justice Kelly not being upon the bench (having, it is generally supposed, remained away for the express purpose of preventing Joe's release that day), he was remanded to his former quarters. Strenuous efforts were made by Harry Hill, Coburn and others, to procure his liberation during the day, but without avail, and so Joe was booked for another night in his narrow cell, with Geo. Rooke as his companion, the latter having volunteered to keep him company. The universally received impression now was that political intriguing was at the bottom of the magisterial interference (a supposition given color to by the seemingly authentic statement that a certain sporting political editor in the metropolis had offered a sum of money to have the fight take place on the day originally appointed, and as the offer was rejected he had adopted this means of "getting hunk"), and the only hope of bringing the fight off was based on his probable release on Wednesday morning, which was expected, as the Philadelphia election was over, and that seemed to be the great bugbear.

A writ of *habeus corpus* was procured on the 14th by Harry Hill, Coburn and Diamond, and in the afternoon of that day Wormald was taken before Judge McCunn, who released him on $5,000 bail to appear at 2 o'clock, P. M., on the 15th, Hill going his security. All hopes of the battle taking place upon the day named were now blasted, and the boys were boiling over with indignation, especially those who were in Philadelphia, and had already planked their paper for an "excursion by moonlight," and who had been in expectation of Wormald's arrival by rail all day and evening. At the hour appointed on the 15th inst., Wormald appeared before Judge McCunn, who, as no one appeared to prosecute the case, immediately discharged Joe. Thus were the plans of those interested in bringing the match to a focus on the 15th frustrated, and those who put up the "job," for job there evidently was, deserve credit for being excellent schemers, much as the success of their schemes may be regretted. Had the day and place not been altered there is little if any doubt that the fight would have taken place—at least magisterial interference would not have prevented it.

ANOTHER ATTEMPT FRUSTRATED.

O'Baldwin returned to the metropolis on the afternoon of the 15th ult., and there being a determination upon the part of those interested to bring the men together in some manner, without submitting to any further bamboozling, Rocky Moore sought out Wormald, whom he found at Allen's, and as the latter answered his inquiry as to whether he would fight O'B. affirmatively, arrangements were speedily made. A fashionable resort outside the limits of the metropolis was agreed upon as the *rendezvous* at a consultation held at Jake Roome's, at which O'Baldwin was present, and each man was to be allowed ten friends in addition to his seconds. As a blind it was given out that the fighting ground would be Riker's Island, and to this point many who had obtained information of the proposed meeting proceeded in carriages sometime after midnight. As soon as arrangements had been completed, O'Baldwin and his trainer were conveyed to Lovejoy's Hotel, where they went to bed, leaving orders to be awakened at two o'clock the following morning. Wormald remained at Allen's until a few minutes past three o'clock, A. M., and getting into a coach with The. Allen, Welsh, and Dooney Harris, was driven toward the ground selected. In the meantime the Giant and his trainer were awakened at the time they had ordered, but the police had obtained wind of the contemplated battle, and when they emerged from the hotel they were arrested and taken to the Central Office, where they were provided with apartments. On the following morning they were taken by Capt. Young before Judge Dowling, when said detective officer made a formal affidavit, setting forth that he had obtained reliable information to the effect that a prize fight was to take place between Edward O'Baldwin and Joseph Wormald, within the city or adjacent county, and upon this complaint the magistrate stated that he would require the prisoners to give bail in the sum of $1,000 each to keep the peace in the State of New York for twelve months. Felix Larkin offered to give the required surety, and the offer was accepted. Wormald had repaired to the chosen ground without encountering molestation, and remained there until about noon of the 16th, when, hearing of O'Baldwin's arrest, he returned to the city. A meeting was called at the CLIPPER office on the 19th ult., at which a great deal of recrimination was indulged in, and it looked at one time as though they would have it out then and there, as the Giant requested Joe to put up his hands, but he would have been very foolish had he done so, as the crowd was so great that they had scarcely room to move, let alone fight. Finally, after a lengthy and warm debate, the stakeholder emphatically stated that the money he held must be fought for, and he desired that the men should agree upon the time and he would name the place. Wormald desired to increase the stakes to $2,000 a side and fight in one month, so that each might have a chance to get in fix, but the Giant could not, of course, do anything, being too tightly bound by his bail bond, and it was agreed ultimately that Noble should meet representatives of the men on the 26th ult., to make requisite arrangements.

A NEW DAY NAMED.

O'Baldwin commenced work the day following, making his headquarters at the Harlem Hotel, on 125th street (which many thought rather strange, as it was understood that Coburn was interested in the match with Wormald, but then the public are not supposed to understand all the little ins and outs connected with a match of this or any other kind, and perhaps the apparent "right about face" movement was not so strange after all), and during the ensuing week took his exercise regularly and did what he could to get in condition—as an evidence of his earnestness he sacrificed his moustache and had his hair cropped, essential things which he had left undone hitherto for some reason. Wormald left for Boston on the 22d ult., for the purpose, he said, of meeting his wife and child, expected to arrive next day from England. His failure to appear at his exhibition at 609 Broadway on the night of the 24th gave rise to a rumor that he had sailed for England during the day, and some there were who credited the report, but it was proven false by a telegram received by George Rooke from him on the morning of the 26th, stating that his family had not yet arrived and asking him to use his exertions to have the day of battle deferred as long as possible. At the time designated the parties met at Coburn's, O'Baldwin being present in person, although taking no part in the proceedings, and Rooke acting for Wormald. The fraternity was largely represented, as many supposed that it was the intention to bring the affair to a climax without further delay, and among the number we observed Dan Noble, Bill Clarke, Felix Larkin, Joe Coburn, Lew Baker, Matt Moore, Patsy Egan, John H. O'Connor, Charley Diamond, Moody, Billy Higgins, Donohue and McCarthy, of Bangor, Me., "Old Boy Sut," of Tremont, Jim Collins, Harry Holcomb and "Billy" Nelson. Rooke did not make his appearance until pretty late, and then his request to have the day deferred was not entertained, Noble stating that he had made up his mind, and would give ample time to get to the ground, and the one who was not present should forfeit the money, no matter whether he was arrested or not—such was his determination, and he would adhere to it. It was then publicly stated that Saturday morning, 31st ult., would be the day, and all who wanted to go would have to leave the city on the evening previous. This was, of course, intended as a blind, to throw outside parties and the police off the scent, and at the earliest opportunity we applied to Felix for the "straight tip," and learned that Thursday, the 29th, was the time, and the Isle of Shoals the place. The party, as soon as the exhilarating beverages discussed began to work, became rather hilarious and demonstrative, and the combative propensities of some of those present were made manifest during the chaff which ensued. The abilities of Coburn and Clarke as exponents of the art were discussed, and a proposition made to match them to spar with blacked gloves for $500 a side in two weeks, as they did once before, years agone, at Stuyvesant Institute, but it didn't come to anything. Joe and Matt Moore then had some words, which ended in their both doffing their coats for a clinch, but Noble used his persuasive eloquence effectively and nipped the threatened clinch in the bud.

OFF FOR BOSTON.

As the day fixed upon was so close at hand, it behooved all who proposed going to make their preparations without delay. Rooke left for the Hub on the morning of the 27th ult., taking with him Wormald's fighting shoes, etc., and the majority of the "good men and true" who had obtained the "office," and who had not been too much disgusted by previous fiasles to convince them that this would prove "another of the same sort," followed by water and rail that evening, Boston being the *rendezvous*, and the balance left by the 8 A. M. train on the 28th. A commendable secrecy had been observed ever since the *fiasco* of the 16th, and comparatively few knew where or when to go until it was too late to get there; consequently the delegation of sporting New Yorkers who invaded the modern Athens on Wednesday numbered less than an hundred in all. Even these denizens of the Hub who keep their optics distended and their ears open continually for anything of this sort which may be in the wind, they were taken totally unaware in the present instance; but the presence of so many prominent sporting men from Gotham quickly attracted the attention and awakened the suspicions of the knowing ones, and pretty much all who cared to see it knew by evening that the mill so long talked of was to be decided somewhere not far off next morning, though none could discover where said place would be, for the very excellent reason that nobody as yet knew, the spot depending altogether upon circumstances. The "Court Street Exchange," kept by "Honest" Brock, Shea's, on Eliot street, John Woods', and other public resorts where sports most do congregate in Boston, did a loud office business during the evening, a continuous stream of seekers after additional information passing in and out, and being gathered in knots inside and about the entrance, earnestly conversing in under tones about the event, which to them was of paramount importance, conjecturing as to where it was likely to be decided, and exchanging opinions relative to the result. This unusual spectacle did not create the suspicions in the minds of lynx-eyed representatives of the majesty of the law which it would certainly have done at another time, however, for it so happened that the evening in question was the occasion of a grand Republican torchlight procession, and the principal thoroughfares and others along the route swarmed with residents and strangers, while the saloons everywhere drove a rushing trade in quenching the thirst of the excited populace—all of which tended, of course, to distract public attention from everything else.

It was the intention to proceed by water to the battle ground, and, as above stated, Smutty Nose Island, Isle of Shoals, N. H., the same spot where Moore and Rooke exchanged fistic compliments, was the *locale* in the mind's eye of the stakeholder, who informed both the principals that they would receive due notification of the time when and the wharf from which the boat started, and that he who failed to be on board when she left her moorings would forfeit the money. This plan of operations was quashed, however, for although Noble and several influential sporting men of the City of Beans used the most strenuous exertions to attain the desired object, it was found impossible to secure a steamer to carry the crowd to the ground, nearly all the boats which could at other times have been chartered for the purpose being laid up for the winter and the captains of others being seemingly afraid to risk the consequences. At least such was the reason assigned when, later in the evening, we were informed that the idea of an excursion down the bay had been abandoned, and were handed a slip of paper bearing the following address:—"C. H. Pool, Lynnfield Hotel, Lynnfield." To one not cognizant of the mill in prospective, these words meant simply nothing, but to us they were sufficiently significant; so after obtaining some other necessary information, we proceeded to look up a conveyance, and looking up it was, too, for the supply was scarcely equal to the demand, and bazaar proprietors reaped a nice little harvest by increasing the tariff correspondingly; finally, however, by dint of some tall walking (eh, Jim?) we succeeded in securing a vehicle, and with "the cove wot did and the cove wot didn't" lose on the Wards, as traveling companions, and a Jehu who knew the ropes of the box, we rattled through the streets of the then comparatively quiet city (it was now an hour past midnight) toward the chosen locality, where we arrived about four o'clock, and found some thirty odd coaches, barouches, light wagons and buggies drawn up around the hotel, a two story wooden structure, located in the centre of the village, the peaceful inhabitants of which were snugly tucked beneath the bed clothes, blissfully unconscious of this warlike invasion of their usually quiet, model town.

Entering the hotel we found the passage way and bar-room alive with closely muffled humanity—the latter, which was redolent with bad whiskey and tobacco, being so densely packed that we could scarcely elbow our way through, for the atmosphere without was too nipping to be comfortable, and, in order to keep up the circulation, it became absolutely necessary to either remain in close proximity to the stove or indulge in sundry alcoholic mixtures—the last named method finding most favor in the eyes of the throng, as was evident from the manner in which the double force of bartenders were kept on the jump. O'Baldwin and Wormald were both asleep in separate rooms, having arrived several hours prior, and the other apartments of the hotel had been secured by those who had reached the place earliest, leaving the remainder to pass the interval before dawn as best they could. Of course there was a vast quantity of chaff indulged in between potations, and as the hard stuff commenced to operate the pugilistic proclivities of those present rose to the surface, and several short but lively scrimmages varied the programme, and served to keep wide awake those who were inclined to doze. One of the principals, in a couple of these "scraps," was an irrepressible Milesian named Dougherty, who, we think, is as fully entitled to be styled the "handsomest man in Boston" as Kit Burns is deserving of such distinction in Gotham; his Adonis-like features were pretty severely battered, but he was made of the "rale shtuff," and this only made him the more anxious to try it over. Dawn of day finally put an end to these sounds of revelry, and most welcome was its coming to all, who were impatient to witness the struggle of the gigantic gladiators, especially as the air was extremely biting, and delay, besides being decidedly uncomfortable, was reasonably considered dangerous. It was assuredly one of the very last places in the world to select for a prize ring encounter, and the sequel proved how foolish were the person or persons who made such selection, within four or five miles of one of the principal towns of a State known to be so bitterly opposed to the sports of the ring as Massachusetts. Aside from the folly of such a move, it was not treating the principals justly to order them to fight under penalty of forfeiting the money, where the chances were an hundred to one that they would be arrested, and where, if arrested, they were almost certain to meet with severe punishment. It would have been much more sensible, after finding that a boat could not be secured to go from Boston, to have proceeded by rail to Portsmouth, N. H., and taken a boat from there. This was the proper plan to have adopted at first, for besides the improbability of magisterial interference, the journey to the ground would have been much pleasanter than that originally proposed. However, the die was cast, and all we could do was to hope against hope that the rubicon so apparent to all might be safely passed. The crowd became more and more clamorous for the appearance of the contestants as the day advanced and the radiant face of old Sol became visible above the tree tops to the eastward, and the residents of the village, just awakened from their repose, peered from out the windows of the adjacent houses with faces upon which astonishment was strongly depicted at the unusual spectacle, while a few of the masculine sex joined in the throng to find out "what in thunder it was all about."

THE RING.

The ring was erected shortly after six o'clock in a field about seventy-five yards to the north-east of the hotel, and a poorer specimen of a squared circle than it presented we never witnessed. The ground selected was uneven, and as no stakes, had been previously provided, the ropes were loosely fastened to short stakes improvised from rails, and insecurely driven into the ground. The weight of two such men as were therein to engage in a battle for fistic supremacy upon them for an instant would have been sufficient, apparently, to have leveled the ring. It was a job but half performed, and its appearance certainly went to indicate that those who superintended its erection felt convinced, for some reason, that the struggle would be of brief duration, and as it so proved, the ring answered all purposes. It was not a twenty-four foot square, but took more the form of a parallelogram.

THE MEN IN THE RING.

About seven o'clock, when the impatience of the assemblage began to exhibit itself in an unmistakable manner, and the opinion was pretty generally expressed that the tedious procrastination was intended to allow the authorities time to reach the grounds, the Irish Giant descended the stairs, followed by Larkin, Coburn and others, and "struck out" at a good gait for the ring. This was the signal for a stampede by the crowd in the same direction, and, with three hearty cheers for the Lismore man, they rushed to obtain eligible sites from which to witness the long projected mill, which at last seemed about to eventuate. O'Baldwin did not enter immediately, but indulged in a few minutes' exercise, and at twelve minutes past seven he threw his cap into the enclosure, following it "with his feet, then his legs, and then his body," as we heard a sarcastic on-looker express it; the storm of cheers which greeted Nedward plainly showed, what physiognomies had already indicated, that his admirers were largely in the ascendant. After taking an observation of the ground, O'Baldwin seated himself and wrapping his martial cloak around him, awaited the coming of the foe. Fully twenty minutes elapsed ere Wormald made his appearance, accompanied by Rooke and Noble and Jess. Allen, and when he entered the circle the reception which greeted him was by no means as enthusiastic as that which extended his antagonist. This did not seem to affect Joe in the least, however, and with a nonchalant air he crossed over and shook hands with O'Baldwin (though it is fair to presume the "shake" was not prompted by love upon either side) and afterward with Coburn. His manly, confident bearing, together with his *personnel*, so different from what those who had not previously seen him were led to anticipate, created a very favorable impression, and we heard frequent commendatory remarks as he, like Ned had done before him, took a careful survey of the ground. Rooke and Coburn now tossed for corners, the former winning for Wormald, who placed the Giant with his face to the sun, now shining brilliantly.

REFEREE, UMPIRES AND SECONDS.

Dan Noble was proposed and at once accepted as a suitable person for the office of referee. Upon being informed of the choice, Dan at first declined to act, when the name of Jim Collins was mentioned, to whom neither side seemed to have any objection; but now Noble suddenly altered his mind, gave way to persuasion, and agreed to officiate. Collins stood umpire for O'Baldwin and Jem Allen for Wormald, while Ned was waited upon by Joe Coburn and Charley Diamond, and George Rooke and George Butts squired the ex-champion. Upon taking up his position at the middle stake on the southwest side of the ring, the referee made a brief speech to the effect that he was determined that now the men had got together they should fight it out "dead on their merits," which was exactly what the spectators wanted to see, and they applauded Daniel's effort accordingly.

There was very little if any betting at the ring side, the immense size and known cleverness of the giant placing the odds in his favor at the rate of $100 to $50, which the friends of the Londoner didn't care to accept until they had a better opportunity to form an estimate of their favorite's abilities. The crowd at the ring side did not number above three hundred in all, over two-thirds of whom were Bostonians, and, taken all in all, a very quiet, respectable and peaceably disposed assembly it was, too, comparatively few of the rougher sort being present, owing to their inability to scrape together sufficient of the needful to meet the exhorbitant demands of coachmen, and the frosty atmosphere having effectually counteracted the effects of the tangle foot consumed during the still watches of the night. Among the notables scattered here and there were Felix Larkin, Luke Welsh, Bob Brettle and his novice, Patsy Egan, Donohue and McCarthy, of Bangor, J. H. O'Connor, Honest Brock, Hen Peckham, Johnny Murray, of Amity street, Jim and John Shea, the walkist and muscleman, respectively, Patsy Sheppard, the jovial Tom Heathwood, of Lowell, John Doyle, Tommy Kelly, who lately fought Seddons, W. E. Harding and Jimmy Griffen, the pedalists, Jack Town, the ex-locust wielder, together with those talented members of the black brigade, Hughey Dougherty and "Little Mac," the latter being one of the Giant's "supporters." The toilets of the men were now completed, O'Baldwin having for his standard a handkerchief of emerald green silk, and Joe sporting a scarlet fogle, both plain. The Giant now crossed over to Wormald's corner, and holding up three one hundred dollar treasury notes, offered to bet them upon the issue, but Joe declined and Ned returned the bills to Larkin, being loudly cheered for this exhibition of confidence. The customary interrogatory, "Are you ready?" being answered affirmatively the men and their seconds, at the call of "time," advanced to the centre and shook hands, and then the latter stepping outside the ropes, the rival heavy weights placed themselves in attitude for

THE FIGHT.

ROUND FIRST AND LAST.

As they threw themselves into position the critical observers closely scrutinized the belligerents, and certainly two more magnificent specimens of boxers seldom before faced each other. The easy attitude assumed showed that each was well schooled in the art, and the activity they showed in getting about to take the measure of each other was far greater than is usually seen among heavy weights. The Giant appeared in far better trim than his opponent, the muscles and sinews, which rose in ridges over his breast, back, shoulders and arms, looking hard and firm; this, combined with his great height, bulk, weight and longer reach, seemed, if backed by true pluck, an insurmountable obstacle to the success of such a fine looking fellow as Wormald, even. His face looked somewhat flabby, however, and there was not visible in his expression that confidence and resolution evinced by the ex-champion. Wormald's nob indicates that he is a thorough out-and-out fighter, the cheek bones being high and the jaw bones square and solid, while his countenance evinces much intelligence; his shoulders are massive but sloping, and his arms larger, though not so long as his antagonist's, showing a thickness of bone and sinew indicative of that most essential quality in a pugilist—hard and straight hitting. He has excellent underpinnings and his loins are large and strong enough for his well-built frame; his hands are large and powerful and his knuckles sharp. His attitude was good, though his feet were kept rather close together and there was a stoop in his head and shoulders which looked awkward. He held his hands low down, but in working for an opening the rapidity with which he feinted and broke ground showed that it would require an opponent endowed with wonderful quickness and cleverness to effect a landing without receiving a receipt in full. There was no constraint in O'Baldwin's attitude, but though artistic, it looked a trifle awkward owing to the manner in which he bent his understandings as he worked in and out; his hands were held well up, the right covering the breast and the left well advanced, and working back and forth like a piston rod as he "felt" for his *vis a vis*. Cautious sparring was the order, Wormald gradually retreating and both indulging in a pretty exhibition of dodging and feinting as they watched for a favorable chance to open the ball, although it was evident from the look upon the faces of both men that they meant business and not useless dodging about after they had fully taken stock of each other. Joe, after a little weaving, feinted with the left and cleverly broke ground, his tactics greatly resembling those of his old tutor Jem Mace. The movement did not in the least disconcert the Giant, however, who followed Joe, who was now on more elevated ground, and consequently more on an equality with Ned as to height. Nearly five minutes were occupied in manœuvring thus, when after another vicious feint, Wormald saw his chance, and taking advantage of it upon the instant, delivered his left with great force on the breast, jumping back nicely from the return. Upon getting together again Joe feinted with the right and caught Ned another stinger straight from the shoulder on the body, but didn't escape this time, for the Giant countered him heavily upon the left eye with his larboard duke, flushing the skin and quickly causing a bluish discoloration to appear underneath the orb. This effectually roused Sir Joseph, who, after again breaking ground smilingly, wormed his foot inside of O'Baldwin's, and once more visited the ribs, napping a return on the shoulder, rather light. A fourth essay of Joe's was turned neatly aside, but not brooking denial, he tried again, and this time effected a lodging place on the right jaw with the left, and coppered a hot 'un in return on the left side of the head and neck from the Giant's dexter mawley. This was immediately succeeded by a severe counter hit on the body, when, with lightning-like rapidity, Joe dashed in and planted a tremendous thwack with the left on the nasal organ, from which the life current began to trickle slowly, and, amid great excitement and jubilant cheers from the Englishman's corner, first blood was claimed and allowed for Wormald. This momentarily bothered Ned, whose return Joe cleverly eluded by getting back, looking much pleased and encouraged by the success of this last effort. O'Baldwin, apparently riled, now bored in, when Joe feinted, as usual, broke ground and worked to the left, to give Ned the full benefit of the sun; the latter tried to stop this game by a left hander, which caught Master Joseph with a dull thud on the breast, and was repaid by one equally as good just above the victualing department. He followed this up by another heavy poultice with the same hand, which took effect on the chin, Ned getting square by a powerful counter blow upon the left side of the head with his right, and receiving another smasher on the nose, seemingly hard enough to completely flatten that feature, and turning on the tap copiously. Rapid exchanges now took place on the body and neck, when they closed and fell together, Joe undermost, at the south-east corner of the circle, Wormald having rushed the fighting at the close. The wildest excitement now prevailed among those at the ring side, and as the men were picked up by their seconds the cheering was deafening. The round occupied in all ten minutes, and while it lasted was one of the finest exhibitions of skill we ever witnessed.

DESCENT OF THE POLICE.

Just as the men had been carried to their corners the crowd, now overboiling with excitement, were disagreeably startled by the cry of "Police!" "Police!" and a hurried glance about proved that there was sufficient grounds for the alarm, as a score of blue coats were but a few feet distant, charging down upon the offending throng with clubs uplifted and malice aforethought. It would have been an easy matter to have, by concerted action, overpowered this small force of officers, but such a course could only have the effect of making matters ten-fold worse, and the result afforded another instance of that forbearance and obedience to those clothed in authority which is always manifested under such circumstances, and which *is*, in fact, inculcated by the rules governing the ring; in all likelihood one-fifth of the number would have produced the same result. A general stampede was in order the instant the Charlies were descried, the crowd rushing pell mell, helter skelter, in all directions; some taking to the woods and others to the hotel, where, jumping into their vehicles, they were "off for Boston, right away." The skedaddle was altogether unnecessary, however, as no attempt was made to arrest anybody but the principals, both of whom were secured, O'Baldwin being taken in the ring and Wormald, who had "cut and run" with the onlookers, being nabbed as he was jumping into a coach. They were allowed to put on their clothes, and then, securely handcuffed, were placed in a wagon and conveyed to Lynn, from whence the police force came. From subsequent developments it appeared that the attention of the authorities in the shoemaking district was first drawn to the subject through reading a paragraph in one of the Boston evening papers of Wednesday, which stated that the fight was to take place at the Isle of Shoals, and called upon the powers that be to prevent it by keeping a close watch upon the various wharves. Supposing that this suggestion would be acted upon, the Lynn officials shrewdly guessed that an attempt would, in consequence, be made to bring it off nearer home, and from previous similar meetings which had taken place in that vicinity, they concluded that the fixture would not be very far from Lynnfield. Accordingly Marshal A. G. Shepherd organized a squad of men and set out at an early hour in the morning on foot for the suspected region, arriving there shortly after day-light. The array of vehicles confirmed his suspicions, and, secreting his men within convenient distance, he, in citizen's dress, mingled with the crowd, saw the ring pitched, and having by ocular demonstration gained sufficient evidence to prove a violation of the law, the signal agreed upon was given, with the successful result above shown.

REMARKS.

The subject calls for but few comments. It would be unfair to indulge in too close criticism of the relative performance of the gladiators in this opening round, when they were as yet not fully aware of each other's mode of fighting, which can be learned properly only by experience, nor would it be right to accept this as a criterion of what would have followed had the engagement been consummated. Certain it is, however, that the display made by the Irish Giant failed to equal the sanguine expectations of his supporters, and fell far short of that cleverness he has exhibited with the gloves; while, on the other hand, the ability shown by Wormald, and the manner in which he planted his powerful straight from the shoulder blows upon the body and face of his towering opponent, together with his superior tactics and cunning manœuvres, astonished the on lookers, vastly increased the confidence of his friends, besides adding numbers to their ranks, and though the result of this round would not have materially altered the state of the betting, a couple more similar to it would assuredly have placed the odds in Joe's favor. Opinions vary as to the real merits of the combatants, the adherents of O'Baldwin claiming that he was acting under instructions in his mode of action, with a view to creating a revolution in the betting, and that after three or four rounds had been fought he would have completely and effectually turned the tide and made a chopping block of his antagonist, while the majority of those who witnessed the round, a number of them old ring-goers, many of whom care not a toss of a copper which proves himself the best man, are unmistakably of the belief that Wormald would have won had the mill progressed half an hour. Accepting the short exhibition made as a criterion, this is certainly a very sensible conclusion to arrive at, providing the enduring powers of the rivals were equal upon the day, which, however, we do not believe, as Wormald was in manifestly inferior condition to Ned (unless something not visible to the eye operated to the latter's disadvantage) and we think he would have fallen away weak ere they had been at it many minutes. Had one man been, physically speaking, as well as the other, and both thoroughly game, the battle would have been, undoubtedly, a slashing one; would, we think, have continued longer than generally expected, and the chances of success were in the Englishman's favor. As we above stated, however, it is not fair to land one man and decry the other, after a display from which, at best, little can be safely inferred; it is best to wait until a more decisive engagement takes place between them, and if they ever do meet again we trust it will be where there need be no fear of magisterial interference to cause another disappointment.

THE MEN IN COURT.

Upon their arrival at Lynn Wormald and O'Baldwin were taken before Trial Justice Newhall, who, after a hearing, ordered them to give bonds in $5,000 each to appear for trial at the January term of the Essex Superior Court, in default of which they were committed, each being assigned a separate cell and both strongly ironed. Late in the afternoon, however, some of the backers of the Giant furnished the required security, and he was released. The friends of Wormald, however, failed to come forward, and he was accordingly transferred to quarters in the jail at Salem. There was a rumor prevalent when we went to press that Joe had been also set at liberty, but we could not trace the rumor to a reliable source. We have no doubt, however, that he will be speedily released, as those who profess friendship and admiration for him will not surely allow him to remain incarcerated while O'Baldwin is permitted to come and go as he listeth. If the moneyed men who are able to offer the desired amount without in the least inconveniencing themselves are not willing to do so, let the sum necessary be raised by subscription. Wormald's family arrived in Boston on the day previous to the battle, but, we understand, will be provided with a home at the House of Commons until Joe's release.

HURRAH FIGHT BETWEEN ABE HICKEN AND BUTT RILEY.

A sensation of a decided character was occasioned in metropolitan fistic circles last week by the occurrence of a passage at arms between Abe Hicken, the celebrated English light weight, now matched with Peter Maguire, and Hugh, better known as "Butt" Riley. The statement, owing to the difference in the size of the men, was scarcely credited, and many were disposed to scout it as ridiculous when the further statement was made that Riley had been pretty severely handled, while Abe had escaped almost scatheless. The circumstances of the case, as far as we have been able to learn them, are as follows: On the morning in question Hicken, Cooley Keese, Riley, Barney Aaron, Joe Wallace, Casey and one or two others were congregated in a saloon, corner of Broadway and Eighth street, socially drinking and talking together. Riley was considerably under the influence of liquor, and the conversation turning upon O'Baldwin and Wormald, he became rather loose in his assertions of what he was capable of doing. Finally he and Cooley became involved in an altercation, during which Butt gave Keese the lie direct. This exasperated Cooley and he instantly responded to the effect that if Riley would step into the yard he would fight him, at the same time placing his hand in his pistol pocket and moving in the direction indicated. Fearing that something serious would happen if things went on this way, Hicken caught Cooley by the arm and said that he would fight Riley for him, being evidently actuated by a desire to prevent bloodshed and not by any ill feeling he entertained toward Butt. They at once adjourned to a little yard, about a dozen feet square, at the rear of the saloon, and stripping to the buff, commenced operations, the door having previously been barricaded. The encounter was of a hurrah description from commencement to finish, Hicken (who was perfectly sober, while Butt was, as stated, quite lushy) having, all the best of it. They fought something less than an hour, when the police having obtained wind of the affair, made a descent, and after some trouble, effected an entrance to the scene of conflict, arrested the party, and conveyed them before Justice Dodge, where, upon examination, they were released, upon bail being given for their future good behavior. Butt was very badly bruised about the head, his face being sadly puffed up, and exhibited a number of bruises about the body, caused partly by coming in contact with the oyster and clam shells scattered about the place. Hicken showed scarce a sign of having been fighting, his cleverness, the fact of his having all his senses about him, and the comparatively fine condition in which by constant care he always keeps himself, all operating to his advantage. It is the general belief that this will not be the last of it, but in what shape it will next come before the public is difficult to surmise. Look out for squalls.

MILLING IN MASSACHUSETTS.—Jack Horan and Matt Jarvis brought their fistic match to a satisfactory close eight miles from Framingham, in the Old Bay State, on Wednesday evening, 28th ult. The men entered the enclosure at six o'clock, Horan being seconded by Johnny Doyer and Pat McPhillips, while Dan Reeser and Jim McIntyre squired Matt. O. Curley was referee. Horan won the first blood in the third round, and the first fall in the seventh, and had the best of the milling all through, fighting his opponent down in nearly every round up to the sixty-fourth, when he struck one of the stakes with his left hand, breaking his arm. Finding that he could not continue longer his seconds threw up the sponge, after they had been at it 2 hours and 15 minutes.

MAGUIRE AND HICKEN'S MATCH.—The fourth deposit of two hundred and fifty dollars a side in the match between Abe Hicken and Pete Maguire, fixed for decision on December 23d, has to be staked at this office on Monday next, 9th instant, before four o'clock in the afternoon. Hicken will commence easy exercise at his hostlerie in the course of a week or so, and after indulging therein a fortnight begin strict training under the care of a capable mentor. Maguire is quietly preparing himself for the encounter at his home in Fishkill, and will shortly take a benefit at some hall in the metropolis, when, as all will be anxious to obtain a glimpse and take stock of him, a large attendance may be looked for. Hicken was in town all last week, but left for Philadelphia on the 1st inst., we believe.

KELLY AND REARDON ANXIOUS TO FIGHT.—A letter came to hand late on the evening of the 2d inst. from Barney Frain, who says that if Rooke does not care to fight Kelly, the money forwarded by the latter will be left for him to fight anybody at 150lbs. Or if nobody will accommodate Kelly the fifty dollars is to be left in Patsy Reardon's behalf, to fight any man breathing at from 142 to 146lbs, for $1,000 a side.

GALLAGHER VS. ELLIOTT.—We have received no response from Jimmy Elliott to Charley Gallagher's card, published in these columns, nor heard anything definite in regard to his intentions. Will we have a fight, or is this to prove but another war of words?

MODEL MILL IN LONDON.—In the course of the week ending October 17th, Young Gadstone of Notting Hill and Young Sewety of the West End, London, Eng., fought at catch weight, for a liberal purse, subscribed by Billy's patrons. Both are about 10st. weight, Sewety being slightly the heavier man. They have had three rough scrambles, and at length agreed to settle their differences on turf. Gadstone has also fought Hill and Fitzgerald. He was seconded by Tommy Hogan and Finch, Bill Stebbings and McCormack doing the amiable for his opponent. In the first round Gadstone was nearly knocked out of time by a right hander on the jaw, but recovering, equalized matters by gaining first blood from his opponent's eye in the sixth round. In all 21 rounds were gallantly contested in 55min., when Gadstone's seconds, seeing that he was too weak to continue the struggle, threw up the sponge, and Sewety was declared the winner.

FOUND DEAD.—Wm. Gibson, better known in years gone by as "Tinker" Gibson, a boxer of considerable note at one time in Philadelphia, was found dead at Sixth and Chestnut streets, in that city, on Saturday night, Oct. 31st. He was at one time employed in the office of the Philadelphia *Gazette* as clerk, when that paper was under the supervision of Willis Gaylord Clark. Gibson was a splendid penman, and might have occupied a good position in business circles, but dissipation made a wreck of him, and he died as stated.

THE AARON AND EDWARDS AFFAIR.—As expected, the match between Barney Aaron and Billy Edwards is "off." Both parties were present at the place appointed for drawing up articles on Tuesday evening, 27th inst., the Aaronites being ready to put up, but Edwards' Brooklyn backer declined to go on with the match, and after a short consultation and the popping of several champagne corks they decided to draw the money. The men themselves were both ready to go ahead with it, so that no fault can be found with them.

BILLY EDWARDS left for Pittsburgh, Pa., last week, where he purposes giving an exhibition shortly.

WE HAVE LETTERS for Billy Edwards, Jem Colbert, Bob Corcoran and James Frawley.

AN ACCOUNT of Abe Hicken's benefit at 600 Broadway, on the 31st, is in type but is crowded out this week.

PEDESTRIANISM.

A CHANCE FOR LANG.

We call the attention of Wm. Lang, the English pedestrian, to the following, which will doubtless meet his ideas, providing he is anxious for a job:—

CLEVELAND, Oct. 31st, 1868.

FRIEND QUEEN.—I see by the CLIPPER that Lang has arrived in New York, and I also see that Harding will not run him. Now all that I have to say is that I have a man who will run either of them for five hundred dollars a side—open for one thousand a side—to run in two or three weeks from signing articles. By putting up a deposit, or sending me articles to sign, I will immediately cover the amount deposited; the distance to be from half a mile up to two miles. I will give or take reasonable expenses, either to run in Cleveland or New York, or wherever Lang may choose.

Yours truly, JOHNNY MACKEY,
Clipper Shades, Cleveland, Ohio.

FOUR MILE RACE.—About 2,000 persons gathered at the Prince of Wales Grounds, Bow, London, Eng., on the 12th ult., to witness a four miler, for £25 a side, between Ed. Mills, of Mile End, and George Hazell, of Deptford. The performances of the first mentioned are too well known to need recapitulation, the principal among them being his running six miles and eight miles respectively against Deerfoot, at Hackney Wick; his match at the Royal Oak, Manchester, against Pat Stapleton, when he covered the mile in 4 min. 21¼ sec.; his beating W. Lang for the six mile champion belt, and J. White, of Gateshead, afterwards for the same; and afterwards making Rowan succumb in a race for the ten mile champion cup. Mills is twenty-seven years of age, 5ft. 5in. in height, and on Monday weighed 8st. 4lb. He was trained for this engagement at the Green Man, Ealing, and was attended by W. Riley, of Finsbury. George Hazell, who will be twenty-three this November, stands 5ft. 6in. in height, and weighed 9st. He trained at Bow, under the care of Wearden, and G. Harrison, of Bow, attended him to the ground. His performances include a victory over Springhall at Bow; the winning of a four mile handicap at Canterbury, starting from "scratch;" winning a five mile handicap at the Royal Oak Grounds, Manchester, with a start of 400 yards; and beating E. Golder, of Bethnal Green, in a four mile level race. Precisely at five o'clock the men were ready to start, and Hazell at once took the lead, increasing it to ten yards as they ran along the bottom of the ground, but coming down the backstretch Mills went up to his antagonist, and kept about a yard in his rear until going up the straight for the fifth lap, when Hazell trod on the turf and fell heavily, a *contretemps* which enabled Mills to take a lead of at least sixty yards, which he palpably increased in the two remaining laps which Hazell finished, the latter giving up at the conclusion of the sixth lap. Mills ran once more round the ground and was then stopped. The first mile was completed in 4 min. 46 sec.

THE CHAMPION HUNDRED YARDS RACE.—The match between E. D. Davis, of Kingston, N. Y., and the Plow Boy of California, is creating much more than ordinary interest, not only in pedestrian but in sporting circles generally throughout the States—a fact attributable to the great reputation enjoyed by the men as fleet runners, and the expectation, which is universal, that the time made will equal if not eclipse that hitherto made anywhere, providing the men are as evenly match as believed by many. The adherents of the New York boy claim that he can take the track at any time, and make the distance named in 9½ seconds—though the asseveration must be taken with a few grains of allowance—while those who are behind the lad from the west are equally confident of his victory. Since our last issue a change has been made in the match, the stakes having been increased to $2,000 a side and the race fixed for decision on the Fashion Course, L. I., between the 21st and 29th inst. This is done at the solicitation of the New York party, who, upon consideration of the other party agreeing, allow $500 for expenses, the gate money to go to the winner. Davis has secured the services of George Topley for trainer.

GOULDING TO HAYDOCK.—Jack Goulding called upon us the other day, and, in reply to the card of Haydock, states that he considers the weather altogether too severe at this season to admit of walking at night in the open air, as desired by the latter, but he is willing to walk Haydock any distance he wishes, providing the latter will consent to have the match decided on a skating rink, or any other place where protection from the weather can be ensured. If Haydock is willing to agree to such terms, Goulding will meet him at our office on Monday, 9th inst., to draw up and sign articles.

LANG REPLIES TO HARDING.—Shortly before going to press we received a lengthy communication from Wm. Lang, the English pedestrian, in answer to W. E. Harding, but space forbids our giving aught but the substance of it. He says he came here expressly to run Harding, which he is willing to do whenever the latter is ready, providing he don't delay an unreasonable time. He will meet Harding at the CLIPPER office on November 28th, and be prepared to cover any deposit the New Yorker may choose to put up for a match for from $1 up to $1,000 a side; or he will run him for the champion ten mile belt, or the champion's cup of seventy-five ounces solid silver, both of which Lang won across the water. In conclusion he expresses the hope that Harding will make it as soon as possible.

ANOTHER CHALLENGE FROM PARKER'S PROTEGE.—As Harry Parker has been unsuccessful in an effort to get on a match for his protege, who never won over $50 in a match, with anybody who never captured above a like sum, he is now prepared to match him against anybody in the States to run 440 yards for any amount that may be mutually agreed upon. Twenty-five dollars is now up as forfeit, and by calling upon Parker, corner Main and York streets, Brooklyn, the match can be made.

GEORGE LEESE, *alias* "Snatchem," returned to this city last week, after a month's sojourn in Savannah, Ga. We hear that during his stay in the South, George applied for a position under the British Consul, but for once his eloquence failed.

JOHN GOULDING is engaged to perform his athletic feats at Norwalk, Ct., during the horse fair next week.

SOME PUNKINS.—A New Jersey man has raised, this summer, three pumpkins which together weighed 374 pounds. The biggest was 6 ft. 4 in. round and weighed 158lbs.

THE TURF.

The Woodlawn Races.

The annual Fall Meeting over the Woodlawn Course, Louisville, Ky., commenced on Tuesday, 27th ult., and continued during the week. The attendance throughout was very good, and the meeting proved a complete success. We append summaries of the different races up to latest dates:—

FIRST DAY, Oct. 27.—United States Hotel Stake, for four year olds, in harness; mile heats, 3 in 5; $50 entrance, play or pay; United States Hotel to add $50.

D. Swigert entered Almont, by Abdallah, dam by Membrino Chief	1
L. L. Dorsey entered Jack Conn, by Golddust	dis
W. T. Woodward entered Maid of Eminence	dr

Time, 2:39¾.

TROTTERS' PURSE $100; $70 for first, $20 for second, $10 for third; mile heats, to harness, for horses that never trotted in public previous to 1st September, 1868.

Dan Barker entered b m (no name)	1	1
Dan Swigert entered b h St. Elmore	2	2
John Collier entered b h John Leeland	3	3
Thos. B. Boyce entered s g Tom Hendricks	dis	
J. J. Smith entered bl m Jesse Brown	dis	
L. L. Dorsey entered Josh Golddust, by Golddust	dr	
Major P. Mathers entered b g Grace	dr	

Time, 2:40; 2:36¾.

SECOND DAY, Oct. 28.—Louisville Hotel Purse $300; to harness; mile heats, best three in five; first $200, second $70, and third $30.

S. P. Rache named g g W. K. Thomas	1	0	1	3
Dan Swigert named b h Tattler	3	0	2	1
W. J. Payne named s g W. K. Payne	2	2	3	2

Time, 2:31; 2:36; 2:35¼; 2:39¼.

THIRD DAY, Oct. 29.—Scott Glore's Stakes, for horses that never trotted under 3 minutes; mile heats, three in five, to harness; $25 entrance, play or pay; Scott Glore to add $25.

Dan Swigert entered b h St. Elmo, by Abdallah, dam by Bellfounder	1	1	1
L. L. Dorsey entered br h Josh, by Golddust	3	2	2
John Collier entered b g McLelland	2	3	dr

Time, 2:30, 2:30½; 2:33.

BUTCHERS' PURSE, $100.—Mile heats; $70 to first, $20 to second and $10 to third; expressly for horses used in butcher and vegetable wagons; to be driven by owners; to go as they please.

G. Letterly named ch h Ky. Dexter	1	1
Geo. Abrams named b g Butcher Horse	2	2
F. Hammon named r h Roan John	3	3
F. Hartman named b m Butcher Girl	dis	

Time, 3:39; 3:39¾.

FOURTH DAY, Oct. 30th.—Willard Hotel Purse, $200; $125 to first, $50 to second and $25 to third; mile heats, three in five, to wagon.

S. P. Roache named g g W. K. Thomas	1	1	1
L. L. Dorsey named br g Rella Golddust	3	2	2
G. A. Jones named br g Hoosier Bill	dr.		

Time, 2:33; 2:33½; 2:32¼.

PACING RACE.—Mile heats; purse $100; $70 to first, $20 to second and $10 to third.

T. P. Roache named g g Dan Voorhees	1
H. Alexander named bl g Ole Bull	dis
John Collier named b g Bill	dr

Time, 2:33¾.

Trotting Match in Philadelphia.

AN EXCITING RACE.

At the Point Breeze Trotting Park, Philadelphia, on the 30th ult., a contest took place between the well-known fast trotters, Goldsmith Maid and George Wilkes, for a purse of $2,000, best three in five, in harness. The attendance was not very large, but those present had the opportunity afforded them of witnessing a very exciting and close contest. Goldsmith Maid, however, proved a trifle too speedy for Wilkes, and at the close of the first heat, made in 2:22¼, crossed the score a length in advance of her competitor. Wilkes behaved badly in the second heat, and the Maid had things her own way, winning the heat in 2:27¾. Then followed one of the most exciting "trials of speed" ever witnessed in that city. Goldsmith took the lead on the third heat, holding it for nearly half the distance, when Wilkes gradually drew slightly ahead, and they maintained these relative positions down along the homestretch, when Goldsmith Maid broke, swerved aside, and coming in collision, one of the wheels of Wilkes' sulky was "dislocated," the Maid running ahead, and crossing the score first, in 2:22¾. Wilkes' driver claimed the heat and race, but the judges decided it to be a dead heat. In the closing heat the lead was alternately taken, but Wilkes made a bad break at the three quarter pole, and the Maid won easily in 2:25¼, thus winning the race. The time is pronounced the fastest ever made on that track. Summary:—

POINT BREEZE PARK, PHILADELPHIA, FRIDAY, Oct. 30, 1868.—Purse and stake, $2,000.

Goldsmith Maid	1	1	0	1
George Wilkes	2	2	0	2

Time, 2:22¼; 2:27¾; 2:22¾; 2:25¼.

Twenty Mile Trot by John Stewart.

On the afternoon of the 30th ult. there was a large attendance of ladies and gentlemen at Riverside Park, Boston, Mass., gathered to witness a feat of equine endurance, the gelding, John Stewart, again undertaking the feat of trotting twenty miles, to wagon, inside the hour. He was driven by Woodruff, who handled him with great judgment. We give below a table showing the time for each half mile and mile, by which it will be seen that the horse had 36¾ seconds to spare:—

Half mile.		Mile.	Aggregate.	Half mile.		Mile.	Aggregate.
1	1:25½	2:50	2:50	11	1:28½	2:58½	32:24
2	1:25	2:51½	5:41½	12	1:30½	2:58½	35:22½
3	1:27½	2:53½	8:34½	13	1:26¾	2:57¾	38:20¼
4	1:25	2:54	11:28½	14	1:30	2:59¾	41:20
5	1:29¾	2:59½	14:28	15	1:31	3:04	44:24
6	1:26¾	2:56½	17:24½	16	1:29½	2:57¾	47:21¾
7	1:29	2:58½	20:22¾	17	1:32¾	3:03¾	50:25½
8	1:30¾	3:02½	23:25¼	18	1:31¾	3:01¼	53:16¾
9	1:31	3:02¾	26:28	19	1:33	3:03¼	56:30
10	1:29¾	2:57½	29:25½	20	1:27	2:53¾	59:23¼

After the time trot there was a contest between the bay mare Fanchon, and the gelding Roan Dick, the first named going to wagon, and the latter to harness, mile heats, best three in five. The mare won the first heat easily in 3:06, and distanced her competitor in the second heat, taking the $200 for which they trotted, in 2:46.

AMERICAN GIRL AND RHODE ISLAND.—It is probable that a match between these two celebrated fast trotters will be arranged at an early date, to come off on the new Prospect Park Course, at Gravesend, L. I., for $1,000 a side, mile heats, best three in five, in harness. The closeness of the contest between them last week on the Fashion Course, L. I., for the purse of $1,000, when Rhode Island won the first and second heats, and American Girl the third, fourth and fifth and the race, will give additional interest to their next meeting. They are both entered for the purse of $1,250, mile heats, in harness, for horses that have never made 2:24, at Norwalk Horse Fair next week, and may probably come together there. Both of them have trotted in the specified time, but their records having been made subsequent to the closing of the entries, they are, of course, eligible to contend for the purse in question.

AQUATICS.

THE ENGLISH CHAMPIONSHIP.—The match between Kelley and Renforth goes on all right, and *Bell's Life* says that rumor is remarkably quiet as to the doings of the north countryman, who, however, is probably none the less gradually arriving at perfection of training that he is unostentatious in his method of doing so; while Kelley is steadily arriving at that state of fitness for which he in former years was so celebrated, although at present suffering from a severe cold. The contemplation of the second meeting between himself and Sadler has turned public attention for the nonce from the championship, and Kelley has, it will be seen, his work cut out. Articles have been signed whereby Kelley and Sadler agree to row a rightaway scullers' race from Putney to Mortlake, on December 1 next, for £200 a side. £25 a side has been deposited with the stakeholder, and all that has taken place leads to the belief that the affair will end satisfactorily. It will be seen that the fixture is exactly a fortnight after the date of the championship match between Kelley and Renforth, for which both men were, at last advices, preparing themselves diligently.

A LONG ROW.—Geo. W. Chambers, of Staten Island, an amateur oarsman, started, on Oct. 25th, in his single scull wherry, Norman K. Hawkins, for a pull around Staten Island, distance 40 miles, time 6 hours and 37 minutes, beating the time made, in double scull shell by Livingston and Vincent, eight minutes. On the 28th of June he is said to have rowed the same distance in 8 hours and 14 minutes, filling twice. On August 23d he also rowed some distance against a double scull boat, rowed by Betts and Brella; he succeeded in beating them 44 minutes, his time being 7 hours and 4 minutes. He also started on the 10th of September and pulled to Troy and back; rowing time, 39 hours going up river and 34 hours and 55 minutes returning.

PROPOSED INTERNATIONAL YACHTING RACE.—*Bell's Life* of the 17th ult. contains the following:—"It is rumored that the owner of a well known clipper-schooner of the Royal Thames Yacht Club, now on a foreign cruise, has sent a challenge to the New York Club to sail any vessel in America of her size and rig for the Championship and the Queen's Cup, won in 1851 by the America, the race to come off in Oct. 1869, round Long Island, New York. The vessel in question is in all respects first class, and if this spirited challenge be accepted by the Americans, the Sappho will doubtless be afforded an opportunity of once more testing her powers.

AN ELEGANT SILKEN STANDARD was presented to the members of the Palisade Club, of Yonkers, on behalf of Mrs. Henry Amelung, on the 20th ult. The flag is of heavy white silk, fringed with blue, and has the word "Palisade" embroidered in blue silk in the centre.

THE SINGLE SCULL RACE announced to take place on the 25th ult., at Staten Island, between Isaac Jones and Richard Smith, fell through, owing to the former forfeiting.

CRICKET.

WILLOW vs. MANHATTAN.

The return match between these clubs came off on the 28th at Bedford, and terminated in the success of the Willows with ten wickets to fall, as follows:—

MANHATTAN.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
H. Tucker c Sleigh b Yoxall	2	b Morrison	4
Robinson not out	3	c Yoxall b Morrison	10
Livesey b Morrison	12	b Yoxall	7
Oakley b Yoxall	0	c Smith b Yoxall	0
Byron b Yoxall	2	b Yoxall	9
Fried b Morrison	0	b Yoxall	3
Hayward c Yoxall b Morrison	0	b Yoxall	0
Chadwick c Sleigh b Morrison	4	b Morrison	0
J. Tucker b Yoxall	1	not out	1
Plumer b Morrison	0	b Morrison	0
Blatcher not out	1	h w Morrison	0
Byes	7	byes	7
Total	32	Total	41

WILLOW.—First Innings.

Rollins b Byron	0	Sleigh run out	14
Sweetland run out	1	Roebuck b H. Tucker	0
Filmer b Byron	7	Evans run out	0
Clurehugh c Byron b H. Tucker	3	Smith b Byron	0
Jepson b H. Tucker	4	Byes, 14; leg byes, 3	17
Yoxall not out	24		
Morrison b Byron	1	Total	71

In the second innings Yoxall scored (not out), 4; byes, 2—6.
Umpires—Messrs. Crawley and Sadler.

THE LICENSED VICTUALLERS.—The return match between the Licensed Victuallers of New York and Brooklyn was played at Bedford, L. I., on the 27th ult. The day was favorable for open air exercise, and the jolly Bonifaces enjoyed themselves hugely. Some very good cricket was shown on the occasion, Bob Smith making the score of the match, 28. His namesake, James, was next with 16. New York came out ahead when the stumps were drawn, the score being 103 to 77. The third and deciding match comes off on Nov. 3.

QUOITING TOURNAMENT.—A series of games came off at the Normal Grounds, this city, on the 26th ult., which were participated in by the leading shyers of the disc. The number in attendance during the progress of the games was quite large. The following is a summary of the games:—
First games—Housman, 21, vs. Hudson, 18; Ferguson, 21, vs. J. R. Smith, 16; Meeks, 21, vs. Henderson, 16; Quinn, 21, vs. McGregor, 15; Crittenton, 21, vs. T. Dunning, 19; W. Wooley, 21, vs. Skidmore, 13; R. Orme, 21, vs. Sharp, 10; Campbell, 21, vs. Turner, 18. Second games—Housman, 21, vs. McLaren, 12; Meeks, 21, vs. Quinn, 20; Ferguson, 21, vs. Orme, 15; Crittenton, 21, vs. Wooley, 14, Campbell standing off. Third games—Campbell, 21, vs. Housman, 18; Ferguson, 21, vs. Meeks, 14. Fourth games—Ferguson, 21, vs. Crittenton, 11; Ferguson, 21, vs. Campbell, 11. Ferguson was awarded the first, and Campbell the second prize.

SKATING IN BROOKLYN.—The Commissioners of the Prospect Park Pond are making extensive preparations for the forthcoming season and are enlarging its area. Last year there was but five acres finished, but this season the Commissioners will have fifteen acres ready, which is within five acres of the entire area of the pond in Central Park. The entire pond, when completed, will cover fifty acres. A large and commodious building for refreshment saloons, dressing rooms, etc., for skaters, is to be put up.

SETTLE MATCH BETWEEN SIDNEY AND BULLEN.—On Wednesday, 28th ult., a large number of old country sports assembled at Manchester Bob's, the Rabbit Warren, to witness the match between the above players. Play commenced at 8 P. M. Sidney's friends appeared very confident from the first, and offered 100 to 80 on him. As the game proceeded some magnificent play was shown on both sides, Bullen, however, keeping and even increasing the start he secured at the commencement, 3 chalks, till he scored his 12th chalk to Sidney's 8. Here the latter began to "feel them," as he expressed it, and making a number of splendid floorers, soon collared his opponent, the game at 18 standing level. Bullen now made a 2, Sidney tieing by a fine shot, making the left hand "long double." This and the next chalk was, after a number of ties, won by Sidney, the game standing 20 to 18. Bullen, who plays a splendid up-hill game, put on a couple of floorers, bringing himself level with his opponent. The excitement at this point was great, the next chalk deciding the game, on which a large amount of the ready depended, including a few Bank of England fives. Sidney led off, making a magnificent hit, which required more than even Bullen's skill could match, Sidney winning by one point, after one of the most exciting and closely played games ever witnessed.

Bob, as usual, had a word or a joke for every one, and supplied the "lotion" in the best possible style. Altogether a very pleasant evening was passed, and the company returned well satisfied with the match.

PIGEON POPPING IN MASSACHUSETTS.—The Winthrop Shooting Club, of Boston, Mass., held their closing meeting at Riverside Park on the 29th ult., the attendance, owing to the extremely cold weather, being rather meagre. The contest for the club medal was first in order, seventeen competitors entering and shooting at ten singles, each, 21 yards rise, 80 yards boundary, with 1⅛ ounce shot. Bumstead and Heywood killed all their birds, but the other crack shots of the club made a poor record. Instead of shooting off the ties, the members made a mutual settlement. A handicap sweepstakes followed at seven birds each, nine competitors appearing. The prizes, $30 to the best shot, $15 to the second, and $10 to the third, were divided between Messrs. Gates, Bumstead and Mingay, darkness preventing the shooting.

PIGEON MATCH FOR $400.—On the evening of the 29th ult. a match was made at Providence, R. I., between J. B. Heywood, the celebrated crack of New England, and Ira Paine, of New York, to shoot at fifty single birds each for $400, at Hampton Park, New Haven, Conn., according to New York rules.

SHUFFLE BOARD.—A match for a basket of champagne, 31 points up, was played last Tuesday evening, at King's Excelsior Court, West Forty-first street, between Abe Remahardt and John Campbell. The playing was very good throughout, and was witnessed by a large crowd of the admirers of this fine old game. The brewer finally won, the score standing 31 to 25.

A SUCCESSFUL BEAR HUNTER.—W. N. Porter, of Roxbury, Me., killed a bear at noon on Sept. 10th; then set a trap, and at 5 P. M. took from it a cub; September 21st he took from his trap another bear; September 29th another, and on the 9th of October another, making four old bears and one cub that he trapped and killed in less than one month. The State and town bounty he receives is $20. He has sold the skins for $35. He obtained five gallons of oil, worth $4 per gallon—$20, giving him cash proceeds amounting to $75.

TRUE, REAL FRIENDSHIP VERY HARD TO BE FOUND.—The friendship of most men in these days is like some plants in the water, which have broad leaves on the surface of the water, but scarcely any root at all; like lemons, cold within, hot without; full expressions, empty intentions; speak loud and do little; like drums and trumpets and ensigns in a battle, which make a noise and a show, but act nothing; mere friendships in pretence and compliment, that can bow handsomely and promise emphatically, and speak plausibly, and forget all. But a true, real, active friend, whose words are the windows of his heart, the notifiers of his affection—such a friend is rare, and hardly to be found.

THE difference between men is mainly in the head. Brains are about everything; body next to nothing. It is what is over the shoulders, not under, that determines status. All body, no head—booby; all head, not much body—philosopher. The difference is easily distinguished by the naked eye.

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THE REMARKABLE DOG.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

I owns a dog, a gamesome dog,
The smartest e'er you saw;
His tail it curls up right behind,
His nose pints straight before;
His ears I cuts off vonce a veek,
But ere another's past
A second pair sprouts out again
As good as vas the last.

This dog he knows a thing or two,
And's always up to snuff,
Although to folks he doesn't know
His maner's rather rough;
He's death on rats and mice, and kills
A score or two a day,
And for his livin' not a cent
His master has to pay.

His talents is quite wonderful,
All night he sings a tune;
And waries the monotony
By bayin' at the moon;
He sleeps all day like any child,
For with 'm h'it agrees,
And all the time he doesn't sleep
He spends a catchin' fleas.

[illegible]ys delights to make 'im bark,
[illegible]d stand h'upon his legs;
[illegible]es a kittle to his tail,
And starts 'im o'er the flags.
The scamps a cons-pi-ra-cy hatched
To "pound 'im;" wuss and wuss,
The poundkeeper sent 'im back and said
E wasn't worth a cuss.

He's heavy on all sorts o' game,
And kills the hens and geese,
And worries children so that they
Don't get a moment's peace.
In 'sentin' he's so precious smart
He scares up lots o' game;
And vat is more, 'e *scares it h'off*,
Vich isn't quite the same.

I shouldn't vish, by any means,
Vith this ere dog to part;
And much I fear to lose 'im now
Vould nearly break my 'art;
But if some gamey sport would take
This treasure h'off my 'and,
I'd go a bottle on the trade,
And treats to oysters stand.

REMINISCENCES OF A MAN ABOUT TOWN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY PAUL PRESTON, ESQ.

No. 29.—Old Hays and the Old Police.

None can appreciate the intellectual drollery of the Shakespearean scene of the setting of the watch who has not witnessed the awkward manœuvres of our city officials of the past generation in accomplishing a like purpose, for it is only within a few years back that the peace of the public was not almost wholly entrusted to our city watchmen, who, if they were not armed with cressets, lanterns and rattles, were very reliable imitations of the *corps* instructed by the ancient Dogberry. I have a distinct and indelible recollection of watchmen and watch boxes, standing in sullen dignity near churchyards and other exposed portions of the town, and of one particularly—a melancholy survivor of a discarded race—which graced the Fulton street side of St. Paul's Church railing, with a superannuated lantern suspended from its roof.

The city watchman was, like his box, a primitive institution of individuals, serving every other night upon public duty at twelve York shillings nightly stipend, and in the day time working at their trade, generally that of cartman, store porter or something allowing ample opportunity for a furtive doze. The watchman's uniform supplied him, or rather loaned at the municipal expense, was a leathern head cap and grey box coat, with a quarter staff as a defensive weapon, which was originally garnished with a boat hook on the end, with which instrument an expert guardian arrested disturbers of the public peace by an assault upon the extreme rear of their persons. And when the night was dark, when the moon refused to shine, or the oil in the street lamps gave out, the doughty watchman was supplied with an iron-bound lantern, including several inches of tallow dipping, the better to make himself visible to the vagabond or thief should any be discovered. In this wise were the streets of New York patrolled by "Leatherheads," or "Charlies," as they were derisively stigmatized by "Mohawks" and roysterers, who were won't to make night hideous and bar-rooms jubilant at the close of a theatrical entertainment, for these wild and reckless men of the fast order were the only enemies our city watchmen were likely to encounter.

The watch were only called into requisition after nightfall, and when the first note from chanticleer's shrill clarion struck upon their drowsy ears they, like Hamlet's father's ghost, dissolved from view. So the charge of the city during daylight was entrusted to constables, venerable dignitaries, who were then, as in the days of good Queen Bess, elected by the people, and assisted in their arduous duties by a lesser order of constables, appointed by the municipal authorities, operating simply as policemen for the preservation of public peace.

To bring order out of chaos, to render this indiscriminate force of any service to the requirements of an augmenting metropolis, demanded a man of executive ability and no small mental force. Happily such a man was discovered, whose memory has been handed down to us, somewhat irreverently, it is true, as "Old Hays," but I am sure that the people at large, in the general adoption of this designation, intended neither to undervalue the services of a worthy man or of applying a personal reflection upon his years or character. The fact is that Old Hays was the great buggaboo of infantile offenders, and his name became a household phrase, employed as the Scottish borderers did that of Black Douglass, to terrify children into respectful obedience; for there are few even of this generation who do not possess some vague idea of the High Constable's prior existence. Indeed there are many men now of note whose ears must tingle at reminiscence of the hearty pulling they have received at the hands of that old public functionary in person when captured in the act of shooting marbles on the City Hall steps, or of firing miniature cannon in the Park, pastimes, free enjoyment in which we youngsters conceived guaranteed to us by some unwritten clause in the Declaration of Independence. In fact, the worthy old gentleman had a summary method of dealing with juvenile offenders much more humane than locust rapping. He merely seized them by the ear, and induced them to make a short inspection of Bridewell, until they could receive a lecture from the mayor or some other magistrate, who after confiscation of the offending implements, would deliver patriarchal remarks as to our future destiny, oftentimes accompanied by a not overflattering allusion to George Barnwell and his dramatic hanging. And let me add that most of the offenders departed sore at heart at the loss of their chattels and thoroughly convinced that George Barnwell had come to his untimely end at the suggestion of Old Hays himself.

It is many years ago since Mr. Jacob Hays was elevated to the position of high constable, which carried with it the suffragan dignity of water bailiff, an office originally of maritime importance, but which, in consequence of our complex system of metropolitan legislation, appears at present to be in a state of suspended animation. Nevertheless I have no doubt but that our harbor police would incur the chance of committing some grave fault while attempting an arrest without nominal invention of the water bailiff. And poor Jack, [illegible] In many cases could neither read or write, had good reason to be jealous of his marine prerogatives; for what knew he concerning writs, warrants of arrest, and the technicalities of the law? Only show him the silver oar—emblem of the water bailiff's authority—and he surrendered at discretion. There was for years kept at the Mayor's office this silver oar, engraved with the arms of the city; but possibly it may have disappeared during our years of party contention, or been discarded as a relic of feudality, unworthy this age of gold badges and brass buttons. Mr. Hays worked lustily for a long term of usefulness in the creation of an adequate police force for the city, and the criminal records of his time will show that, proportionately to the population, the city boasted fewer escapes from punishment than during late years. Almost every banker and importer of long standing, having experience in police matters, must frankly declare that burglaries, forgeries, bank robberies, and other crimes against commerce, which were of no rare occurrence, were more ingeniously detected and their perpetrators more speedily punished than appears to be the case under our present elaborate police system.

Mr. Hays was in person below the medium height; muscular, agile for his rotundity, and of a decidedly impressive cast of countenance. Towards the close of his career, when he officiated as crier of the Court of Sessions, or attended officially upon the Board of Aldermen, he had grown naturally querulous as the infirmities of age crept upon him, but as a general thing he was a favorite with the lawyers of the court and the magnates of the Hall. Despite his position he was a man who made but little display, living in a frugal, unostentatious manner, in a little two story house in Lispenard street, in which, I believe, he died at years beyond the common lot of man.

The administration of criminal justice during Mr. Hays' tenure of office was, fortunately for his personal reputation, committed to an efficient magistracy, generally men of prominence in the legal profession, although in the case of one or two a partisan policy ruled in their appointment. For example, the removal of Hon. Robert H. Morris from the bench of the Court of Sessions and the substitution of the Hon. Frederick A. Talmadge by the Governor of the State, on account of Morris' action in the matter of Glentworth, was regarded, at the time, by the bar as an ebullition of political anger derogatory to the independence of the judiciary. The prisoner's case was, however, a singular one, and his crime would now be regarded as a mere political transgression. James B. Glentworth, whose handsome countenance and well dyed whiskers could be seen hovering around the corner of Broad and Wall any fine morning to within the last few years, was at that period connected with the tobacco inspection, then under the charge of Jonathan D. Stevenson, subsequently Colonel of New York Volunteers during the Mexican war, in California. Both were rabid party leaders of the Old Whig school, who devised a scheme for carrying the New York city election by importation of electors from Philadelphia. Glentworth was dispatched to the latter city to carry out the plan, which in the correspondence was designated as a contract for laying pipe in the city of New York, each yard of pipe meaning a fraudulent voter to be shipped on by the Whig leaders of the Quaker City. Whether Glentworth proved shaky or some of his pipes leaked is unknown, but the Democrats came in possession of the secrets of the plot, and Glentworth was indicted and put upon trial. During the progress of the case it became necessary to produce the correspondence, which the prisoner, who had the papers in his hand, refused to give up, whereon the Recorder descended from the bench, snatched them from the person of the astounded Glentworth, and bore them off in triumph. For this act he was removed from office and the trial eventuated in smoke.

Mr. Morris, who was one of the most popular lawyers of his day, gained credit with his party, and subsequently was elected Mayor, appointed Postmaster, and died with the ermine of the Supreme Court upon his shoulders. His successor, Fred. Talmadge, was honored by his partisans in a no less marked manner by being elected Recorder. He was, after expiration of his judicial term, appointed General Superintendent of Police, and more recently elected Clerk of the Court of Appeals. Glentworth, after his *fiasco*, subsided into obscurity, until his name came up with a disagreeable notoriety, when, during the burning of the National Theatre, he was observed by the public rescuing a fair courtesan from a house of ill-fame adjoining it, under peculiarly suspicious circumstances.

Conspicuous among the officers of police during Hays' time were his two sons, Ben and Gill, worthy successors to their honored progenitor. Ben was a remarkable man in every respect; his personal appearance was the opposite of his father, being tall, thin, with a mass of curling black hair, a peculiar shuffling gait and a decidedly awkward stoop. No man, looking at him would suspect either the natural sagacity of the man or his peculiar calling, yet he was, without exception, the shrewdest and most reliable of detectives. His power of memory had been so assiduously trained that, having once seen a man, he would not only recognize the individual but designate the locality and time when he saw him. Ben had been regularly educated for the bar, and enjoyed the advantage of foreign travel, as he was sent to Europe on several important missions in connection with criminals, he being known and appreciated as a man of probity and nerve. He was one of the passengers to Holland in the famous pilot boat, crossing the Atlantic with the robber of the Prince of Orange's jewels. When off the Needles the diminutive bark was brought to by a British revenue cutter, the officers refusing to believe that so small a vessel could accomplish so perilous a voyage. Delivering up his prisoner, Ben started to see the country, when the Belgian Revolution broke out. In consequence of his ignorance of the language he stumbled into the enemy's camp and was made an involuntary spectator of the Bombardment of Antwerp. During a subsequent visit to London, Ben astonished the brothers Forrester—esteemed the greatest detectives of England—through identifying a forger named Allen, disguised and in a crowd of some hundred prisoners, although he had not seen him for a period of seven years.

Gil Hays in very few respects resembled his brother, for he was a bluff, off-hand, muscular man, conserving a number of traits he acquired during a sea experience. His career as a detective has, however, been a brilliant one, he being charged with important mercantile negotiations, knowledge of which rarely comes before the public. The policy of the New York banks and bankers is directly the reverse of the English and French, who never allow a forgery or other crime to pass unpunished. The English, especially, regard the extermination of forgery through the extreme penalty of law to be a moral duty; with us all the banker thinks about is obtaining his money, and the less publicity attending the operation the better satisfied are all concerned. This explanation sufficiently accounts for the manifold and gigantic frauds perpetually occurring in our commercial world.

An ornament to the old police force was the well known and eccentric individual called Prince John Davis, whose particular duty appeared to be the charge of theatrical morality, for he could be found nightly at one of our metropolitan establishments, as dandified and well perfumed as the fop described by the indignant Hotspur. John's primary weakness was a passion for dress, and his secondary one that for the fair sex, with whom he conceived himself to be an especial object of admiration; consequently, on duty or off, he grew to be a prominent figure in the substrata of local society. His favorite resort was the Broadway, occupying an arm-chair near the orchestra, from which he could take equally as good a scrutiny of the male offenders as of the feminine patrons.

There were others of the old police who made excellent reputations for themselves under the ancient regime, when blue coats had not come in judicial fashion. There were Stokeley, a portly individual, Bob Bowyer, an equally rotund individual, A. M. C. Smith, now a leading express manager, and others, worthy men in their way, who might tolerate the occasional wearing of an official star, but who have rebelled outright against the restrictive regulations following the creation of the metropolitan system, which has copied all the external embellishments of the London preventive *corps* and none of the virtues of its admirable detective conceptions. The police system of Mr. Hays and his immediate successors, up to the organization of the municipal body under Chief Matsell, had been borrowed from the experience of Bow street in the fashioning of subordinates, who occupied a distinctive and relative rank in the detection and ferreting out of crime to those employed for the mere conservation of the peace. To arrest a criminal requires mere physical strength, but to unveil the mysteries of crime, to dispel the clouds hanging over its inception, to read, from uncertain indications the history of a malefactor's progress, requires a tact, sagacity, and mental penetration not to be encountered in ordinary men. The system of Bow street led to the separation of men of this description from the mass of constabulary, and hence in following its example Hays showed himself wiser than men of this generation, who have adopted the theory of prevention of crime to the exclusion of an equally vital principle of detection, as there are a class of crimes, forgery, embezzlement, &c., which can never be prevented by an exhibition of muscular force.

The introduction of the preventive police owes its origin to the exhibition at the Crystal Palace, where, for the protection of visitors and of the property committed to their charge, the managers of the American Exposition organized a body of disciplined men, mostly from the returned volunteers of the Mexican war, to serve as a police. Handsomely costumed, ably commanded and energetically employed, the thousands of citizens visiting the Palace could not fail to remark the efficiency and good behavior of this temporary *corps*, and the paramount advantages of their being uniformed in the prevention of disorder and theft. Naturally the invidious contrast of the behavior of our municipals and the defects in their discipline, as compared with the Palace body, attracted such attention from the press and the community at large as to compel the reorganization of the municipal police upon a semi-military basis, which has added to the security of the citizen and to the dignity of the policeman. But this change, reducing the police to a level as to rank, while operating healthily in a preventive point of view, destroyed the possibility of retaining the detective element, as all the former efficient officers found it to their pecuniary advantage to retire and establish themselves for the aid of merchants as private detectives. What, therefore, we have gained as to one particular, we have assuredly lost in another, through lack of wisdom in not preserving a detective bureau wholly independent from the disciplinary force.

A STRANGE WITNESS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER

"By the way, Griswold," remarked Asaph Williamson, a gentleman of unlimited leisure with a decided taste for the sensational, both of fact and fiction, "you know you promised to tell me all about a murder case in which you were concerned, where a strange witness figured conspicuously; eh, old fellow?"

My friend Griswold was a lawyer, young, but of recognized ability; and we three were seated, after dinner, (to which we had been invited by Williamson) in the rooms of that extremely fashionable and sensation loving young gentleman.

"It must have been the Judd case," answered Griswold. "That was while I was practicing law in Hartford. Yes, it was a queer case; and the strange witness; ah! I spoke of him to you, did I? Well, I'd forgotten."

"Hang your apologies! if that's what you mean," interrupted Williamson. "Go on with your story!"

"Well, it happened half a dozen years ago or more—yes, close on to eight; I remember it was in the spring of sixty-one. That makes it between seven and eight years, don't it?"

"Oh, go on! and don't mind dates, what's the odds when it happened, so long as the story's a good one."

"My legal education induces me to be correct as to figures; besides it isn't a story that I'm going to tell, but fact, Gradgrind facts."

"Well, fact or fiction, I don't care which," again exclaimed Williamson, "proceed!"

"It was near M——," resumed Griswold, mentioning a town in the interior of Connecticut, that the murder occurred. The murdered woman was a widow (at least such was the supposition) named Judd. The way I came to be concerned in the case was this:—The prosecuting attorney, an old friend of my father's, and a very able lawyer, sent for me to take charge of it, more to bring me into notice than anything else, I imagine, or because he had a press of business on hand; and in that way I came to know all about the circumstances. This, mind you, was two years after the murder had been committed. A long time you will say. But the reason of that was there had been no arrest until some months prior to the trial.

Concerning the old woman, Judd, previous to her coming into the neighborhood, little or nothing was known. She was an English woman, and having bought the place she lived on and paid rather a good price for it, many of the neighbors round were inclined to the belief that she was by no means poor, but, on the contrary, were disposed to give her credit for possessing more money than she was actually worth. Her household consisted of herself and one son, a young man of six and twenty or thereabout, whose reticence concerning his own and his mother's antecedents was almost a match for that of the old lady herself. He was a pleasant spoken young fellow, hale and hearty, and decidedly good looking. His name, if I remember rightly, was Theodore.

The person accused of the murder of the old woman, Judd, was a small farmer (by name Throop) living about half a mile from the house of the widow; a man of somewhat intemperate habits and violent temper. Otherwise I believe there was nothing against his character. At the time that the murder was committed Theodore Judd was away from home, having gone to New Haven on business, so that the old lady was left entirely alone, if I except the companionship of a setter dog, a great favorite of Theodore Judd's, and devotedly attached to his master. This dog, the morning that the murder was discovered, was found missing. The discovery was in this way:—A neighbor happening to call at the house (which was situated a long way back from the road in a lonely and rather uninviting spot) on some trifling errand, and not finding the widow in the kitchen or anywhere about, began a search for her, at last going to her bedroom, the door of which stood partially open. On entering he found the bed unmade, and the sheets stained with blood; this was the only evidence of crime—the body had been removed, but so carefully that no traces of blood and no footmarks were visible outside of the bedroom. The rear door being the only one unfastened it was reasonable to suppose that the murderer had made his exit that way.

The circumstances of the arrest of the man Throop were as follows:—After the murder was discovered, which happened the morning after its committal (Mrs. Judd having been seen up to a certain hour of the day preceding) inquiries were at once set on foot in hopes to discover the perpetrator of the crime. These were made still more searching on the arrival of the son, Theodore, which took place the third day, owing to some unaccountable reason, the news having been delayed in reaching him. But, as I have already intimated, all attempts at discovery proved futile, and the arrest of Throop had only taken place a few months previous to my being summoned by the State's Attorney to conduct the prosecution, and then the affair had ceased to be talked about. Throop had left his farm, having been unable to sell or rent it, and gone no one knew whither. He had not taken his departure, however, until six months or more after the murder, and no suspicion whatever attached to him, although the circumstances of his leaving were certainly peculiar. Owing to Throop's habits his farm had proved anything but profitable, and it turned out very soon that it was heavily mortgaged to a wealthy gentleman living about five miles out on the main road. Owing to the non-payment of interest these mortgages were foreclosed. Still, for some reason or other, the place remained untenanted. It appears that Throop, on leaving, went to New London. Here his intemperate habits still clung to him; and the detectives having the case in charge, through some undeveloped channel, hearing of his whereabouts, a suspicion arose in the minds of the two—who were well up in their business—to go there and discover what he was at. What the precise proof was that led to his arrest I do not remember; it is enough that it had no part in the evidence had on the trial, it being sufficient for committal, but altogether inadequate for conviction, and of not much account. I ought to have stated that during the search instituted by the authorities, and so vigorously seconded by Theodore Judd, the garden—indeed, the whole Judd farm—was subjected to a rigid inspection, but no indications discovered of any remains having been buried there. Here, then, was a mystery—what had become of the body?

I must confess that on reviewing the case there was apparent a marked insufficiency of evidence. My senior knew of nothing that, added to what we had, would tend in the least towards conviction, and it was with anything but a feeling of confidence that I entered court on the day set down for the trial. The presiding judge, whose name was Bradley, a name well known in the profession, was a bland, courteous old gentleman, and a thorough lawyer. The counsel for the defence was one Jacob Ely, a keen, shrewd, pettyfogging fellow, who was always ready to take advantage of the least quibble. The prisoner, being called to plead, plead "Not Guilty," in a loud, unhesitating voice. His appearance at the time was more against him perhaps than any evidence that the prosecution could put forward; he was a low-browed, ill-visaged looking man, long and lank in form, with a shock head of hair, and a short, bristly beard.

I was prepared to prove, as every one already knew, that he had left his former abode under very peculiar circumstances; that he had passed while absent under a name other than the one by which he was formerly known, and which there was every reason to suppose was his real one; that he had let slip some words in regard to the murder on one occasion while in a state of inebriety, which implied a knowledge of the affair more intimate than he was disposed to admit; that he had been met by one Adam Yepsen, a German, on the evening before the discovery of the murder, going in the direction of Mrs. Judd's house, which lay in an opposite direction from the town. This, I think you will admit, was a very slender chain of evidence upon which to look for conviction. Ely, the prisoner's attorney, seemed confident, even jubilant. He rubbed his hands together every now and then as if thoroughly pleased with the whole character of the evidence, and winked his keen little grey eyes as if they opened and shut with a spring. I examined my witnesses at great length, hoping thereby to adduce something as yet unrevealed; for, in my own mind, I felt certain that Throop was guilty. I first called the German, Adam Yepson, and questioned him closely as to the appearance and manner of the prisoner on the evening they had met. This witness was subjected to a close cross examination by Ely. I next called several who testified that they had seen the murdered woman late in the afternoon of the day prior to the discovery of the murder; then the neighbor who happened in during the morning; after him several of Throop's more intimate associates while in New London; then the detectives through whose instrumentality arrest had been brought about; afterwards a number of persons, residents in and around M—— in relation to Throop's character. It was during the examination of one of the detectives, I think, that a sudden excitement arose in court. Theodore Judd sat within half a dozen feet of me, and before I had received the least intimation as to the cause of the disturbance a large spotted dog of the setter breed bounded to his seat, sprang with his fore paws upon his master's knees, licked his hands, barked, whined, and exhibited any number of symptoms of the most intense delight, at last taking him by his coat and seeming disposed to draw him toward the door. I glanced at the prisoner and observed that he changed color some.

"What is that dog doing here?" asked the Judge.

"If your honor please," I replied, rising, "this dog has been absent from his master since the murder of which the prisoner stands accused. He was the only living thing in the house with Mrs. Judd on that eventful night. I am at a loss to account for his disappearance, and still more so to account for his reappearance at so remarkable a time." A bright idea had struck me, as you will presently see.

"If the court please," interrupted the prisoner's counsel, with great brusqueness, "I must object to this as being altogether irregular. Mr. Griswold has already consumed a great deal of time with the examination of his witnesses, and I desire especially to bring forward my own before the hour of adjournment."

"You will have plenty of time to do that, brother Ely," I replied. "I am aware, your honor, that this dog is nothing but a poor dumb brute, who has not the voice to testify in this or any other case, even if he were possessed of a knowledge of the nature of the crime committed. But, that nothing may be left undone to throw light on this mysterious transaction, I request a stay of proceedings after I have called my other witnesses until Mr. Judd may go with the dog and determine the cause of his anxiety."

"Tut! tut!" exclaimed Ely, "this is sheer nonsense."

"I am afraid your request, Mr. Griswold," replied the urbane magistrate, is somewhat out of my province to grant."

"Very good, sir," I answered; then, motioning Judd to me, I requested him to leave the court room with the dog, and in company with the detective whom I had already examined, urged them to make due haste. I saw my way clear; I would prolong the examination of the other witnesses to the last moment.

I was engaged with the last one when Judd made his reappearance in court. He was pale as death, and laboring under great excitement. He came direct to me and whispered for a while in my ear. I motioned him to a seat. "The witness is yours," I said, nodding to Ely.

But the tumult at the door was too great; after a few questions by the prisoner's counsel, I again rose.

"If the court please," I said, "I desire to put in some further evidence; evidence, I think, of so convincing a nature that I shall be quite willing to rest the case without word or comment." I could hardly command my own voice, so intense was my excitement; and that evinced by the spectators could hardly have been less. At that moment the detective came forward carrying something in what appeared to be a coarse sack, or meal-bag.

"This bag," I resumed, "may it please the court, "contains all that is mortal of Hester Judd. What remains is but a skeleton, but there is left sufficient to identify it as that of the woman for whose murder the prisoner stands on trial." There was a breathless stillness in court. Old Ely had ceased rubbing his hands, and sat with his chin resting on them, staring fixedly at me across the table. The judge listened attentively to what I was saying. The prisoner glared at me with an expression of the most malignant hatred, soon to change into one of a vastly different character. "This bag, your honor will perceive, is almost a new one; into it the remains were but this moment placed; I say this moment, hardly a quarter of an hour ago, your honor. They were discovered (I allude to the remains alone, and not the bag) in a grave in the cellar of the house formerly occupied by the prisoner Throop. Attached to these bones were the shreds of another bag of a like kind to this in which the remains are now; most of these shreds, if not all of them are stained with blood, which proves satisfactorily, I think, that there never was at any time a second burial."

"Will the counsel be so good as to prove the identity of these remains?" interrupted Ely, very red in the face.

"There is sufficient evidence here, I think, for that purpose," I replied, opening the mouth of the bag. "The deceased, as everybody well knows who knew her personally, and which I shall prove, if necessary, by calling her son, had a very peculiar formation of chin, and two prominent front teeth filled with gold. There is the skull," I said, holding it in my hand, "there can scarcely be a mistake about that, I think. Then, too, on the third finger of the left hand is a ring—that ring is marked with her name, is it?" I asked, turning to Theodore Judd.

"Hester Judd," he replied.

"The same," I said, looking at the inscription; "and the date?"

"July, 1872."

"Exactly," and handed it to the Judge. "If the Court please I will here rest the case for the prosecution."

To have seen the face of the man Throop, it was like ashes. His mouth quivered, his eyes seemed bursting from their sockets, his whole countenance betrayed the awful terror of his soul. He sat for a few moments trembling like an aspen, then inclined gradually forward with his head upon the dock, moaning piteously. That night, in his cell, he confessed.

"Now, then, you would like to know how the place of concealment was discovered. That setter (I have had the most unlimited confidence in the instinct of dogs ever since) led the way to it. How he knew it is revealed in Throop's confession. He was an eye-witness of the murder from where he lay concealed in the room, whence the murderer, discovering him, drove him forth, the dog being of a timid disposition, and fearing for himself. Following Throop, unseen by him at first, into the cellar, he must have been a witness to the second act in the tragedy, impelled by his intense attachment to his mistress as well as to his master, and was again driven out by Throop and stoned for some distance. His long absence, for which I could not satisfactorily account, was at length explained by the arrival in M—— (so I learned afterward of Theodore Judd) of a man who claimed him; the dog having, as he said, come to his house, a distance of upwards of ten miles, one morning two years before, looking for something to eat. Being a valuable dog, and well trained, he had kept him constantly chained, except when hunting, when the fear of the gun counteracted a disposition to bolt. How he had got loose on the morning of the trial he couldn't understand. There's a coincidence for you. What do you think of my strange witness?"

BLIZZARD'S VENGEANCE.

A Tale of the Prairie.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER

BY NOBBY MAC SNIFER.

The flaming rays of the setting sun threw a glorious, golden light far and wide over a western prairie. The ethereal azure of the sky was tinted with crimson like the bloated face of an alcoholic bummer. Not a zephyr ruffled the grassy surface of the plain, and no sound broke the impressive stillness save the melodious cry of the slumgullion and the pensive wail of a solitary bull frog. The glittering sheen of a broad river lent additional charms to this gorgeous scene, and on the bank of this river, in the calm eventide, there halted a weary cavalier, mounted on a bob-tailed steed of protrusive anatomy.

The rider, Adolphus Blizzard, was a magnificent specimen of the border hunter, and fought at two hundred and eighty pounds. His handsome face was shaded by a mass of wavy, black hair, and a sixty cent straw hat; a superb moustache graced his upper lip, and he had an eccentric squint in his starboard eye. His athletic form was encased in buckskin of rather questionable sanitary condition, and there were indications that his *own* skin was in the same fix. He was armed profusely and a loaded demijohn dangled at his saddlebow.

For a time the stalwart borderer gazed pensively upon the magnificent landscape spread before him; then, with a profound sigh, he raised the demijohn to his lips and a heavy snifter of the contents went gurgling convulsively down his gullet. A pleased look irradiated his interesting countenance; his classic nose assumed a deeper, darker tint of red; his eyes snapped like clam shells at low tide; his ears flapped joyously, and the ambient air was loaded with the odor of benzine whiskey.

Descending from the saddle, he hoppled his horse in true frontier style, by tying his left ear to his tail, and proceeded to kindle a fire whereon to cook his evening meal. An inspection of his grub-bag showed, to his dismay, that the supply was reduced to one corn dodger and two onions; so, seizing his gun he rushed madly forth in search of game. Fortune was in a propitious mood. At a short distance a herd of buffalo were playfully tossing each other aloft upon their spreading horns. Crack! went the rifle of the hunter, and a four year old bull fell headlong in the grass with his skull smashed to atoms and nine inches of his tail carried away by the unerring bullet. Steaks from the hump of the animal were soon sputtering over the fire, sending forth an aroma that was grateful to the nostrils of our hungry hero. Bliz. was an eatist of extraordinary capacity, so he slung the chunks of meat under his moustache with a vigor that soon filled out the kinks in his dilapidated stomach. During this sumptuous repast the demijohn was repeatedly balanced upon his upper lip, and, when he at length lit his pipe and lay back on the grass, he was as happy as a plantation nigger with a new red shirt.

"That air is a bully supper, now; dog goned if it 'aint!" said the hunter, apparently addressing a cloud of smoke that curled upward from his pipe, "an' this air whiskey—though I kin hear it *sis* wen it reaches my stumick—makes a fellow feel good all over. Durned if I don't hev a song all ter myself, anyhow; 'though 'taint uncommon jolly out here, all alone. A-hem!—

"The turkey buzzard's a fragrant burd,
An' so's the perary dog;
The killiloe he sings so sweet,
An so dus a ole bull frog—
Frog, oh! froggee, frog—
An' so dus a ole bull frog

"Sally Jones is a wery nice gal
An' so's her bruther Sam;
If Sal'll oney marry me,
I wouldn't keer a ——."

"Wah! my white brother sings like a government mule!" said a deep, guttural voice, interrupting the ditty.

Adolphus Blizzard bounded into the air and descended on his feet, with a pistol in each hand and his knife between his teeth. There was vengeance in his flashing eye and death in his compressed lips; but there was also a big Indian on his back and one grasping each arm; so that before he could pull a trigger he was hurled to the earth and tied hand and foot.

He swore fluently.

"The white man will shut the hole in his face!" howled a painted savage as he seized a stick of firewood and gave the captive a crack on the jaw that knocked out four teeth.

He shut the hole.

"Wah! what does the pale face carry in the big bottle?" enquired the chief of the party, raising the demijohn to his nose. "Fire water! Augh! Good! Indian like him!" and the red cuss threw back his head and swallowed at least a quart. The fiery liquid nearly choked him, but he smacked his lips and passed it to one of his companions, with a grunt of intense satisfaction. The other Indians, in turn, took a big drink, and in ten minutes a happier lot of heathens didn't breathe. They laughed, sang, danced, kicked the prisoner in the ribs, ate all his grub, drank the last of his whiskey, broke the demijohn over his head and promising to roast him in the morning, went to sleep.

An hour after the last savage had succumbed to the effects of the liquid lightning, our hero raised his head slowly, cautiously, and a ghastly, battered head it was. One eye was closed, and his nose looked like a boiled beet struck with a club. To say that he was mad, would hardly convey an idea of the storm of vindictive passion that raged in his soul. A fearful oath of vengeance escaped from his bleeding lips, and the convulsive heaving of his breast split his shirt from stem to stern. By a mighty effort of his herculean strength he burst the thongs that bound him, then, crawling like a hugh black snake through the grass, he reached the fire, seized a burning brand and held it over the face of the nearest Indian. The effect was terrific. A column of blue flame burst from the mouth of the intoxicated savage, with a hissing sound like the burning fuse of a bombshell. The brand was successively applied to each of the prostrate red men with the same appaling effect, and then followed a series of horrible explosions that filled the air with human fragments, red hot guns and flying scalping knives. In the midst of this dreadful irruption Adolphus Blizzard danced and howled with fiendish triumph, but a flying head striking him in the stomach, doubled him up like a half-shut jack-knife, so he mounted his terrified steed and galloped madly into the darkness.

There is a legend current on the prairie that the spirit of Blizzard, on a phantom steed, may be seen on dark nights galloping across the plain, chased by Indians belching forth blue flame; but a strict regard for truth compels the acknowledgement that he is still a denizen of this world, and runs a gin mill in Chicago.

A GOOD JOKE.—A few days ago, George S., a salesman of "renown," having a western customer in tow, dropped into a Boston restaurant for lunch. Boston cream cakes and coffee were ordered and discussed to the delight of the western man, to whom the cakes were a novelty, and the quality of the beverage a surprise. The next day he was eager to repeat his pleasant experience, and wanted George to lunch at the same place. Arrived at the saloon and seated at the table, the Hoosier summoned one of the attendant nymphs and said:—"We want strong coffee for two, and—and"—but the words cream cakes had escaped from his memory, so turning to George, he asked in a heavy "aside," which attracted the attention of the room—"What's the name of those soft cakes we had yesterday, Geordie?" George whispered a word in his ear, and he turned to the expectant damsel with:—"Strong coffee for two, and a plate of them soft-shell doughnuts."

PUT TWO BELLES TOGETHER and they rarely chime.

PLEASANT DAYS.

A BALLAD FOR MUSIC.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY O. U. SCHAMP.

The pleasant days are passing, love,
And winter'll soon be here;
The leaves on tree, and flower, and shrub,
Have yellow grown and sere.
The night winds sigh, as they pass by,
O'er meadow and through dell,
To summer friends, and summer skies,
Farewell—a long farewell!

We've seen the merry canker-worm
Forsake the leaf and die;
The festive caterpillar change
To gaudy butterfly;
The spider weaves his airy web,
The 'skeeters bite, of course;
The gay and blooming bullfrog's voice
Has grown exceeding hoarse.

Love, soon on all of these will fall
The chilling winter's breath;
The bullfrog's and the 'skeeter's eye
Will soon be closed in death!
The pleasant days are passing, love,
And we are growing sere;
Improve them, darling, while we may,
Our winter'll soon be here!

BIRDS OF A FEATHER.

A Tale of Two Dromios.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

If a true record could be presented of all the freaks and follies that have been perpetrated in the heyday of youth by many of our citizens who now figure in the eyes of the world as models of decorum and patterns for the guidance of the rising generation, there would be much less boasting done on the parts of our seniors, and certain of our elderly citizens might be induced to be a little more forbearing in regard to the harmless frivolities and little peccadilloes of their hopeful juniors, who, up to a certain time in their experience, may be said to be yet in the tadpole state, with all the appurtenances and domestic instincts of the full grown croaker undeveloped within them, but not exactly in a condition for use. Old Jack Haskins had passed in safety through the tadpole era, sowed his wild oats—a pretty plentiful crop—in middle life, made a snug fortune, married, and perpetrated other absurdities common to men who can no longer walk with their four bottles under their waistcoats, and who require more than a simply scratch to cover the one bald spot on the tops of their craniums. He had apparently forgotten his boyish follies when Mrs. T., who had ruled the roost to his discomfort for many years, resigned the integument and deserted his bosom for that of Abraham, who has probably had his hands full ever since. This brought back to the parental threshold the younger Jack Haskins, who had been vegetating at one of the colleges, where to learn to lead a fast life is included among the regular courses of study—one branch, at least, in which he had proved a proficient. On leaving Alma Mater young Jack got off his first joke. Said he, "I have *matriculated* at Harvard; I am now to *patriculate* at home, a little." From which it may be inferred that he was up to a thing or two. The elder Jack Haskins received his promising representative with an outgush of paternal pride. He saw before him a tall, handsome youth, inclined like himself to corpulency, but straight as an arrow—a fault, the corpulency, which the parent rather liked, as it was an evidence of good living, and an indication of his own worldly condition.

"I'm getting dreadfully lonesome, Jack, since your mother's death," he said. "No one to help me take care of my money—no one to disagree with. You shall remain at home and assist your father, who is getting in the sere and yellow leaf, to manage his business and regulate the household."

A maiden aunt was translated from country to city to superintend the establishment in place of the departed—a quiet, kind hearted creature, who forthwith became an ally of Jack the younger, and his screen in many a little difficulty attributable to the effervescence of youth.

But still his altered life hung heavily upon his shoulders, and Jack the elder, I regret to say, relapsed into his former social habits, leaving the counting room principally to the care of a confidential clerk named Clippit. Under Tom Clippit, Jack the younger flourished like a bay horse, for in what he did not know of city life and habits, Tom speedily initiated him—although in business hours none could be more correct or more sanctimonious than Thomas Clippet, Esquire. Busied with his fast horse and his fishing, old Jack paid little attention to the proceedings of young Jack, whom he regarded as "only a boy," and left altogether to Clippit, to be by him moulded and inducted into business. For some time Jack the younger led a gay life, his inseparable companion of evenings being Tom Clippit, who drank with him, dined with him, and introduced him at the sporting clubs and the theatres, being determined, as he said, to make a man of him. Jack's mode of attaining the gratification of his pleasures was ingenious, and reflected great credit upon his collegiate bringing up. He would suddenly discover, for instance, a good chance for investment in some remote section of the State and would go off in the interest of the concern to see about it—taking with him, of course, a liberal supply of money to pay expenses. In two or three days he would return with an unfavorable report, and the "expenses" would be credited to "profit and loss"—the young gentleman, it is needless to say, having never left the city, unless to beguile the time at some fashionable watering place (*brandy-and-watering* places he facetiously called them then). Many a night, when Jack was supposed to be fast asleep beneath the sheets, he had softly crept out of the window on the garden wall, dropped into the street, and made his way to some designated rendezvous where Tom Clippit was waiting to receive him. There is no end, in fact, to the number of dodges he was obliged to resort to in order to gain his ends.

The circumstance that old Jack Haskins was himself no Puritan in his habits led to a great many ludicrous *contretemps*, arising partly from the identity of names. Many a heavy bill had the senior been obliged to pay at the bar, for which, in truth, young Jack was responsible—the older offender being oblivious in his cups and unable to dispute a charge, while it was well known that the younger Haskins objected to paying at all, on general principles. On one occasion Jack was within an ace of [illegible] but his good—or, perhaps, his evil—genius came to [illegible] fortune moment when need had arisen for his services. [illegible] ball given at the opening of the past summer season at the [illegible] *Mabille*. That weak invention [illegible] characteristic Par[illegible]ntion being a novelty (alas that [illegible] career should have [illegible] denly ended!) the hall was crowded with as variegated [illegible] ly as ever met to do honor to Terpsichore and Bacchus [illegible] Jack the younger was there, with Clippit, his friend, for so jolly a lark, be sure, they were bound not to miss. If there were no grisettes present there were numerous representatives of the gay *demi-monde*, whose motto is a short life and a merry one, and among these Tom Clippit possessed the right of *entree* to such an extent that Jack had speedily some half dozen beauties about him. From ice creams to pastries and fluids it is but a step. The wine flowed in rivers—Cliquot, Johannisberg, Sillery. It was all one to Jack. What with beer and spirits, the tongues of the multitude seemed simultaneously loosened, while their heels were unlimbered, and the halls were alive with figures leaping and twirling in the mazes of what can only be likened to an Ojibeway war dance, extravagance of gesture being the surest indication of accomplishment. It was, in short, the *can can*. The clatter of animated voices, the snatches of song, the frequent outbursts of laughter, created a scene of the wildest excitement, hundreds of spectators looking on and applauding or shouting encouragement between the puffs of their cigars. Occasionally one would drop out, exhausted by the prevailing frenzy, and another would step in, for that was the way at the Jardin Mabille. To one entering for the first time that scene of enchantment the effect was both surprising and confusing. Passing the yawning portals, the visitor found himself precipitated into a painted, frescoed vault, with angels on the panels, angels overhead, angels in the distance, angels everywhere, the space being filled by a bluish mist or vapor, emitting a sickly light, amid which some hundreds of male and female figures were whirling, and prancing, and stamping in the mazes of an improved Kentucky breakdown, to the movements of an orchestra situated somewhere in the void beyond. Jack's spirits rose with every fresh glass he imbibed, and so intent was he upon his amusement that he did not see a second edition of himself who, urged by an uncontrollable impulse had thrown himself among the dancers and was immediately whirling round in the same frantic whirlpool of struggling humanity. It was Jack Haskins, in the original edition, who, being well primed with schnapps, had forgotten his years and his rank as a model citizen, and was stamping and bouncing around the hall with all the energy of an "entbused" dancing dervish, until, his head being heavier than his heels, he reeled, flung his arms about the neck of an adjoining Dutch Venus to save himself, and fell to the floor with a crash and a dozen revolving Venuses and Apollos on top of him. As he fell, his upward glance beheld at first what seemed to his dizzied sense a sky-full of gnomes and fairies in aerial cars, hastening down to the rescue, and then the face of his moral son, looking, as he thought, reproachfully upon him. A gentleman rushed hastily forward and assisted him to rise. An "awkwardness" ensued, and a dead silence, broken first by the old man, who, in his anger, forgot to put on his hyperion curls, namely, his wig, and stood there with that useful appendage in his hand, jabbling fiery sentences and shaking his fist in young Jack's face alternately.

"So, sir," he exclaimed; "a pretty place this is for me to find you in! Drunk, too, as I'm a sinner!"

"I'm no more drunk than you are," answered Jack, stoutly, "and as for being here, pray, sir, what should bring a respectable old gentleman like you to a place like the Jardin Mabille?"

"What!" rejoined old Jack, in confusion, as he replaced his wig; "hum! ha! why, to rescue a young rascal from the road to ruin, of course."

"That's a lie!" whispered a voice (Tom's voice) in his ear; "tell him another. Deny your identity."

"Come, sir—now that we've made such precious fools of ourselves, we'll go home together."

"I beg pardon, sir," said Jack; "here must be some blunder. For whom do you take me?"

"You young imp, for whom *should* I take you? For my own son, John Haskins, of course."

"Sir," said Jack stolidly, "my name is Robinson, I reside in Albany, and I never met you before to my personal knowledge!" Old Jack's amazement was something rich to witness. He stood back a step or two, stared at the other a moment in stony bewilderment, repeating—"Ask pardon—so very like—must be the schnapps and cigar smoke—ten thousand apol"—he was thus stammering and backing out when a hand touched him lightly, and turning, to his relief he recognized Tom Clippit.

"You here, Thomas?"

"Yes, sir—came to hunt you up on important business. A considerable sum has just come to hand from South America, and I was anxious to consult you with regard to its disposal."

"Keep it by you till to-morrow and bank it. But Tom, look yonder—that tall, fine looking young fellow yonder—what do you think?—is he not demnably like my son Jack?"

"Quite a resemblance, sir," Tom answered, "but not him, I am sure, for I just left young Tom at the house, and this man, besides, has a wen on his nose and a wart on the back of his neck. No, I'm sure it aint him."

"Well, we'll go, Thomas," taking his arm; "and mind, if any one should tell you he saw me at the Jardin, be sure and say I was only there for the purpose of studying character."

"I've a better idea than that," said Tom, with audacity; "suppose I should swear it wasn't you at all?"

"Egad, the very thing!" slapping him on the shoulder. "Tom, Tom—what a devil of a head you have for invention!"

John Haskins hastened home with what speed he might, and there, sure enough, found young Jack in his bed, as predicted.

This was some time ago. Old Jack found out his son's trick eventually, and the discovery came in this wise:—The old man had grown quite tired of living single, while his advancing years warned him that it was time to draw a tight rein upon dissipation. A wife would take good care, both of money and morals. Being one of the old fashioned, straightforward sort, he chose to get over the ground without circumlocution, and accordingly addressed a note on pink paper perfumed, informing his opposite neighbor, Penelope Prim, of the honor intended. In the same house were, unluckily, *two* Misses Prim, and the demon of mischief would have it that both should be surnamed Penelope. The one was young and a beauty—the other a faded, irresolute spinster of forty. A correspondence was at once opened which resulted in a fusilade of letters, but the similarity of names again produced a series of blunders, the notes intended for one being received by the other, and *vice versa*, until the arrival of the wedding day, when amid mutual recriminations an *eclaircissement* took place, and each at length came to his own.

When last heard from young and old Jack were enjoying their honeymoon at Saratoga, perfectly reconciled to the manner in which fate had disposed of their little difficulties.

BOZ O'GOTHAM.

CHRONICLES OF THE PRESS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY AN EX-EDITOR.

No. 5.—The Comic Press.

Notwithstanding the well admitted fact that we, Americans, are a laughter-loving race, and particularly addicted to admiration of caricature, we are probably the only civilized people on the face of the earth remaining unblessed with a well conducted and ably written satiric journal, wherein the contributions of acknowledged wits and the cartoons of talented caricaturists can find a congenial place. It is true we have had, and still have, comic magazines, but compare a single issue of any of them with the London *Punch* or *Fun*, with the *Figaro* or *Journal Pour Rire* of Paris, or with any of the hundreds of fun-sheets inundating the European continent, and it will be seen, at a glance, how infinitely inferior we are, in a literary and artistic point of view, to even the lowest grade of trans-Atlantic productions. With the wide field we have before us for grotesque illustration, with the vast army of humorous writers at our call and a competent host of caricaturists within reach, it is both surprising and humiliating that those enterprises heretofore projected have been suffered to perish through the apathy of a humor loving public, or that some adventurous publisher cannot be found to employ dormant talent in a familiarization of the community with pictorial wit.

The art of wood engraving was introduced in this country before the commencement of this century and employed for the purposes of illustration coeval with that adaptation in Europe. Our artists are as competent to execute that species of work as the majority employed abroad; indeed in some serious publications our wood engravings have been acknowledged quite equal to those from the curin of the better class of European workmen, and yet when we come to apply pen and pencil to satiric illustration we have almost invariably failed of success.

To Robert H. Elton, a wood engraver of Nassau street, more familiarly known as "Comic Elton," is due the credit of first attempting to popularize humorously illustrated publications. Himself a fellow of infinite humor, a good designer and ingenious compiler, Elton conceived the idea that there were others in this world equally as jolly as himself, and for their gratification he published a series of cheap books, ornamented with cuts of his own execution, and intended to introduce the worship of Momus to the most humble fireside. He commenced with his "Comic Almanack," wherein he reproduced the choicest designs from Cruickshank, Seymour and other foreign caricaturists, in an unostentatious style of wood engraving, it is true, but sufficiently exact to convey the spirit of the original, and interspersed his little volume with a good selection of humorous sketches, jokes and oddities. The enterprise was a decided success, and Elton went on for many years in the issue of his almanac, successively improving it in letter press and wood designs, until the name of Comic Elton became a household word with lovers of fun through the length and breadth of the land.

Emboldened by his success in serial publications, Mr. Elton thought the time propitious—that is about twenty-eight years ago—to venture upon the issue of a weekly semi-satirical newspaper, with partly original and partly selected designs. The *Pictorial Wag* was placed under the editorial supervision of Thomas L. Nichols, and contributions invited from every source. The chief draughtsman of the *Wag* was a gentleman named Manning, a man of humor, who particularly delighted in caricaturing local scenes and characters, but who had the misfortune of not being able to draw directly upon wood; hence the necessary reproduction of his work not only destroyed the general effect of his designs, but incurred unnecessary expense.

For a time the *Pictorial Wag* flourished promisingly, as the secret of its editorship had been concealed from the numerous contributors; but the egotism of Nichols, who chanced to be universally unpopular with his brethren of the press, having revealed the fact of his connection with the paper, its progress in circulation came to an end. Elton, having found a much richer placer in the production of grotesque and humorous valentines, sagely resolved to devote his energies to the more money making branch of his trade, and therefore suffered the *Wag* to die upon the hands of a less experienced manager.

A few years after Mr. Elton abandoned publishing altogether to engage in real estate speculations in the environs of the city, particularly in Westchester County, where, having effected some arrangement with Governeur Morris, he contrived, within an incredibly short space of time, to build up the village of Morrisania, and to cover the old manor of the Morrises with town lots and villa residences. With a characteristic modesty the father of comic publications has perpetuated his memory by bestowing upon an adjacent village the musically sonorous title of Eltona.

The idea of a comic journal lay dormant for some years, when two imitations of the London *Punch* appeared almost simultaneously. The one, christened *Judy*, was published by Stringer & Townsend, under Barnum's Museum, and was, in form, style of arrangement and spirit of text, an attempted *fac simile* of *Punch*, as the very name indicated, and this challenge to comparison proved practically fatal, coupled with the additional fact that all the contributors known to the public were of foreign origin. Sensitive people do not like the idea of being satirized even by those to the manor born, hence a strong prejudice set in against *Judy*, which, although probably the best written of the satirical sheets of the period, surrendered a not very prolonged existence. The journal was generally supposed to be under the editorial management of an actor and playwright, named sometimes Grattan and sometimes Plunkett, a clever and witty writer, who announced himself as having been originally connected with the London *Punch*.

As an antidote to *Judy* came *Yankee Doodle*, a much better illustrated, but less pungent sheet than its rival. The chief artist was a Mr. Martin, an excellent and accurate draughtsman, whose cartoons were highly appreciated by connoisseurs. The literary department of the newspaper was weak and insipid, and it was doubtlessly owing to this deficiency that the publication lacked general patronage, and added it to the list of defunct journals of the comic order. It was reported to be edited by Cornelius Matthews, a well educated and polished gentleman, more generally designated "Puffer Hopkins," from having written a book of that name, originally published in a magazine by him edited, somewhat fancifully entitled *Arcturus*. He had, moreover, published a volume of sketches and a couple of Christmas tales, after the manner of Charles Dickens, and being a comparatively wealthy man, found ample leisure to indulge in literary eccentricities, of which *Yankee Doodle* was decidedly one, inasmuch as Mr. Matthews was of too genial a humor to be a satirist, and deceived himself when he believed he possessed the first particle of pungent wit. The *Arcturus* was by all means his best literary effort, as in it the scholastic qualities of his political essays and the gentle evenness of his style, peculiarly adapted to a magazine, did him a credit which he could never acquire as a journalist, although he has followed that profession from his college days to the present hour.

John Donkey was the whimsical title of a satirical sheet, originally published in Washington, but transferred to this city. It was ably edited and well written, but very badly illustrated. Consequently, as the illustrations form the chief attraction of a comic sheet, the letter press, sprightly, caustic, and well adapted to a periodical of this description, was utterly lost upon an unappreciative community. The main contributor to *John Donkey* was said to be Thomas Dunn English, a gentleman well fitted for the comprehensive scope of satire evidently designed for this publication, as well from his literary attainments as from his extensive political experience, as the first appearance of the *Donkey* at the seat of National Government justified an impression that it was intended to strike at the highest political heads. Unfortunately for the general circulation of a satirical sheet, the capital of the nation is a purely local spot with the rest of the Union, the inhabitants of which would fail to recognize photographs of the most prominent statesmen unless duly labeled.

A comic journal, which made the least pretentions at the outset and preserved the longest existence, was the *Picayune*, a fair sized folio sheet, originally started by a Dr. Hutchings in order to advertise some patent medicines of his concoction. As the price was low and the literature of a popular description, the anticipations of the Doctor as to the possibility of attaining a large circulation were more than realized, for within a few weeks the *Picayune* became a universal favorite with town and country to such a degree that its proprietor determined upon converting it into a veritable comic newspaper upon a more extended scale, but at an economical price of subscription. Consequently, the sheet was enlarged and profusely illustrated, and its editorship committed to Joseph A. Scoville, probably the most eccentric and erratic genius ever connected with the metropolitan press.

Joe Scoville, as he was generally styled, had, in former days, been a merchant of good standing, when, ruined by some commercial speculations, he undertook to obtain his livelihood by resort to his pen. For many years he officiated as private secretary to the Hon. John C. Calhoun, for Joe was a South Carolinian by birth, and in this wise obtained an insight into the secrets of state craft, which subsequently recommended him as correspondent to various political journals. Re-arriving at New York, he obtained a subordinate position upon the *Herald*, which he retained until he appeared as editor of the *Picayune*. This duty he discharged with commendable ability, for Joe was a rapid, sarcastic writer, an assiduous laborer at quill driving, a strict temperance man, and a fellow of keen observation.

Flushed with the success of the *Picayune*, Scoville quarrelled with the proprietor of the sheet and started an opposition paper, under title of *The Pick*, upon the same principles he had employed upon the *Picayune*, which he ran for a year or two with good financial returns. In the interim Joe acquired considerable notoriety by acting as the business agent of Lola Montez when that lady first visited this city, but as financial matters were the especial failing with our ex-merchant, the fiery *danseuse* administered to him a discharge in the shape of an attempted castigation, after which Joe and his *Pick* went up in a balloon.

Joe could not remain long idle with his pen, so it was not long before he appeared with the *Charivari*, a daily satiric sheet modeled in imitation of its Parisian namesake, substituting a full paged caricature upon wood in place of the lithography of the original. This undertaking Joe was compelled to abandon through want of the capital necessary to carry on so expensive an enterprise

When the Native American excitement was at its height Scoville undertook to engineer George Law into the presidential chair. With the assistance of Horatio Nelson Wild, he organized Live Oak clubs in various parts of the city, and wrote up the great contractor in the various daily journals. The Americans had an organ at Albany called the *Evening Gazette*, the material of which Joe moved down to New York and assumed its editorial management. He made considerable splurge with the *Gazette* for a time, until the hopes of his nominee being frustrated, Joe abused his *protege* soundly in the columns of the *Herald* for his vanity in presuming to be competent to govern the nation, and then sent the *Gazette* to join the *Pick*.

After a considerable absence in South Carolina, where he endeavored to turn cotton planter, Scoville returned again to this city, shrewdly avoiding the tempest of secession. Ever restless when unemployed with his pen, Joe became an associate with the late John Clancy in the editorial conduct of the *Leader*, to which paper he contributed, under the *nomme de plume* of "Walter Barret, Clerk," the series of articles, since republished in a book form, under the title of the Old Merchants of New York. At the same time he communicated to the London *Herald* those marvellous epistles, signed Manhattan, which astounded and delighted the Cockneys with their wonderful contents. And well they might be astounded, for Joe had drawn upon his fertile imagination for every incident which he had seriously laid before the British public as a fact, concealed from us through government tyranny and the pusilanimity of the American press. While Joe was at the height of his glory and prosperity he fell a victim to an apoplectic stroke, dying suddenly near the *Herald* corner.

After the defection of Scoville the destinies of *Picayune* were committed to the guardianship, first of John Harrington, a humorous writer of some ability, and afterwards to John D. Vose, the author of a "Diary of a Broadway Dandy," until the original proprietor, finding its circulation rapidly decreasing, judiciously abandoned the sinking ship and sold it out to a Mr. Gunn, who attempted to resuscitate its fortunes by altering its form and engaging upon it a number of really clever artists. Nevertheless this attempted reform proved for the worse, and the *Picayune*, after many years of struggle, closed its existence.

The persevering Hutchings, still with newspaper on the brain, reappeared before the literary public as proprietor of the *Lantern*, an evident misnomer, as Diogenes was evidently intended and not the utensil he was said to have carried on his search after an honest man. His new paper was fashioned upon the model, as usual, of *Punch*, and at the commencement of its career was commendably illustrated, while the letter press was of a superior order, being contributed by John Brougham, George G. Foster and the best humorists of the town. The illustrations were from the pencils of Frank Bellew, a superior caricaturist, better known as "Triangle," and a singular genius, who was both artist and writer, named Thomas Butler Gunn, who had produced a sprightly volume, illustrated by himself, entitled the "Phisiology of Boarding Houses." To do the indomitable Hutchings credit, he produced a very excellent paper, paid liberally for both pen and pencil contributions, beside introducing the European habit of entertaining his contributors at a weekly supper, at which they could interchange ideas—a very jovial, yet expensive amusement, which the generous Doctor very rapidly discovered could not be made to pay. Even a genial nature can be worn out, hence tormented by the incessant claims of artists and authors, the Doctor, as in the case of his *Picayune*, again retired to his laboratory, leaving the *Lantern* in the hands of John Brougham and an Englishman named Thomas Powell—the original of Dickens' Pecksniff and Micawber. Powell, upon coming to this country, published a couple of volumes, in one of which, "The Living Authors of England," he retorted by handling Dickens roughly, whereupon the "inimitable Boz" rejoined by giving poor Powell a terrible literary castigation, which, however, was turned to the smitten individual's account by adding to his prior celebrity, and for a time Micawber could, with Othello, say that his occupation was gone.

Unappalled by the extinguishment of the *Lantern*, a still more ambitious attempt to establish an American Punch was made by Thomas W. Strong, the well known engraver and publisher, who, at an early age, succeeded to the business of "Old Comic Elton," whose apprentice he had been. Strong was then publishing with great success a monthly magazine of humorous cuts and facetious matter called the *Yankee Notions*, whose circulation had reached the high figure of forty thousand copies. He yearned, however, to be the founder of a rival to *Punch*, and consequently commenced the publication of *Young America*, probably the most unfortunate title which could have been selected for a satirical paper, and upon it expended both time and money to secure the best available talent. His chief draughtsmen were John McClellan—the ablest comic artist in America, well known as the illustrator of *Harper's Weekly*, a work ensuring him an annual pension of five thousand dollars—and Hoppin, whose sketches were fully equal to those of the renowned artists of *Punch*. The engravings from these artists' designs were executed, under Strong's immediate supervision, by the most experienced engravers, and as he had worked on the finest illustrated papers of both London and Paris he was fully competent to adjudge as to the excellence in skill required. The literary department was committed to Charles Gaylor, the well known dramatist, aided by Fitz James O'Brien, Joseph Barber, and Thomas Picton, all good writers in their peculiar line of humor. Assuredly with such array of talent, with every qualification to back it, *Young America* should have wrought prodigies with the public, especially as its caricatures were of the most brilliant order and its contributors men of genius. Doubtlessly the paper would have proven a permanent success, as the first volume compared favorably with any emanating from the *Punch* office, but one of the most desirable qualities in an ordinary newspaper establishment proved its destruction. An irascible druggist, conceiving himself libelled in a paragraph of about ten lines in length, commenced a suit against the innocent proprietor of the publication instead of the author of the article. Strong, who had amassed a very handsome fortune through his industry and enterprise, having a wholesome dread of law and lawyers before his eyes, concluded that he was too rich to carry on a satirical sheet, which presented in every issue opportunities for libel suits, and reminded him of the old lines:—

"We are but Jobs, our destiny we fill,
In being gobbled up by some lawyer's bill,"

compromised with the plaintiff's attorney, and put *Young America* to an eternal rest.

Since that unfortunate and premature demise several futile endeavors have been made to supply *Young America*'s vacant place. *Young Sam*, *Vanity Fair* and *Mrs. Grundy*, all good papers, particularly the last named, have flourished for a time and perished for lack of that which *Young America* possessed in suicidal superabundance, and with mention of them we close a long list of martyrs to a laudable ambition to improve the public taste for comic art—a task which can be accomplished only at the expenditure of a heavy capital.

THE FIRST SUNDAY PAPER.

EDITOR N. Y. CLIPPER.—The writer of the "Chronicles of the Press," now being published in your paper, is somewhat inaccurate in his statement regarding the first Sunday paper printed in this city, giving the credit of that enterprise to Jenks Smith. The true account is that the first Sunday newspaper published in this country was the *New York Sunday Courier*, owned and issued by John Tryon in the spring of 1825. The first half dozen numbers were printed at the Old Tontine Coffee House, James Edwards, printer. The press was afterwards, in the same year, removed to Fulton street, two or three doors above the Shakespeare tavern, kept by Hodgkinson, at the corner of Nassau and Fulton streets. James Gordon Bennett was employed to write light articles and essays for the paper for a few months, when he purchased the establishment from Mr. Tryon, giving his notes in payment; but, not meeting with success, the bill of sale was cancelled a few weeks afterwards and the notes returned. Jenks Smith's *Sunday News* did not appear until eight or nine years after the *Courier* had stopped. For a corroboration of these facts, see Pray's Memoirs of James Gordon Bennett.

THE SUNDAY PRESS.

ED. CLIPPER.—Your contributor in his "Chronicles of the Press," has made several mistakes with regard to the Sunday Press. *The Sunday Times* was established by Dillon & Hooper, and by them sold to Watson & Bonnard. It was published by the last mentioned gentleman (Watson retiring) a long time after John M. Moore had ceased to have anything to do with it, and was under my editorship exclusively when Major Noah, after publishing three numbers of his *Messenger*, bought one half of it and joined the two papers. I remained with him several years, serving, in fact, my apprenticeship as a general working editor and dramatic critic as his associate. With regard to the *Age*, I did not "project" it, but bought it from Barnett & Corbyn, retaining H. P. Grattan as one of the original proprietors, and securing Mr. Constable as a contributing editor. It failed because Grattan went to New Orleans and left me alone, and I had easier work and more profit elsewhere.

THAD. W. MEIGHAN.

OUR GAME BAG.

Golden Gleanings—Merry Thoughts—Wise Proverbs—Fun and Sentiment.

CONUNDRUMS.

WHAT class of men should attend auctions? Men whose faces are forbidding.

How does a horse regard a man? As the source of all his whoas.

A PARADOX.—Why is a hansom cab a great arithmetical paradox? Because *two* can go into *one*, and still there is *one* over.

WHY was the whale which swallowed Jonah like a retired milkman? Because he got a profit (prophet) out of the water.

WHAT is the difference between a drummer boy and a pound of meat? One weighs a pound, and the other pounds away.

WHY is a mouse like a load of hay? Because the cat'll eat it.

WHY is praising children like opium? Because it is lauding 'em.

WHEN is a candle likely to be enraged? You say when it is put out. I should say rather when it's lighted.

ARE ladies floriculturists because they raise roses on their cheeks?

BREVITIES.

OLD MAID—Embers from which the sparks have fled.

GOOD KNIFE FOR FRUIT—"Le Sabre de mon Pear."

A SMART THING—A blister

ELDER WINE—Father Claret.

LEG-ITIMATE DRESS—The ballet.

"MAKING COMMON CAUSE"—Rooks.

AN AURIFEROUS ARTICLE—The golden rule.

A HARDY FRUIT—The iron pear.

A FIRE ESCAPE—Drowning.

AHEAD OF TIME—The hands of a clock.

FAST ATTIRE—Cut away coats.

MIXED PICKLES—Boys and girls.

A WORD IN SEASON—Registration.

NOT A PLEASANT DRAWING—Drawing a tooth.

GLASSES ROUND—Those worn in the eye.

A FIRM CONVICTION—Transportation for life.

HOW TO STUDY ART—Look into the face of a fashionable woman.

THE INDIVIDUAL who got over a thing smoothly first put on a little oil.

THE MAN who shirks the payment of his income tax is termed a "revenue cutter."

IT DOES not follow that a woman is a light character because she has a taper waist.

LAWYERS ARE LUCKY—They can do lots of courting and not be engaged.

ISN'T everybody a teacher, since they have pupils—in their eyes?

EVERYTHING tends to development—even soft heads and hearts.

THE man who cudgeled his brain for a thought comes from a belligerent stock.

GOOD "piece" of furniture for theatrical managers—A chest of "drawers."

FLATTERY—Holding a man by the button hole with one hand and pinning a placard to his coat tail with the other.

INNOCENCE—The pet lamb that strayed away off, years ago, from the rest of the flock, and hasn't been heard from since.

MANY a husband permits himself to be henpecked as unresistingly as if he were an ear of corn.

THERE'S many a man whose tongue might govern multitudes if he could only govern his tongue.

"HUSBAND, I can't express my detestation of your conduct" "Well, dear, I'm very glad you can't."

WHEN your wife is silent, hold the baby for her, perhaps it is as much as she can do to hold her tongue.

MERRY MOMENTS.

NOBODY! NOTHING!—"Misser, I say, I suppose you don't know of nobody who don't want to hire nobody to do nothing, don't you?" The answer was:—"Yes, I don't."

WHOLESALE HATCHING.—An ingenious person has discovered a faster mode than that commonly in use for hatching chickens. He fills up a barrel with eggs and sets the hen on the bung-hole.

AN AGREEMENT.—"I wish I had your head," said a lady one day to a gentleman who had solved for her a knotty point. "And I wish I had your heart," was his reply. "Well," said she, "since your head and my heart can agree, I don't see why they should not go into partnership." And they did.

APPETITE DEFINED.—At school at Wallsend, near Newcastle, Eng., the master asked a class of boys the meaning of the word "appetite," when, after a short pause, one little boy said:—"I know, sir. When I'm eatin' I'm 'appy, and when I'm done I'm tight."

A LONG POINT.—"My dear," said a lady to her husband, "these friends here will not believe me when I say I'm forty years old. You know that I speak in truth, don't you?" "I certainly shall not deny it, my love, since you have stuck to the point for the last dozen years, to my certain knowledge."

THE REASON WHY.—"An unloved wife," who ought to know of that of which she speaks, because she has so much experience, says that the reason that ladies look so much to money in the matter of marriage, is, that now-a-days they so seldom find anything else in a man worth having.

A HARD PROFESSIONAL TASK.—"What is your notion of the true physician?" asked a medical professor of a student, to which the latter replied:—"He is an unfortunate gentleman who is every day called upon to perform the miracle of reconciling health with intemperance."

AMERICAN WIT.—A newspaper contained the following retraction, which would probably be not quite satisfactory to the offended person:—"*Amende Honorable.*—We yesterday spoke of Mr. Hamilton, of the Chestnut Street Theatre, as a 'thing.' Mr. H. having complained of our remark, we willingly retract it, and here state that Mr. Hamilton, of the Chestnut street Theatre, is *nothing*."

A BROAD HINT.—"Nephew," said a farmer to a lopsided youth, who had been quartering upon him for the last six weeks, and resisted all gentle hints that his stay had been prolonged quite sufficiently, "I am afraid that you will never come and see me again." "Why, uncle, how can you say so—don't I come and see you every winter?" "Yes, but I'm afraid you'll never go away."

A GOOD RECIPE.—At one of the Boston ice-wharves, a day or two since, the mate of a first-rater was very angry with a wharfinger for putting a down-east provincial vessel in an inside position at the wharf when her turn came to load. "Look here," said he, in a very boisterous manner, "I'll be —— blessed if I will have an infernal Bluenose inside of me." "Well," said the wharfinger, calm as Socrates, "I would take an emetic and throw him up."

THE TURF.

THE AMERICAN TURF.

Fall Trotting Meeting on the Fashion Course, L. I.

FIRST DAY—MONDAY, OCT. 26.

The fall trotting meeting commenced on Monday, Oct. 26th, on the Fashion Course, L. I., and continued for three days. The proprietor of the course had offered a series of large purses for fast horses of different classes, and the entries had been numerous, giving hopes of a brilliant trotting meeting. These expectations were more than realized, for the closeness of the contests in nearly every instance gave unqualified satisfaction to the spectators. On the opening day the weather about midday was gloomy and threatening, preventing many from starting who would otherwise have been on hand, it being generally thought that the trotting would be postponed until a better day. Fortunately the rain held off, and after the trotting had commenced the sun made its appearance, and the weather cleared off fine.

Two trots were announced for the opening day; one for a purse of $800, mile heats, in harness, for horses that had never beaten 2:30; the other for horses that had never beaten 2:45, for a purse of $250. Owing to the delay in starting, and the time required to decide the first trot, the second was postponed after two heats had been trotted.

For the first trot for the $800 purse, for 2:30 horses, the following seven horses were entered and started:—Dan Mace's br g Richard Neavles (formerly called Old Pat); Ben Mace's s g Carroll (formerly named Century); J. Murphy's b m f g Carroll (formerly named Century); J. Murphy's b m f g Fanny Sprague; M. Boden's br g Captain Gill, driven by John Lovett; W. Borst's b g John J. Bradley; J. McMann's bl m Cora, driven by Dan Pfifer, and Alec. Patterson's s g No Name, driven by W. Cadney. This was a capital field of horses, for all of them had made their mark on the trotting turf, and a close and exciting race was anticipated. In the pool betting, J. J. Bradley was the favorite, selling for $100; Cora, $55; Richard Neavles, $25; Carroll, $15, and the three others in the field for $50. The proprietor of the course officiated as sole judge himself during the meeting, and with one or two exceptions, his decisions were satisfactory and impartial. So large a field of fast horses as the above have rarely been seen.

FIRST HEAT.—After half a dozen false starts they got the word, when all were together. Going around the lower turn Carroll showed in front, but breaking, he fell into the rear, and remained there throughout the heat. As they passed the quarter pole, Bradley showed his neck in front of Cora. No Name being two lengths behind, and Capt. Gill fourth. Time, 38 seconds. As they went along the backstretch and past the old stand, Cora was leading Bradley a clear length, but suddenly breaking, the favorite went past her, and was a length in front of her at the half mile pole. Time, 1:14½. No Name was third at this point, Capt. Gill fourth, Fanny Sprague fifth, and Richard Neavles last of all. Although Cora tried desperately to reach Bradley, she was unable to do so, and the favorite, maintaining his lead throughout, won the heat by two lengths, Cora second, three lengths before No Name, and Carroll last. Time, 2:31¾.

SECOND HEAT.—The betting was now $100 to $50 on Bradley, currently offered, and taken in many instances. The favorite got off on good terms with the others, and fairly out-trotting them, led three lengths to the quarter pole in 37½ seconds, the same at the half mile, in 1:14½, and without ever being headed, came home an easy winner, in 2:32¼. Fanny Sprague was second, Cora third, Capt. Gill fourth, Richard Neavles fifth, No Name sixth, and Carroll distanced.

THIRD HEAT.—The betting was now $100 to $15 on Bradley, who evidently had the superiority in speed over his opponents. They scored nearly a dozen times without getting the word, until at last the patience of the judge was fairly exhausted, and he ordered them to a standing start. They were marshaled in line at the distance stand, and as they came past the score the word was given. Fanny Sprague was on the lead, with Cora and No Name close up, and Bradley behind everything. As they passed the quarter pole in 37½ seconds, No Name was in front, with Cora, Captain Gill and Fanny Sprague following in the order named, and the favorite still in the rear. On the backstretch Bradley's fine speed began to tell a tale, for he passed Richard Neavles and No Name (who had broken and fallen back) in rapid succession. When the half mile pole was reached Cora was leading, with Captain Gill second, Fanny Sprague third, and the favorite close to her. The latter kept creeping up steadily on the Flushing end, and as they entered the homestretch he was third, having passed Fanny. He trotted beautifully up the straight, giving Captain Gill the go-by half way up, and challenging Cora for the lead at the distance, beat her after a magnificent struggle to the score by two lengths, thus winning the heat and race in 2:32¼. Cora was second, thus securing the money for second horse; Fanny Sprague third; Richard Neavles fourth, and No Name last. It being now nearly dark, the second race was postponed. Summary:—

FASHION COURSE, L. I., Monday, Oct. 26.—Purse $800; $600 to the first, and $200 to the second, mile heats, in harness, for 2:30 horses.

W. Borst's b g John J. Bradley	1	1	1
J. McMann's bl m Cora	2	3	2
J. Murphy's b m Fanny Sprague	4	2	3
J. Lovett's br g Captain Gill	3	4	4
D. Mace's br g R. Neavles	5	5	5
A. Patterson's ch g No Name	6	6	6
B. Mace's g g Carroll	7	dis	

Time.			
First heat	2:31¾;	2:32¼;	2:32¼.

SECOND DAY, TUESDAY, OCT. 27TH.

The second day of the meeting opened inauspiciously, as a cold northeast wind and lowering, cloudy sky, indicative of rain, prevailed. There was in consequence only a limited attendance, confined principally to the *habitues* of the trotting track and the owners of fast horses. The first race was a most interesting one, as three of the fastest horses in the country were engaged in it, viz.:—American Girl, George Wilkes and Rhode Island. It was for a purse of $1,000; mile heats, best three in five, in harness, for horses that had never beaten 2:24; the winner taking $800 and the second $200. George Wilkes, it is true, had, at the recent trotting meeting at Narragansett Park, made his mile in 2:22½, but this having been done subsequent to his entry for this purse, he was, of course, eligible to start for it. He is now trained and driven by William Borst, in whose hands he made the above record, 2:22½, which is his best and fastest; he is owned by Mr. William Simmons. American Girl is a five-year-old bay mare, by Cassius M. Clay, Jr., out of a thorough[illegible] years old, and gives promise of making one of the best trotters on the turf. She is owned by the well known New York turfman, Mr. William Lovell, who paid $12,500 for her last spring; and is trained and driven by Hiram Howe, the nephew and successor of the late Field Marshal, Hiram Woodruff. Rhode Island is a big, lusty brown stallion, sired, like American Girl, by Cassius M. Clay, Jr., dam unknown; he was bred in Ohio, and brought to Long Island five or six years ago by Warren Peabody, and was then called Dan Rice. Since that time he has vastly improved, and is now under the management and training of the able horseman Dan Mace; being owned by Col. Amasa Sprague, of Providence, R. I. He is confessedly one of the fastest trotting stallions now on the American turf, and his performance in this race is a highly creditable one. The betting before starting was strongly in favor of George Wilkes, the pools for $100, American Girl for $55 and Dan Rice for $35. The betting on this race was very heavy, and some thousands of dollars must have changed hands.

FIRST HEAT.—Rhode Island won the pole, American Girl second, and George Wilkes outside. A capital start was effected, Rhode Island quickly showing in advance, and in going around the turn he was a length in front of American Girl, who was far before George Wilkes. At this point American Girl broke up, and Wilkes took second place, being two lengths behind Rhode Island at the quarter pole, passed in 36¼ seconds, with the same distance between second and third. On the backstretch Wilkes closed on Rhode Island, and the mare, trotting fast, gained so rapidly that she was at Wilkes' wheel at the half mile pole, Rhode Island leading the latter a length. Time, 1:13. On the Flushing end American Girl joined issue with Wilkes, and they trotted head and head for a short distance, when she shifted him, and challenged Rhode Island for the lead on the homestretch. At this critical moment, when excitement had culminated to its highest point in expectation of a grand struggle, the mare suddenly left her feet, and Rhode Island drew away and won the heat by two lengths; George Wilkes, who had passed the mare on her break, second. Time, 2:25.

SECOND HEAT.—Notwithstanding Rhode Island had so cleverly won the first heat, George Wilkes was still a strong favorite; the recollection of his recent heats at Narragansett, and the hope of seeing him repeat the performance here, giving confidence to his numerous backers. In pools he sold for $120; Rhode Island for $45 and American Girl for $40. Wilkes got off first when the word was given, but before the turn was rounded Rhode Island had deprived him of the lead, the latter being first past the quarter pole by half a length in 33½ seconds, and American Girl two lengths in the rear of Wilkes. As they swept past the old stand on the far side the mare trotted so fast that she was neck and neck with them, and Wilkes broke up in attempting to take the pole when there was no room for him to do so, caused her to make a momentary break, but she was close on the wheels of the other two as the half mile was passed in 1:10½. On the Flushing end Wilkes showed in front, but both Rhode Island and American Girl, improving their pace, were quickly alongside him. The two latter, however, broke, and Wilkes came into the homestretch a length ahead of the stallion, the mare being last. Coming up the stretch Rhode Island showed a fine burst of speed, clearing rapidly on Wilkes, collaring him at the distance, and after a magnificent finish, beating him to the score by a length in 2:23½. American Girl was third, six lengths behind Wilkes.

THIRD HEAT.—The betting now changed in favor of Rhode Island, $100 to $40 being set on his winning the race. A fine send off, the mare being the first to show in front, and at the quarter pole she was half a length ahead of Rhode Island, who was on a break; time, 36 seconds. On the backstretch Rhode Island got to the mare's head, and had there to the half mile pole, passed in 1:11, Wilkes being a length behind, and in the Flushing end Rhode Island left his feet, and American Girl came into the homestretch a length ahead of him. A determined struggle between the pair ensued, which lasted to the score, the mare winning a desperately contested heat by a neck in 2:24 amid immense cheering.

FOURTH HEAT.—The betting men were now puzzled, and a good deal of hedging was done by those who had laid odds on Wilkes, whose chance seemed extinguished. The pools on American Girl and Rhode Island each brought $50, and Wilkes $14. After a capitally even start, American Girl took the lead, and at the quarter pole led Rhode Island a length in 36 seconds, George Wilkes as far behind the latter. They went past the half mile pole in the same relative positions in 1:11½, and in the same way entered on the homestretch. Here a resolute struggle ensued between American Girl and Rhode Island, the mare eventually winning by a length in 2:25½; George Wilkes three lengths behind.

FIFTH HEAT.—The betting was now $60 to $40 on American Girl, whose gameness and bottom were proverbial. Rhode Island and George Wilkes got off ahead of her, but at the turn the three horses were all together. As they passed the quarter pole Wilkes was half a length in front of Rhode Island, who was two lengths before American Girl. Time, 0:36½. Rhode Island broke on the backstretch, and the mare took second place, Wilkes leading her a length at the half mile in 1:11¾. Along the Flushing end Wilkes still kept ahead, and the mare breaking near the three-quarter pole, he turned into the homestretch two lengths ahead of Rhode Island, who had now become second. The latter broke up on the straight stretch, and American Girl passed him and, trotting splendidly, overtook George Wilkes half way from the distance, and after a brilliant struggle beat him by a head in the last two strides on the post. Time, 2:27. Summary:—

FASHION COURSE, Oct. 27.—Purse $1,000; $800 to the first and $200 to the second horse; mile heats, best 3 in 5, in harness, for horses that never beat 2:24.

Hiram Howe entered b m American Girl	3	3	1	1	1
W. Borst entered br g George Wilkes	1	1	3	3	3
D. Mace entered br g Rhode Island	2	2	2	2	2

Time.	Quarter.	Half.	Mile.
First heat	0:36½	1:13	2:23
Second heat	0:36½	1:13½	2:25½
Third heat	0:36	1:11	2:24
Fourth heat	0:36½	1:11½	2:25½
Fifth heat	0:36½	1:11½	2:27½

The second trot was for a purse of $250; $200 to the first and $50 for the second, for horses that had never trotted better than entries, of which only three started, viz.:—J. Loomis' bl m Sombrette, J. Murphy's g g Bayard, and J. McMann's b g Pearsall. The latter is a full brother to the famous mare Lady Emma, and Bayard is owned by Col. S. D. Bruce, and is by Pilot, Jr., the sire of John Morgan, Dudley, Bull Run, etc.; he is very fast and a stayer, but is young and inexperienced. Soubrette is a fine driven by her country driver, thus her chance of winning—a favorite at the start, being backed against the field; he broke badly soon after the word was given, in the first heat, and lost so much ground that he was only just able to save his distance, Bayard winning the heat easily in 2:31¾. In the second heat Bayard broke badly, and was nearly shut out, Pearsall winning the heat in 2:33½. Darkness had now come on, and the race was postponed until the next day.

THIRD DAY—WEDNESDAY, OCT. 28.

The weather was still far from favorable, being cloudy and cold, thus keeping many away who would otherwise have been present. The proprietor must have been a heavy loser by the meeting, but he evidently does not know how to manage a trotting course, as he gave little or no publicity to the affair by advertising.

The proposed trot for 2:45 horses was the first event decided. Pearsall and Bayard had each won a heat the day before, but the former, on recommencing the contest, was made a hot favorite, $100 to $20 being current. He won the third heat by four lengths after a clashish contest with Soubrette to the homestretch turn, Bayard having broken up and gone to pieces on the backstretch. Time, 2:34. The fourth heat was won by Pearsall, after a splendid finish, by a head only, from Bayard. Time, 2:33½. Bayard won the second money. Summary:—

FASHION COURSE, Oct. 27TH AND 28TH.—Purse $250; $200 to the first horse and $50 to the second; mile heats, best 3 in 5, in harness, for horses that never beat 2:45.

D. Pfifer entered b g Pearsall	3	1	1
J. Murphy entered g g Bayard	1	3	2
Mr. Loomis entered bl m Soubrette	2	2	3

Time.	Quarter.	Half.	Mile.
First heat	0:37	1:15	2:34½
Second heat	0:37	1:15	2:33½
Third heat	0:37½	1:15½	2:32½
Fourth heat	0:38	1:16	2:33½

The third trot of the day was for a purse of $500, mile heats, in harness, for horses that never beat 2:35; the winner taking $400, and the second $100. Six horses were entered, of which one only, A. Patterson's bl m Mike Norton, proved an absentee. The starters were T. Canary's b g No Name; J. Murphy's ch g Star; Hiram Howe's b m Lady Wells; Ben Mace's ch m Henrietta, and G. N. Ferguson's br g Needle Gun. Star was the favorite in pools, selling for $50; Needle Gun $40; Henrietta $30, and the rest $11; the actual winner being included in the field. Needle Gun won the first heat in 2:34; Henrietta second, a length behind. The latter was the favorite in the pools after the heat, selling for $40; Needle Gun bringing $25, and the field $15. Needle Gun came in first and No Name second, but the former having run considerably was ruled out in consequence, and the heat given to No Name. Time, 2:35. The betting was now $35 to $30 on No Name, who led from start to finish, and won by a length in 2:36¾; Henrietta second. Dan Mace now got in to drive Henrietta, but too late. It was getting dark and patrol judges were sent out to see there was no running. Henrietta came in first, but the judges, listening to interested parties, ruled out Henrietta and gave the heat and race to No Name and second money to Star.

SAME DAY.—Purse $550; $400 to first horse and $100 to second; mile heats, best three in five, in harness, for horses that never beat 2:35.

T. Canary entered b g No Name	2	1	1
J. Murphy entered ch g Star	4	2	2
H. Howe entered b m Lady Wells	3	3	3
B. Mace entered ch m Henrietta	2	4	dr. o.
G. N. Ferguson entered br g Needle Gun	1	r. o.	

Time.	Quarter.	Half.	Mile.
First heat	0:38	1:16	2:34¾
Second heat	0:39	1:16	2:35
Third heat	0:39	1:18	2:38½
Fourth heat	0:38	1:17	2:35

Trotting at Waverly Park, N. J.

MOUNTAIN BOY DEFEATS LADY THORNE FOR A PURSE OF TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS IN THREE STRAIGHT HEATS.

TIME, 2:30; 2:28¾; 2:27.

A capital day's trotting was held on Thursday, Oct. 29th, on the Fair Grounds of the New Jersey State Agricultural Society, at Waverly Park. This track is a half mile one, admirably located amid picturesque and beautiful scenery, and equally distant from the cities of Newark and Elizabeth. It is so situated that spectators on every part of the grounds can command an unobstructed view of the course in every direction. The following, in connection with the course is of the most complete and extensive description, and when the contemplated alteration of converting the half mile track into a full mile one is completed, we know no course that will be able to surpass it in excellence and easiness of excess. On the day in question the prospect of witnessing an exciting contest between those old opponents and fast horses Commodore Vanderbilt's bay gelding, Mountain Boy, and Messrs. Welch and McManus' bay mare, Lady Thorne, in a race of mile heats, best three in five, in harness, for a purse of two thousand dollars given in by the Association, attracted a very large attendance. The grand stand and enclosure were filled with the beauty and fashion of New Jersey, for the fair sex were present in large numbers, and an unprecedented array of carriages and vehicles of every kind lined the sloping hills of the circumference of the course. In addition to the great event of the day, which had attracted such a vast crowd, there were also other trots on the programme, which were decided before the $2,000 race was commenced.

The first was a trot for a purse of $900; of which the winner took $100; the second horse, $50; the third $30, and the fourth, $20. The distance was mile heats, best three in five, in harness, and six horses entered, of which two were withdrawn in consequence of protests being made against them as ineligible; the race being confined to horses that had never taken three minutes. Of the four starters, two of them were protested against, the eventual winner being one of them. A period of ten days has to elapse for the parties making the protest to prove the case of the winners ineligibility to start. The contesting horses were W. H. Clooney's black m re from Brooklyn, driven by J. Nodine; A. H. Moylin's black gelding Jersey Boy, from Philadelphia; J. R. Berry's black mare from Elizabeth; and B. H. Demarest's g g Capt. Jinks. There was no pool selling and the little betting there was, was confined to New Yorkers. The Jersey Boy won the first heat with seeming ease, by a length and a half from the Brooklyn mare; the Elizabeth mare third, and Captain Jinks distanced. Time, 2:44. Jersey Boy then became the favorite at ten to seven, but was beaten easily in 2:41 by Nodine's mare from Brooklyn, who also won the third and fourth heats and the race, in 2:43¾; 2:41¾. Summary:—

WAVERLY PARK, N. J., Oct. 29.—Premium $2,300; $1100 to the first horse, $550 to the second, mile heats, best three in five, in harness.

W. H. Clooney entered blk m	2	1	1		
A. H. Moylin entered blk g Jersey Boy	1	2	2		
J. P. Berry entered blk m from Elizabeth	3	3	3		
B. H. Demarest entered g g Captain Jinks	dis				

Time.	Quarter.	Half.	Mile.
First heat	0:41	1:22	2:44
Second heat	0:40	2:01	2:41
Third heat	0:39	1:17½	2:43¾
Fourth heat	0:39	1:18	2:41¾

The second trot was for horses owned by members of the association, without a premium, mile and repeat, in harness. The entries, three in number, were the g g Beppo, gr m Nellie Holcomb; and b g Ed ie. At the start Nellie was the favorite against the field at odds, but Beppo, trotting very steadily, won the first heat in 2:44, and the second in 2:41, Nellie Holcomb being second in each heat.

SAME DAY.—Gentleman's Trot, for members of the Association, mile heats, in harness.

Owner entered g g Beppo	1	1	
Owner entered g m Nellie Holcomb	2	2	
Owner entered b g	3	3	

Time.	Qr.	Half.	Mile.
First heat	0:41	1:21	2:44
Second heat	0:40	1:20	2:41

THE GREAT TROT

now came on, and the excitement among the Jerseyites culminated to its highest point when Mountain Boy, driven by Sam McLaughlin and Lady Thorne, with Dan Pfifer handling the ribands, appeared on the track. It must be acknowledged, however, that the course was not of that kind to admit of the merits of the two horses being fairly tested, for it is very uneven, up hill and down, and short turns. It was the general opinion that the short, quick stride of the gelding would be served by the peculiar nature of the ground and the abrupt turns, and in consequence Mountain Boy was made the favorite; the long odds of $100 to $40 being laid on his winning. The betting, however, was very limited, for the Jersey turfmen were afraid of risking their money, and the speculation was confined to the New York turfmen who were present.

FIRST HEAT.—Lady Thorn had the pole, and a capital start was effected at the first time of asking. The mare trotted evenly with her opponent for a short distance, but on going around the lower turn Mountain Boy drew ahead and took the lead and the pole at the quarter, trotted in 37½ seconds. Gradually increasing his lead from that point, he passed the judges stand two lengths and a half ahead in 1:14½. Going around the turn the mare closed up, and expectation was general that she would collar the Boy, and pass him on the far side. This did not prove to be the case, for Mountain Boy again drew away, and maintaining his lead throughout won by three lengths; Lady Thorn breaking a few yards from the stand, and running over the score. Time, 2:30; being the fastest ever trotted over the Waverly track.

SECOND HEAT.—Another excellent start at the first attempt. Mountain Boy almost immediately shot ahead; trotted the first quarter in 37 seconds, the half mile in 1:13½, and won the heat by four lengths in 2:28½.

THIRD HEAT.—Betting 100 to 10 on Mountain Boy, for it was plain that Pfifer durst not extend his mare are on the uneven track. Mountain Boy, as before, took the lead at the start, trotted the first quarter in 37 seconds, the half mile in 1:13½, and won the heat by six lengths in 2:27.

SAME DAY.—Premium $2,300; mile heats, best three in five, in harness.

D. S. McLaughlin entered b g Mountain Boy	1		
D. Mace entered b m Lady Thorn	2		

Time.	Quarter.	Half.	Mile.
First heat	37½	1:14½	2:30
Second heat	37	1:13½	2:28½
Third heat	37	1:13½	2:27

A Valuable Racing Stake for Three Year Olds.

During the Saratoga meeting last August, and at a private dinner party composed of a few of the magnates of the turf, it was proposed to inaugurate the proposed race meeting at Baltimore in 1870 with a sweepstakes for three year olds of such magnitude as to make it the most important and richest stake for horses of that age of any existing in the United States. The entrance was to be $1,000, half forfeit, over a dash of two miles, and close 1 with seven subscribers, viz:—Bowie & Hall, M. H. Sanford, J. J. O'Fallon, F. Morris, D. D. Withers, R. W. Carneron a d Denison & Crawford. By consent of the parties this stake was reopened for the purpose of giving the public an opportunity of entering their young stock. It finally closed on the 10th ult., and there are now twenty-nine subscribers to it, so that if only five come to the post the stake will be worth $17,000, the most valuable on the American turf. In the list of entries we notice some rare bred ones, now only yearlings, among them Moore and Caffey's entries, a full brother to Fanny Cheatham and a full brother to Vauxhall. Mr. M. McConnell has a filly named Anna Mace, by Leamington, out of Lexenberry's dam and a full brother to General Duke, that he purchased of Mr. Sanford, and the latter has a brother to Bayonet and a sister to Merrill in it. Mr. Hunter has an own sister to the famous racer, Capt. Moore. Mr. Belmont has Finesse, a half sister to the flying western filly, Alta Vela, being out of the same dam, Filagree, by Lexington; he has, also, the colt by Balrownie out of Maroon (Baltimore and Local's dam), now named Beverly, that he bought at the sale of the Anniewood Stable, along with Finesse. Bowie & Hall have a filly by Brown Dick out of the famous Muggins' dam, and a colt by the same horse out of an Albion mare. Denison & Crawford enter a filly by Censor out of Parta, the dam of many winners, and a colt by Censor out of The Gloamin. Mr. Watson has a colt by Prophet out of Narragansett's dam, the Arlington mare. Mr. Withers has Ecliptic, a filly by Eclipse out of Nina, the dam of Planet. Mr. O'Fallon enters a full brother to Sundown (named in honor of the president of the Saratoga Association, William R. Travers), and a colt by Lexington out of Undine, called after the popular Maryland turfman, Governor Bowie. The Jerome Park Stable is represented by a colt by Trovatore out of Cyclone; and Mr. Cameron by a filly by Leamington out of Jerusalem, by Jericho. Dr. Weldon has a colt by his favorite racer and sire Lightning out of Yorkshire mare; and Mr. Morris has no less than three entries, all by his renowned English sire Eclipse, and out of Hennie Farrow (Privateer's dam,) Barbarity (Ruthless' dam), and Mollie Jackson (the dam of Monday). The very best blood in the country is represented in this important stake, and the interest attached to the race will be unprecedentedly deep and widespread, for the States of Tennessee, Kentucky, Maryland, Missouri, Ohio, New York, New Jersey and Virginia are represented in it. As before remarked, this will be the richest stake for three year olds ever run for in this country, the forfeits alone amounting to over $14,000.

NAME CLAIMED.—Mr. Wm. H. Harrington, of Rochester, N. Y., claims the name of Frankie Palmer for a bay mare, sister to George Palmer, six years old.

BASE BALL.

UNION vs. MUTUAL.

THE CHAMPIONS DEFEATED.

The third and deciding game of the match between the new made champions and the late holders of that title came off at the Union Grounds on the 28th inst. The afternoon was pleasant, but owing to the rain that fell an hour or two before the game commenced, the attendance was not as large as it would otherwise have been. After the brilliant victory of the Mutuals over the Atlantics, it was supposed, as a matter of course, that they would add another trophy to their list case. It soon became apparent, however, that some of the players had been rejoicing over their recent victory to such an extent as to incapacitate them for playing a sharp fielding game.

The Mutuals were the first to the bat, and were quickly disposed of for a single. The Unions made two runs for their share, thus taking the lead at the start. In the second innings the champions batted fiercely for ten runs, and the Unions muffed wretchedly—no less than eleven distinct misplays being made. Two innings was finished by a white wash for the Unions, and the contest at once assumed a one-sided aspect that promised to deprive it of all interest. With the score 11 to 2 against them, the Unions, after retiring their opponents for a single, entered upon the third innings apparently a badly defeated party. But base ball is "mighty onsartin," and the Unions are never defeated till the last innings is finished. So they commenced to hit Wolters pretty lively, and being materially helped by no less than a dozen palpable muffs by their opponents, added 12 runs to their score, this again taking the lead by 14 to 12. This sudden turn of affairs awakened a new interest in the game, and from this time till the close the spectators were treated to a better display. In the fourth innings the Mutuals scored four and gave the Unions another whitewash, and for the third time the lead changed hands, the champions going to the fore by the totals of 16 to 14. In the fifth innings the Union banners again appeared in advance, and from that time till the finish they held their advantage, scoring 13 runs, while the Mutuals made but five. The umpire called the game on the seventh innings, when the score stood 27 to 21.

Taken as a whole the display was the poorest we have witnessed this season between first class clubs. With the exception of a couple of fly catches by Austin, and one each by Hunt and McMahon, and the base play of Mills and Goldie, there was nothing worth mentioning in the fielding line. Dwyer, Flanly and Jewett for the Mutuals, and Wright, Shelley and Birdsall for the Unions, did the most of the muffing play.

The result of this game, while it does not affect the claim of the Mutuals to the championship, ought to convince our leading clubs of the necessity of taking such action as will in the future prevent such a muddled condition of affairs. Let the leading clubs of New York, Brooklyn and Philadelphia meet together and make rules to govern championship games, as at present there are no rules in regard to the matter, and the sooner some such action is taken the better it will be for our National Game and its continued prosperity. The score is appended:—

MUTUAL.	H.L.	R.	L.	F.	UNION.	H.L.	R.	L.	F.
C. Hunt, c f	1	3	1	2	Goldie, 1st b	3	3	0	0
Dwyer, s s	3	2	1	0	Austin, c f	3	5	0	3
Wolters, p	5	0	1	0	Bellan, 2d b	1	5	0	2
McMahon, 1 f	1	0	1	1	Faber, p	2	1	0	2
Swandell, 3d b	1	2	2	1	Wright, s s	2	3	1	1
Mills, 1st b	4	1	0	1	Birdsall, c	1	5	0	3
Jewett, c	2	3	0	3	Shelley, 3d b	2	2	1	0
Dockney, r f	0	0	0	0	Ten Eyck, 1 f	4	0	1	0
Flanly, 2d b	0	4	0	0	Reynolds, r f	3	1	1	0
Totals	21	21	6	7	Totals	21	27	4	11

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th
Mutual	1	10	0	4	2	0	4—21
Union	2	0	12	0	5	4	4—27

Home run—Dockney, 1. Out on bases—Mutual, 9; Union, 11. Foul bound catches—Jewett, 2; McMahon, 1; Firdsall, 1. Catch on strike—Jewett, 1. Outs on foul balls—Mutual, 4 times; Union, 7 times. Umpire—Mr. Mills, of the Atlantic Club. Scorers—Messrs. McCarthy and Lush. Time of game—Two hours and thirty-five minutes.

ECKFORD vs. ATLANTIC.

ANOTHER DEFEAT FOR THE EX-CHAMPION

Wonders will never cease! For the second time this season the Atlantic Club, which has always been [illegible] as almost invincible, has suffered defeat. The [illegible] of the Union Ground, had been set apart for the [illegible] of the new series between the Atlantics and the Eckfords; the latter club declined to play with the Atlantics, as they had lost the championship, it was resolved to play the return game of the second series of the Eckford match. The spectators were limited to the few who are almost always around on every occasion, it not being generally expected that the game would be close enough to make it worth seeing. The Atlantics were not in full force, while the Eckfords presented substitutes in G. Grum and McCrea. The game opened with a lead of 4 to 0 for the Eckfords, which they further increased as they went along. At the end of the sixth innings the score stood 14 to 4, with a very bad look for the Atlantics, who seemed to be unable to hit Martin to any extent. The Eckfords, *per contra*, found no difficulty in punishing Zeitlein, and in the fifth innings run up a score of seven runs. In the last three innings the Atlantics made a gallant struggle to regain the lead, and when they got the range of Martin in the eighth innings it really looked equally for the Eckfords. With the score 13 to 17 against them the Atlantics entered upon the last innings with five runs to get to tie the game. Sharp fielding did the work, however, and a single was all they could get. A single for the Eckfords left the totals 18 to 14, and the Atlantics a defeated party.

Martin pitched a great game for the Eckford club. It is the first time the club has defeated the Atlantics since 1863, the season when the Eckfords won every first and second game they played. The playing of the Eckford nine was beyond all praise. The fielding of Nelson, Eggler and Malone was first class, the support given to Martin being the best he has received this season. Of the 27 outs, 14 were flies and 8 foul bound catches. The Atlantics evidently imagined they had an easy task before them, and slipped up on their over-confidence. Their fielding was weak at times, and was not up to the club standard. We append the score:—

ATLANTIC.	H.L.	R.	L.	F.	ECKFORD.	H.L.	R.	L.	F.
Pearce, s s	4	2	0	2	Allison, 1st b	4	2	0	1
Smith, 3d b	2½	2	0	2	Martin, p	5	1	1	2
Mark, 1st b	1	2	1	1	Eggler, c f	4	1	1	1
Chapman, l f	3	2	0	5	Nelson, l f	4	2	1	0
Crane, c f	3	2	1	2	Patterson, 2d b	3	2	1	2
Mills, c	4	1	0	1	Rodes, c	4	1	0	0
Simpson, 2d b	3	0	0	1	Malone, c f	3	3	0	1
Zeitlein, p	1	2	0	0	S. Grum, s s	2	3	2	0
McDonald, r f	4	1	1	0	McCrea, 3d b	3	1	0	5
Totals	27	14	2	14	Totals	27	18	5	13

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Atlantic	0	1	0	1	1	0	3	7	1—14
Eckford	4	0	0	2	7	0	5	0	1—18

Outs on foul balls—Atlantic, 3; Eckford, 11. Foul bound catches—Atlantic, 3; Eckford, 8. struck out—Ferguson, 2; Eggler, 1. Umpire—Mr. Wilkins, of the Tri-Mountain Club, of Boston. Scorers—Messrs. Reagan and Simonson. Time of game—One hour and forty-five minutes.

CRANO PICKED NINE MATCH.

NEW YORK vs. BROOKLYN.

The picked nine match for the benefit of Mr. John Zeller, formerly of the Mutual Club, of this city, came off at the Union Grounds on the 30th. The beneficiary, it will be recollected, broke the knee pan of one of his limbs while playing in the nine of the Excelsior Club, of Chicago, against the Union Club, of Morrisania, last August. The day was extremely fine, but there were not near so many present as we expected to see. A great many tickets were sold, however, that were not used, and it is expected that quite a handsome sum will be realized. The players, who had been selected to represent the two cities were not all present, and considerable time was lost in waiting for them. Walker, Wright and H. C. Kelley, of New York, and Ferguson, Rogers and Patterson, of Brooklyn, were the absentees, their places being filled by Lyons, McMahon, Birdsall, McDonald, Chapman and Nelson.

The game opened a little before 3 o'clock with New York at the bat, and for the first five innings was a remarkably well contested match. Mills pitched for Brooklyn, and his "slows" did terrible execution among the brave New York batsmen. When the sixth innings was commenced the score stood four each. The New Yorkers hit Martin for five runs on the six h innings, and Brooklyn made no less than 12, the fielding being very loose on both sides. This left the totals 16 to 9, and virtually decided the game. On the last innings the New Yorkers got another lick at Martin and made six before the last hand was out. This brought the score up to respectable figures and made the finish of the contest quite interesting. The final totals were 21 to 18. The fielding of Mills, Flanly, Pabor and Kelly was excellent. Austin and Lyons were very poor in the field, the former losing a couple of flies at a critical period of the game. Martin's p tching saved the Brooklyn nine from defeat, the New Yorkers finding him very difficult to punish. He was well supported in the field, no less than 17 fly catches being taken. Zeitlein, Mills and Worth were out of their element on the bases, yet they managed to get along very well. The score is as follows:—

NEW YORK.	H.L.	R.	L.	F.	BROOKLYN.	H.L.	R.	L.	F.
Swandell, 3d b	5	5	0	0	McDonald, r f	3	2	0	3
W. J. Kelly, s s	3	2	1	1	Jewell, c	2	1	3	1
Pabor, p	2	3	1	1	Mills, 1st b	5	1	0	1
McMahon, 3d b	1	1	0	1	Worth, 3d b	3	4	0	0
Flanly, 2d b	5	3	0	4	Zeitlein, 1st b	4	2	0	3
Birdsall, c	5	1	3	0	Eggler, c f	4	2	0	3
Mills, 1st b	3	1	2	0	Pabon, c	3	0	0	0
Lyons, l f	3	2	1	0	Martin, p	4	1	2	2
Austin, c f	2	2	0	0	Chapman, l f	3	3	0	2
Totals	34	21	8	7	Totals	27	21	5	15

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
New York	0	4	0	1	0	5	1	6	3—18
Brooklyn	1	0	1	2	0	1	2	7	7—21

Foul bound catches—New York, 4; Brooklyn, 5. Out on bases—New York, 5; Brooklyn, 16. Umpire—Mr. Widley, of the Mutual Club. Scorers—Messrs. Faber and Chadwick. Time of game—Two hours and twen

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Profession.

Clipper Post Office.

TAKE NOTICE.—A stamped envelope, with address, must be enclosed for each and every letter sent for.

Louis Gumpert, Frank Parkhurst, J. J. Sullivan, Ole Bull, Gonsalvo Bishop, Joe Gaylord, Justin Robinson, Harry Raynor, J. H. O'Connor, Julian Kent, C. Amory Bruce (3), Harry Wall, John Barsby, Handel Fish, N. C. Forrester (2), S. S. Sunn, Chas. Atwood, Robert Jones, John Raymond, Harry Slate, W. H. Young, James Collins (3), Wm. Eunice, C. P. Gleason, Holmes Grover, Fred. Tourniaire, Bill Carter, J. R. Spackman, Mr. Brennan, W. Richards, C. S. Coon, E. A. Locke, Eugene Martinez, M. Murphy, J. D. Stockhouse, J. M. Ward, D. C. LaRue, Mrs. Aynsley Scott, Rosa M. St. Clair, Caroline Hayes, Maggie Livingston, The Iferd Sisters, Minnie Taylor, May Fiske, Therese Berrie, Eddie Whiting, Nellie Whitney, Emma Marsh, Lizzie Mitchell, Laura Keene, Annie Blake, Parker Sisters, Ada Wray,

P. A. Fitzgerald, Al. Marsal, McKee Rankin, Sydney Cook, John Denier, C. W. Kidder (6), Prof. A. C. Harris, John Lutz, Humphrey Bland (3), Alfred Moe, Barry Carter, Bidwell & Locke, Oscar Horton, Gregory Brothers, Sol Smith Russell (3), J. C. Gregory, Tourrain Bros., J. L. Roberts, C. W. Spencer, Frank Allen, Willie Rentz, George Monk, Fred. Zimmerman, T. B. Pugh, James Crossen, Willie Gaylord, A. Jones, John B. Haynes, Geo. Boniface, Thos. P. Roberts, P. B. Bowman, M. B. Leavitt (2), J. F. Sherry, Dave Paulding, John Fries, Frank Dumont, Tommy Sully, Lou Whiting, Rosa Cerito, Fanny Gilmore, Mrs. C. A. Markham, Flora Western, May Arlington, Mrs. Jas. Connor, Nellie Edwards (2), Zaluma Stansells, Albertine Miller, Mrs. Col. Canningham, Dollie Ingersoll, Annie Yeamans, Kate Foster, Lizzie Clark, Jennie Howard.

Ferd. Heinrich, J. E. Green, Joe Gaylord, Bob Corcoran, T. H. Jefferson, Lawrence Barrett, Tom Warfield, Wm. Blair, John F. McCormick, Dick Western, I. N. Drew, E. P. Kendall, G. H. Clarke, G. H. Tyler, W. G. Peterson, Stephen Massett, J. P. Worsham, Sheridan & Mack, James Robinson, J. O. Wilder, Mace Morris, Mr. Richards (2), F. G. Roberts, Chas. Norris, Tommy De Voe, R. G. Wilmot (2), John Purcell, D. L. Morris, W. W. Wilton, C. Forbes, John P. Smith, A. Jones, Frank Ewens, Sebastian Phileo, Dan Morris, Harry Haly, Mrs. Frank Drew, Mlle. Arnoldi, Mrs. M. W. Fiske, Pauline Cushman (2), Mary Lee, Mrs. J. W. Whiston, Louisa Wray, Dora Shaw, Sallie Western, Millie Blair, Annie Hall, Frankie McClellan, Maggie Mitchell, Aline La Favre, Lotta, Kate Raymond, Mary E. Chapin.

Notice.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

City Summary.

MONDAY, Nov. 2d, 1868.

WRITTEN BY REQUEST, BY "OUR JIM."

"'TIS WEEKS since larst we met," a fictishus old poet once writ after he had got the mitten from the girl he had loved but too well. I am injuced to make these cursery remarks after gittin' the enclosed follerin' notelet from the other man which runs the CLIPPER machine. (*Private to the compositor*—Always put the name of the CLIPPER in caps, and the names of the other papers in *small* types, because *caps* is best for the *head* of the newspaper craft.—OUR JIM):—

DEAR JIM—Business of great importance renders my absence necessary for a few weeks. You will take charge of the City Summary department, and try to make it equal to what *I* make it. Say nothing about my absence; don't ring in any of your old jokes; you will find plenty of *good* jokes and poems in my private drawer; dish 'em up in our usual style of excellence, and *don't* put any of your distressful side remarks in to remind the public that *I* am not present. Try, for once, to abstain from the use of the intoxicating bowl, and keep clear of the girls—wine and women will be your ruin if you persist in your evil ways. Be careful now; it is an important charge I place in your keeping. Keep your end up, and receive the thanks of your INDULGENT BOSS.

I don't think this is very flatterin' to me; another thing, if I take charge of this here department, I don't want none of *his* jokes—I kin make me own; and you *all* know that it's me which grinds out the funny poetry, don't *you*? May be it taint none of *my* business, but I'd jist like to know what it is that "renders his absence necessary;" I think he's playin' pints on to me, but he can't deseeve the public; when our kind friends reads this summary they'll see at a glance it isn't his'n; what's the use, then, of a person lyin'? "Let every tub stand on it's own bottom," was the classical remark of a cedar cooper which kept his ware rooms on the cellar floor. I don't want to *undermine* the good pints of the boss, although they may be *under mine* (*To the printer*—Wherever you see a black line made under a word, put that word in different types, because it'll save the reader much valuable time in sorting out the funny jokes.—JIM); but I say, in the awe-inspirin' language of one who knows, "let justice be done, though——" the boss having locked up his book of quotations I ain't able to do the quotation that justice which it requires; but, nevertheless, *more anon*. I don't wish to take no advantage of the other man's absence; neither wouldn't I even illude to his bein' away from his post, but right doesn't hurt anybody, I guess; this I *will* say, on the quiet, though: when a man's rights is invaded, I say let the galled jade wince. I ain't no man to blow me own trumpet, but I respect the opinyuns of our correspondents. The follerin' well written letter speaks for itself. I found it among the boss's private papers, where he had hid it away from pryin' eyes. Read it—read it:—

Baltimore, Oct. 1st, 1868.

"OUR JIM," ESQ:—Jim, I am a friend of yours. Why do you tolerate such a person as your boss, who speaks so bad of your reputation and of your writings and jokes as he generally does? Now in last week's summary, he says—"you are about as ignorent a boy—considering the example and facilities you have for being smart—as there is in the Swamp." Now, my dear Jim, I differ with him in that respect; it goes to show that *his* early education was neglected, for what would he do if it wasn't for you? As you have truly said, he gets jokes off at your expense, or at least with your assistance, and then palms them off as his own to the unprotected readers of the CLIPPER. You not only assist him in furnishing jokes, but also in grinding out poetry. If I were you, Jim, I wouldn't be standing there every Monday, from morning till night, turning that crank—if he didn't know how to appreciate my *turn* of mind better than he does. He says he sees nothing to laugh at in such foolish remarks as you make sometimes. And why? Because he is too dull to comprehend their force. I have no doubt you could be still funnier if you would guzzle and gormandize less, for it must effect your brains; sell out one of your lunch routes to some enterprising newsboy; it will enliven him up, make him cheerful, and induce him to serve his CLIPPERS earlier than he now does; at the same time it will develope your brain the more, enabling you to get up a tip top summary, which will, of course, eclipse the boss's. Your boss thinks he's the Queen of writers, but I don't; for you are the most "Jim"(p) writer of the two, though he need know nothing of this joke, as he might hoist you out of a sit. Jimmy, next Monday, try to persuade him to go to Washington, or some other outlandish place, in order that you may write the summary of that week's issue, will you?

Yours fraternally, A PRINTER'S DEVIL.

Comment isn't unnecessary. This is but one of thousands of such communications which the boss gits in my absence [illegible] destroys, perhaps. But *nous verrons*. It's time [illegible] the business of the day......How dry a bod[illegible] too much fish isn't good for *every* constitut[illegible] night I stole *pensively* along the stre[illegible] theatre; the moon shone like she hadn't shone for months; all nature was in a pensive mood. Gazin' into the pale face of the man in the [illegible] brain:—

[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible] pervades the sky,
[illegible] wery soon,
[illegible] dry.

Since the sun slunk down in the gorgeous west,
And night cum a glidin' in,
I have punished a quart of Murphy's best,
Besides three nips of gin.

Yet, here I stand in this here lonely street,
Countin' the stars overhead;
And wishin' that some one would offer to treat
Before I go home to bed.

If all the whiskey was spilt in the sea,
And I could have my wishes,
To be whatever I wanted to be,
You bet! I'd be a couple of fishes!

......I went to Niblo's t'other night to see a man named Forrest play "Damon & Phythias," a play new to them boards. The plot is as follers:—Messrs. Damon & Phythias was a firm engaged in the wholesale grocery biz. in Beaver street. Mr. Damon, it appears, got into some trouble on his own hook, unbeknownst to the firm; I think it was owin' to dabblin' in stocks, or other men's wives, I most forgit which; but however, just as Mr. D. was gittin on the boat to go to Philadelphia to vote, a mermaden of the law comes up, taps him on his shoulder, and ses, "Mr. Damon, thou art my prisoner," in as affable tones of which a man in such a position is capable. "Guess not," ses Da, jerkin hisself loose. The affable policeman rapped his club on the head of the unfortunate man, which brought a score of assistants to the rescue. Then they put the nippers onto him. "Unhand me, wile miscreants," shouted the pinyoned groceryman; the wile miscreants heeded not his wile clangor, but dowsed him into a friendly cart just passin' by, and soon he lay low in the Tombs. Now, all this time Mr. Phythias was mindin' shop, dealin' out brown soap and sugar, and pork and beans, and onions, and things, and didn't know of this accident to his partner. Mr. Damon, not bein' in good standin' with the persecutors of the law, was tried without a moment's warning, and, not having time to git any witnesses, was found guilty and sentenced to death, without any of his relatives, or the friends of his brothers, or aunts, or uncles, or anything, bein' invited to the funeral. At this unfortunate junction, a man they called Shyster was introjuced to the wicked culprit, and after a affectiv' intirview, this feelin' man Shyster volunteered to inform the other groceryman of his partner's distressin' condition, for which good office Damon gave him a check on the Park Bank for three dollars and a half. Mr. Pythias was just turnin' out a gallon and a half of sugar house molasses when the Shyster—in a unguarded moment—let out the secret of his partner's little difficulty, which gave him such a shock that *half* of the projuce remained in the measure, while the balance went into the pitcher of the purchaser. We next find the firm in the Tombs together, when the follerin' tryin' dialogue passed between 'em.

Pythias—Alas! tis true. What has brought thee to this untimely end?

Damon—Speak low, the very walls have ears. I—(*whispers*).

Pythias—Cruel fate.

Damon—I have to die; business calls me away to Philadelphia; oblige me by stopping here while I run on. Ere the shades of to-morrow's noon day sun shall have crossed the rubicon, I will return and set thee free.

Pythias—But the store! We can't close up, for trade would be ruined.

Damon.—Let old Magnesius mind the shop. I cannot delay.

Pythias.—Tis well—away, away; if you see any cheap sugar, send it on.

And then they parted. The next scene shows us Pythias in a very uncomfortable state. Damon, appearantly has gone back onto him; the hour of execution is at hand, and the sheriff and deputies is impatient for the show to commence. Pythias feels like he had just taken a heavy dose of castor oil, and would like to go home. Sheriff O'Brien steps up to the culprit, as he ascended the scaffold, and whispers the touching word "courage!" Pythias looks first at the impatient spectators, and then casts a furtive glance at the noose just over his head. It was a new thing to Pythias, but he bore it like a groceryman.

Sheriff O'Brien.—Mr. Pythias I am now about to inflict upon you the extreme penalty of the law for your great offence; if you have anyth'ng to say, speak it now, or forever after hold your peace.

Pythias—Fellow citizens—Take warning by me; liquor has brought me to this untimely end; had I obeyed the injunctions of my pious mother, I would not now be standing on the ignoble scaffold, but would have been following the peaceful pursuits of a groceryman. One sin leads to another; drink urged me to the commission of the awful crime for which I am about to suffer; I acknowledge the justice of the sentence; if I have erred I ask the forgiveness of this respectable assemblage (*murmur of impatience among the respectable assemblage*). I have but a few more words to say—I thank the sheriff and jailor for their attention to me while in prison. I would respectfully request the gentlemen of the press not to give my last dyin speech until my body lies a mouldering in the tomb. Once more ere the bright orb of day is shut forever from my sight, I ——"

At this moment shouts is heard in the distance, along Leonard and Centre streets; they approach nearer and nearer; the next moment Mr. Damon rushes up on the scaffold, and the firm is locked in each other's arms. This is a very effective as well as affectin' scene.

Damon—Did't thou doubt me, oh me Pythias?

Pythias—By the gods, no; but what detainedst thou?

Damon—In an unguarded moment I embarked on the Camden and Amboy Railroad Line.

Pythias—Now, by the gods, this error had well nigh been our ruin.

Damon.—Seeing that time pressed, I left the train, mounted a steed that stood grazing by a meandering stream, and had already left the railroad car far in the rear, when a hunter, mistaking the noble animal for a rabbit, fired at the object, and slew me horse! I seized the dastard scoundrel by the trowsers, and hurled him headlong into the canal. Oh, the agony I endured But see! It is! A boy loomed up in the distance, mounted on one of Hanlon's two-wheel velocipedes; it was but the work of a moment to dash out the useless brains of the little villain; as he lay weltering in his gore I mounted the machine; oh, how I worked my way along the tortuous roads of Jersey. The thought of our biz gave me renewed strength; I flew on the wings of thought, and I am now standing on my throne, as proud a one as yon illumined mount where the sun makes his last stand. Let Mr. O'Brien look, too. Did he ever behold a spectacle more full of natural glory? (*"Clear the way!" was heard in one of the corridors. A messenger boy enters with a dispatch—it was a full and unconditional pardon signed by President Johnson. Tableau.—Damon and Pythias embracing, under the unfatal noose, as the disappointed assemblage slowly wended their way into the outer world, amid red fire and a slow curtain.*)

It's a well writ play, and was well acted by Mr. Forrest. Let the legitimate look up......Talkin' about lookin' up, I heard a good thing at our boardin' house yesterday. The Rev. Mr. Boardwell, who is a very pious minister, always drops in of a Sunday evenin' to tea. Jane Gormley, our chief cook's greaser's assistant, was the only person at hand to open the street door when Rev. Mr. Boardwell's well-known ap-*peal* was heard. Her eyes was suffused with tears, her cheeks was red with emotion; as she encountered the form of this good man a blush mantled to her cheeks, fresh tears coursed adown her sorrow-stricken face, and she would have fled the presence of this hungry but pious man. He laid his pious hand on her well-rounded shoulder, and in touchin' tones and a abstracted air he said:—"Jennie, when the heart is full, look up!" Jennie looked up as she exclaimed:—"It isn't that, Mr. Boardwell; I've been cuttin' up onions for supper!"......But Boardwell isn't the only pious preacher in these parts. Here's a few rhymes I made last Sunday over in Brooklyn:—

TRIBUTE TO A PREACHER.

BY "OUR JIM."

There was a nice parson called Beecher,
A regular bully old preacher,
Who tickled poor sinners
To try as beginners
To wipe out each immoral feature.

......I havn't got much to say this week owin' to election comin' off to-morrer, and I want to git thro soon so as to vote as early and often as I kin. A few words about theatres, and I will close this wretched scrawl, as Bill Jinkins always puts at the bottom of his letters. If I might offer a opinyun about theatres I should say that the New York theatres is the best in the world; I haven't never been out of New York 'cept to Coney Island, but I have never seen no better theatres than there is in New York; so I think New York theatres is the best. One of the best theatres in New York is the Circus, a sort of religious show, because it always *keeps Lent*. (*To the compositor.—Mind the lines marked to set off enjoyable words.*) It's a nice place for children to learn how to break their necks; it ought to be a good place for sick people, too, if they could only git in the hosses' mouths, because they'd be sure to find *horse spital* there. I once knew a boy who jined a circus, and he said it was the wickedest place he ever got into, as he never saw anybody among 'em that didn't git on *tights*; besides, the musicians is all *blowers*. But where all the theatres is so good I don't think it inwidious to discriminate. As you see, I know a good deal about theatres or the boss wouldn't let me take his place in editing this here department. I have seen a good deal of people who never think that they are well treated unless they are treated well at some eatin' shop when the show's out. Then there is a few others who return home through the streets without never gittin' none of these treats. Plenty more of 'em, after the show is out, go in to make shows of theirselves, and act loosely by gittin' tight. May be if I grind out a few rhymes you will think I've done enough for this week.

WHERE THEY GO AFTER THE PLAY.

When the show is all over, then one would suppose
That the people at once would go to their home;
And so they all do, but before each one goes
He to different resorts and odd places must roam;
That old man, for instance—now what does he do
But go to some quiet, yet tasty saloon,
And order a nicely cooked hot oyster stew,
Which eaten, he takes him to home very soon.

The young loving couple who sat in parquet,
And the neighbors made laugh at their talk and their love,
To a Broadway restaurant they go, and must get
Fancy dishes and wine their resources above;
A little roast chicken, some salad withal,
Champagne, and with it perhaps some cool sherry;
And then away home to stand late in the hall
Persuading each other the evening's been merry.

Those stupid young men—who have stood all the night
And guffawed 'bout the play 'mong themselves, in the lobby—
They take themselves off and get beastly "tight"
To talk of to-morrow, for that is their hobby;
And some who're too mean to take out a nice girl,
'Mong low ones will oftentimes spend his whole night,
And next morning, morose and sour as a churl
He'll think that he's had of life enough quite.

Those black whiskered, well dressed, and good looking men
Who, quietly watching the play, we have seen—
They leave the theatre, and quickly run then
To "gambol" the rest of the night, "on the *green*."
That quiet young gent, who so pitied the cares
Of the actors, and cheered them with many a shout,
Runs home, takes his shoes off as he goes up stairs—
Because his fond mother don't know he is out.

That jolly old man, with his family large,
Who cried and laughed heartily through the whole play,
Goes right away home with his wife and their charge,
And feeling relieved from the cares of the day;
Next morning at breakfast the play is rehearsed—
After having a peaceful and happy night's rest—
Now, reader, of all these whose night is the best,
And who does enjoy the theatre the best?

MRS. SCOTT SIDDONS, a lady who made her *debut* in London about one year ago as an actress, gave her first reading in this city, at Steinway Hall, on Oct. 26th, to rather a small but very appreciative audience. She read several scenes from the part of Rosalind in "As You Like It," Lady Macbeth in "Macbeth," the Death of Constance de Beverley, Tennyson's May Queen and the Courtship scene of Henry the Fifth. It is a trying thing for any single person to charm an audience for two hours. Among human gifts or accomplishments a power of persistent attention to any purely intellectual master is one of the rarest. Some flattery of the senses is almost always needed to procure close and sustained interest in any affair or proceeding. Yet for two hours Mrs. Scott Siddons so fascinated her audience that it hung breathless upon her lips; accomplishing it with no adventitious aid whatever, only with her own elocutionary ability and dramatic genius. Very few of the greatest actors have proved equal to such a triumph. The *debut* of a fair young girl, with a gentle, expressive face, a lady-like ease of manner, and last, but not least, a perfect taste in dress, is so far an advance into the good graces of her audience, that what follows must be bad indeed to make a failure. All these advantages were so much in her favor that she was [illegible] cepted before she had been on the stage [illegible] But though good looks and a graceful [illegible] thing to do with her success [illegible] among its chief causes [illegible] favorable [illegible] *debutante* in many [illegible] her endowments [illegible] principal charm of which is [illegible]. The eloquence of earnest tones is often [illegible] skillful sentences, because true feeling is [illegible] too often this power is entirely overlooked or disregarded. The tender and trusting nature of Rosalind was [illegible] conveyed by her and most deservedly applauded, but her [illegible] success was her Lady Macbeth. From the commencement to the end the attention of the audience never flagged, and in the stronger scenes of passion, terror or pathos, a complete mastery over its sympathies and emotions was obtained, and it is a truly remarkable circumstance that in inflection of voice and play of countenance a representation of Lady Macbeth was afforded which we have seldom, if ever, witnessed on any stage. The scenes in which she obtained the most signal triumph were those of reading the letter from Macbeth, and the great night walking scene. The representation was, throughout, subtle and impressive. In the moan with which she declares that

"All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweten this little hand,"

we see a woman in whom all good is not trampled out. The manner in which the utterances of Lady Macbeth were given in this scene was truly remarkable, and the effect of the entire scene was wonderfully solemn and impressive. She has studied the character profoundly, and has brought to such study the aid of genius and the finest dramatic instincts. Her rendering of Tennyson's "May Queen" was indeed a rich treat. She was most deservedly applauded throughout the evening, and made one of the most favorable *debuts* witnessed for a long time. She gave a reading on Oct. 28th, another on the 29th, and a *matinee* on the 31st. We should like to see her on the dramatic stage in those personations which won for her considerable reputation in London.

DODWORTH HALL is now under new management; it is to be refitted and many conveniences added. Persons wishing to rent the hall for concerts, balls, or variety entertainments, will find an advertisement in another column.

THE ALHAMBRA—a new place of amusement, fitted up at 616 Broadway—was opened on the evening of October 26th, the only attractions being Harry Macarthy and wife (Lottie Estelle) and Miss May Scott. These three give the performance, although Mr. Macarthy is the only attraction worthy of particular notice. The evening's entertainment opened with Harry Macarthy, who appeared in a series of comic sketches, including "A Swell of the First Water," with the songs of "There's Nothing Like Style," and "The Tinker and the Tailor," a live Yankee, with a medley of thirty airs, such as a Yorkshire Lout, with the songs of, "Her Breath Were as Sweet as a Cow's" and "Gee Who-a, Dobbin;" also as an Irish exile, with the song of "The Irish Emigrant's Lament." This was followed by Lottie Estelle in two serio comic songs, after which Mr. Macarthy gave an impersonation of a jolly fat Dutchman, with the song of "I Smokes Mine Pipe," and as a Sailor, with a song and a sailor's hornpipe; this concludes the first part. The second part consists of an overture by the orchestra—four pieces—and a banjo solo and a clog dance by May Scott. Part third is filled up by Harry Macarthy and Lottie Estelle, who appear in a number of characters of an amusing description, the whole concluding with a double Irish jig by Harry Macarthy and Lottie Estelle. Mr. Macarthy is one of the most pleasing and versatile performers we ever saw. He is good in everything he attempts, no matter whether it be as the swell, the Yorkshireman, the Yank or the Irishman. As a dialectician he is excellent, and withal one of the most entertaining performers we have had the pleasure of hearing for some time. Notwithstanding Mr. M. is an attractive card, it is too much to expect him to be the only attraction needed to make the new place a permanent success. A good singing lady is sadly wanted; also a few other performers to vary the style of entertainment. Besides this, better music than was engaged last week is wanted. Business was very encouraging considering that it was just before election, and by making a few additions to the company the place will no doubt become a success, for it is neatly and comfortably fitted up, and being on the ground floor is easy of access and in an excellent location.

LEOTARD, the aerial gymnast, of whom we have heard so much on the other side of the water, and who has been spoken of as the king-pin of the act known as "Zampillaerostation, or Three Flying Trapeze," made his *debut* in this country on the evening of October 29, at the Academy of Music. Previous to his appearance the comedy of "The Governor's Wife" was wretchedly performed by one of the worst companies, with but two exceptions, it has ever been our lot to witness outside of an amateur association. The comedy was dragged out to a fearful length until a great many came to the conclusion that forbearance ceased to be a virtue and left the house in disgust, not waiting to see Leotard. Miss Alice Harrison attempted to play the *role* of Letty, but she did not have the least idea of the part, and her entire performance consisted of kicking up her heels *ala Can-can*, bobbing her head, striking Hickory in the stomach while he was singing and winking at different persons. Miss Harrison was out of her element and she must tone down her present style considerably before she can expect to please a first class audience. She possesses considerable innate talent, but unfortunately does not know how to use it. She has been on the stage but a short time, yet during that time has displayed some ability. But of late she has become not only careless at times but takes liberties with her audience, a fault which grows upon young actresses and is sure to do them more harm than good. The performance of the "Governor's Wife," unanimously pronounced an insufferable bore, lasted until 10 o'clock, when the curtain fell and preparations commenced for the appearance of Leotard. After considerable moving to and fro of six or eight persons in adjusting the trapeze guys, laying the platform, the beds and the bed cover, Leotard was led to the footlight by Jerome Ravel, both of whom were well received. Directly over the centre of the parquet, just below the large chandelier was suspended from the dome a frail iron frame securely guyed which Leotard ascended to by a ladder. Grasping two handles attached to long ropes hanging from the dome, he started on his aerial journey swaying through the air backwards and forwards alighting each time on the iron frame as lightly as a bird. This he repeated several times. The next feat was swinging from this frame and catching a second trapeze, midway between the frame and the back of the stage, suspended about half way down and directly over the stage. From this bar he swung to another framework securely fixed at the extreme end of the stage, where he alighted and rested for a moment. After this, the handles were removed from the first trapeze and a bar fixed in their place, when he commenced to oscillate through the air from one trapeze to the other. Starting from the first-mentioned iron frame he swings to the second bar, and on his return holds himself to the first bar by his legs, and with his head downwards turns a half somersault and catches the second bar—while it is swinging—with his hands, and alights on the frame at the back of the stage. This feat he repeats several times, and finishes his act by a make believe attempt to turn a somersault from the second trapeze and catch the first, but really falls to the floor, alighting on his feet. From the time he commenced his act until the close, twelve minutes elapsed, including his rests. Of course, he was loudly applauded and called out, which he deserved, for he is a graceful and daring gymnast; but with no more daring than Pfau, the Russian athlete, who appeared with the New York Circus all last winter, and who is now with the Hanlon Combination. Pfau does everything that Leotard performed on his opening night, and awakens as much, if not at times more enthusiasm than Leotard. The fame of Leotard as a gymnast has won for him a name equaled by no other performer in this country, but it does not always follow, because a performer enjoys a big name, that he is superior to all others. We know of a great many performers, in the different branches of the profession, who enjoy a wonderful reputation in their line of business, who are only mediocre performers, while many others who do not assume so much, or who have not been so extensively carded, possess more genuine talent. This is just the case with Leotard. That he is a graceful and daring performer no one can deny; but there are others equally as good as he is in every respect, and one of these is Pfau. Having heard so much of Leotard, we, like many others, went to the Academy prepared to be not only astonished but electrified, and we with a large number of others, including many old circus performers, were neither electrified nor astonished, but simply pleased. It is not our intention to throw cold water on the enterprise, but we doubt if those who have the speculation in hand will make a dollar out of it, for an entertainment of such brief duration as is Leotard's will not satisfy an American public, and when his act is preceded by such a performance as that given at the Academy on his initial appearance, it is too much for the patience of any one. Although there were many standing up on the first night, there were many vacant seats during the evening; on the occasion of his second appearance on Oct. 30th, there was a beggarly account of empty benches, there being scarcely five hundred persons in the large Academy, and in consequence the manager announced the following morning that in consequence of Leotard's indisposition, he would be unable to appear that night. A greater failure has seldom been witnessed in this country.

"THE LANCASHIRE LASS" was produced at Wallack's Theatre on October 26th, and continued through the week to good business. Ruth Kirby becomes pleased with the attentions of Redburn, an adventurer, who, disguised as an artist, has found a reception in her father's farm house. Ned Clayton is a young engineer, who is deeply in love with her, and urges her to beware of the well dressed scoundrel. Urged by Kate Garstone, through selfish motives, Ruth writes a letter to Redburn consenting to elope with him. This letter she gives to Spotty, a half witted boy, to deliver, and while he is trying to open it through curiosity, is discovered by her father, who snatches it from him. As he cannot read he gets Ned Clayton to read it aloud. At that moment Ned sees Ruth entering the room, and by her earnest appeals reads the letter as if it stated that she would not leave her home. The old man takes Ruth in his arms, and the curtain falls. Here ends all interest in the play, for what follows is of too complicated a nature to carry the audience along with any degree of interest. Redburn proposes marriage to Fanny Danville, the daughter of a millionaire and former convict, but it is broken off by the appearance of a party by the name of Johnson, a former pal of Danville, who returns after serving out his imprisonment, and in revenge on Danville, who caused his arrest, exposes his former crime. This closes the second act. Danville then meets Johnson pretty drunk upon the pier, and throws him into the river. As Ned Clayton was a companion of Johnson, he was arrested for the murder and accused of it by Redburn, as he is still in love with Ruth, and is desirous of putting Ned out of the way. It happened, however, that Kate Garstone had made her way to the pier for the purpose of destroying herself and saw the whole affair, but just as she was making her statement to the officers, she falls dead before she can clear Ned. Clayton is lodged in prison, but through Ruth's bribing the keeper he escapes, but just as he is doing so, Redburn appears, who has a scuffle with Ned, the latter escaping out of the door, which is immediately guarded by Ruth. Redburn handles Ruth pretty roughly, but a number of detectives who have been in search of Redburn, enter and arrest him. The last act opens in Australia after a lapse of five years. Ruth and Clayton are married and living happily. As the act opens a letter is received by Ned, stating that Danville had died and confessed throwing Johnson overboard. Redburn then rushes into their hut clad in rags. He had escaped from prison and his pursuers are on his track. Ruth and Redburn at once recognize one another, and learning that Danville's confession had cleared Ned, he tries to snatch the letter of confession from Ruth, when Ned enters, but not in time to see the transaction. Redburn tells Ned that he is pursued by ruffians, and Ned gives him a revolver to protect himself, which he no sooner receives than he threatens to kill Ned for taking Ruth from him. Just as he is in the act of firing he is shot dead by a party in the rear, who turns out to be Johnson, who it appears was rescued from his watery grave and taken to Australia. This ends the piece. Although "Lancashire Lass" has some merits of dialogue and construction, very little pains have been taken to give it any elevation. The principal character, Redburn, is a stage villain, who hesitates at no deed of wickedness, committing crimes as purposeless as brutal: a character inconceivable in life or art. Mr. Danville is a rich merchant, who prides himself upon a spotless name, but who in reality is a convict. In addition to these are two women of no particular character, a rustic lover led to drink, a half witted lad, and a police detective, all of whom call to mind many well known sensational and melo dramas. It has been very well placed upon the stage at Wallacks' and carefully acted. The steamboat scene in the third act is a very effective one, while the drawing room of Mr. Danville in the second act and the Sheep Farm in the last act are excellent "sets." Mr. Fisher's Redburn and J. W. Wallack's The Party by the name of Johnson, are the best parts in the piece, and are acted exceedingly well.

TIM HAYES, cloggist, joins the San Francisco Minstrels this evening. With this exception, there is no perceptible change in the programme of the past week. The laughable afterpiece of "Barber Brown," which has kept the boards since the opening night of the season, continues one of the principal attractions offered.

"AFTER DARK," one of the latest London Sensations, is announced for production at the Old Bowery Theatre this evening. This is stealing a march on the managers of Niblo's [illegible], who have the same piece in active preparation.

"NO THOROUGHFARE" having been withdrawn [illegible] Broadway, Mr. Florence revives this evening [illegible] Leave Man."

KELLY AND LEON'S MINSTRELS produce this evening, after careful preparation, the burlesque [illegible] with the following cast:—Eurydice, [illegible] Kelly; Orpheus, W. H. Brockway; [illegible] Mercury, T. Kleps; John Styx, [illegible] Charles Foster; Mars, G. Kaufman; [illegible] Juno, M. Colwell; Venus, M. Alfred; [illegible] Diana, L. Mayer; Cupid, Master Alfred; [illegible] including demons, sprites, goblins, witches, [illegible] torch bearers, bell ringers, gong strikers and lightning calculators, by a large army of opera buffers. In addition to the burlesque other attractions will be offered, consisting of Leon's new Grecian Bend, and the first appearance on the ends of Harry Raynor and Harry Leslie, who will also appear in a double act, and Raynor with his Japanese fiddle.

THE NEW YORK CIRCUS is one of the places of amusement in this city that is doing a big business, the great political meetings about its very doors the past week making scarcely any falling off in the attendance. The spectacle of "The Chinese Festival" continues the afterpiece, and, will, no doubt, until the production of the fairy spectacle of "Cinderella," which is in active preparation. A host of little girls are at present being prepared by George Smith, the well-known *ballet* master, who has considerable experience in such matters.

JAMES TAYLOR, the London comique, continues at Apollo Hall, but, we are sorry to say, with only moderate success. Mr. Taylor was unfortunate in his selection of the present location for his entertainment. It is not the place for him, for it is too far up town. He is a true artist and deserves to be liberally patronized. This evening Alf. Burnett, one of the most amusing humorists of the day, joins issue with Mr. Taylor and makes up all manner of faces to his audiences.

"GENEVIEVE DE BRABANT" is crowding the French Theatre in every part, while every available spot is taken possession of by *standees*.

"HUMPTY DUMPTY" rules supreme at the Olympic Theatre, attracting and affording considerable amusement to crowded audiences every evening, as well as Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. The two hundred and sixteenth performance is announced for the 4th inst. The great success of this pantomime is attributable to several things. First, it has been placed on the stage as no other pantomime had been before. Not only is the cast a strong one in every particular, but each and every one appears to take a deep interest in its success. The *ballet* is one of the best ever seen in this city. And in addition to this the pantomime has been advertised equal if not more extensively than any production witnessed in this city for a long time. All these combined have made the success of "Humpty Dumpty."

ZOE, the 'Cuban Sylph," plays an engagement at the Broadway Theatre in January. She will produce Chandos Fulton's highly successful play of "Nita," written expressly for Zoe, and produced at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, the past week.

LOWELL AND SIMMONDS, dramatic agents of this city, continue to devote their attention to the wants of managers and professionals at their place of business, 609 Broadway, this city.

EDWIN FORREST is in the last week of his present engagement at Niblo's Garden, which has, so far, been one of the most successful, pecuniarily as well as artistically, that he has played in this city for some time. When last here at the Broadway he was supported by a bad stock company, while at Niblo's he has, with but one or two exceptions, had most excellent support. During the past week he appeared in "Jack Cade" and "Macbeth," and on each occasion the attendance was large. Mad. Ponisi, who has supported Mr. Forrest with considerable ability, is one of the most reliable actresses, as well as pleasing, on the American stage. This evening "Spartacus" will be given, followed on the 4th and 5th by "Metamora" and 6th, "Richard." Matilda Heron gives "Camille" on the 7th for the last time.

LYDIA THOMPSON'S BURLESQUE TROUPE continue to crowd Wood's Theatre every evening as well as on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. "Ixion," is found a sufficiently attractive vehicle to introduce the ladies in, consequently no change has been made since their initial appearance. This Monday afternoon "Cinderella" will be presented, and every afternoon except Wednesday and Saturday, for the especial benefit of the little folks. The Ellinger and Foote Combination, Com. Foote and Col. Small, have been added to the living curiosities.

AGNES SUTHERLAND appears at the Alhambra this evening in a selection of her most popular songs.

MRS. D. P. BOWERS opens an engagement at Niblo's Garden on the 9th inst.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE commences the twentieth week of the present season this evening. Mr. Lingard continues one of the principal attractions, also J. H. Hilton, the ventriloquist. The house is not only crowded every evening but on many occasions large numbers are turned away unable to obtain even standing room. Alice Dunning—Mrs. Lingard—sailed for England on Oct. [illegible], for the purpose of securing talent and novelties for this house. She will return in time for the holidays.

THREE ITALIAN VIOLINS, as well as banjo material, &c., may be purchased of John Sivori as per advertisement.

THE WORRELL SISTERS, having regained possession of their theatre, re-open it on the 4th inst. with Augustin Daly's play of 'Under the Gaslight.' During the past week the theatre has undergone a regular cleaning up and repairing, as the Lloyd management left it in a horrible condition. For cast of characters and full list of company see advertisement.

MR. GEO. FISHER, the popular Scotch comedian and character actor, has just arrived in this city from London.

THOMPSON AND RIGGS, dramatic agents, whose headquarters is at 189 Bowery, this city, have a number of advertisements in this issue of the CLIPPER to which the attention of professionals is directed. In addition to wanting twenty *danseuses* they have opportunities of filling positions for several parties.

DE CORDOVA commences a series of humorous lectures at Steinway Hall on the 9th instant.

"NEW YORK BEFORE AND AFTER DARK" is the title of a new local drama to be produced at Tony Pastor's Opera House this evening. The Coutellier Brothers, gymnasts, who appeared the past week, continue their engagement.

HERRMANN HENDRICHS, the German tragedian, continues at the Stadt Theatre.

MISS ANNIE DELAND will shortly retire from the stock company at Niblo's Garden and go on a starring tour, with a new piece, the exclusive right of playing which she has purchased. It is a three act domestic drama, written expressly for her by Henry B. Farnie, of Boston.

THE EUROPEAN CIRCUS is meeting with a goodly share of patronage at their present location, Broadway and Thirty-fourth street. Matinees are given every day at half-past 2 o'clock, as well as at 8 in the evening. In addition to the already large company, Herr Holton joins the forces and appears in his herculean feats of strength.

MAC EVOY'S HIBERNICON, which has been attracting crowded houses the past eight weeks at Pike's Music Hall, opens on the 4th inst., at Irving Hall, for a brief season.

Dramatic.

THEATRICAL AFFAIRS in Philadelphia were pretty lively during the past week, while public patronage was more equally distributed than is usually the case. The election excitement seems to have culminated with the October contest, for notwithstanding the past week was the closing one of the Presidential campaign, there were but two or three meetings, and but little enthusiasm was displayed on those occasions......The Worrell Sisters commenced the week with the "Grande Duchesse," and a large audience assembled at the Chestnut Street Theatre on their opening night; good audiences were also in attendance the balance of the week. The "Duchesse," however, was withdrawn on Friday evening, 30th ult., when, for the young ladies' benefit, "La Belle Helene" and "Nan, the Good for Nothing," were substituted, the house being well filled on the occasion. On the 31st the same bill was offered, Jennie's clog dancing in Nan "bringing down the house," and creating the liveliest enthusiasm. The operas were not great successes, in their English form, being curtailed of many of those indelicacies and much of that nastiness which gave Bateman's company a sort of reputation and monopoly in that line. It is remarkable that while some people will gloat over sensuality and dirt, when dished up by French artists, they will turn up their noses in holy horror when a double *entendre* is uttered in English, or immodest actions are translated into an American form. And so, to conform to this queer taste of the Philadelphia public, the Worrell Sisters have found it necessary to tone down their bouffe business, and leave much to one's imagination. Their engagement closes on November 7th, when they return to New York, to resume the control of the New York Theatre......Lotta closed her very successful engagement at the Arch Street Theatre on the 31st ult., her new drama of "Fire Fly" holding the boards the entire week. Although there was a slightly perceptible diminution in the attendance during her closing week, the houses were quite large, and the audiences very lavish of their applause of the charming little star. Lotta has become a great favorite with the Quaker citizens, and can always count on a profitable appearance in Philadelphia. This week is given up to Mrs. Drew and the stock company, who will appear in a new play called "He's Got Money." On November 9th, "A Lancashire Lass" will be presented for the first time in that city; but, alas, Mrs. Drew will not be permitted to go alone on this play, as Manager Sinn, of the Chestnut Street Theatre, announces that he has purchased the right to perform that new work, and will produce it on the same night that it is to be presented at the Arch; "A Lancashire Lass" being very impartial, and distributing her favors wherever requested. Both houses, no doubt, are making extra efforts to present the play in good style, leaving the public to decide the point of excellence. Mrs. Drew asserts that she purchased from Lester Wallack the *sole* right to produce the play in Philadelphia, while manager Sinn announces that *he* has obtained a copy direct from London, *through the author's agent*. From this it would appear that either the author or his agent has been guilty of "soming the double" over American managers. If the author, H. J. Byron, sold the exclusive right for America to Mr. Lester Wallack, then the author's agent is guilty of fraud in dispesing of a right to another manager in this country......Manager Fox, of the American Varieties, is one of the most pushing managers in the country, and is ever on the lookout for novelties for the entertainment of his patrons. Before one attraction or star has begun to flag, another is brought on the stage, and so it has been since the opening of the present season. The "Grand Duchess" and the "Double Can-Can," having made a great hit, will be left on the bills. This is announced as the last week of M'lle Augusta, *danseuse*. Vivian, the comic vocalist, joins the company this week, while Brown and Sanford, gymnasts, also put in an appearance......Mrs. D. P. Bowers is in town, recuperating after her late campaign in California. Such a fine actress should not be long idle during the height of the dramatic season......Mrs. Clara Fisher Maedar is giving instructions to young ladies desirous of fretting upon the public stage instead of by the domestic fireside......Daly's "Flash of Lightning" is shortly to be presented at the Arch, as well as Col. Fitzgerald's new play, "Wolves at Bay."......Mr. E. L. Davenport, having tried Shakespeare at the Walnut Street Theatre, which failed to draw, appeared in a new sensational play during the past week, entitled "F., or Branded." It is a disjointed sort of work, with some telling situations, and dramatic effects, but void of any literary merit. In fact, it is just the kind of play to suit the taste of the times, and the result has been that, while Shakespeare was played to small houses, "F. or Branded," has attracted, for a portion of the week, large audiences, who, by their liberal applause, testified to the gratification which had been afforded them by the new offering. It will be retained on the bills until further notice. "The Pilot" is in rehearsal, with E. L. Davenport in the *role* of Long Tom Coffin......Bateman threatens to make another raid on the staid city, but isn't it possible that the public have had sufficient of his troupe? He will open the term with "Barbe Bleue," on the 9th inst., at the Academy of Music, with Irma and Verdigris Aujac in the principal *roles*. The people have heard so much of Grau's new troupe that they would prefer to do without Bateman if Desclauses and "Genevieve de Brabant" could be substituted; but Grau and his stars are doing so well in New York that it will be some time before Philadelphia can behold them. Bateman's party have had their day; Tostee is growing stale. Desclauzas and Rose Bell are fresh, and can play a very profitable engagement, no doubt, in Philadelphia......The following is the cast of F. Maeder and T. B. McDonough's dramatization of Mrs. Braddon's story "Only a Clod," to be given for the first time at the Arch Street Theatre, on Monday evening, Nov. 2d, under the title of "He's Got Money:"—Maude Hillary, Mrs. John Drew; Francis Tredethlyn, Barton Hill; Segismund Shakespeare Smith, R. Craig; Ensign Harcourt Lowther, L. James; Roderick Lowther, A. Everly; Lionel Hillary, Esq., Mr. Wallis; Julia Desmond, Miss Lizzie Price; Susan Galton, Mrs. T. A. Creese.

G. A. HOUGH'S DRAMATIC COMPANY closed in Dubuque, Iowa, on Oct. 26th, and opened in Galena, Ill., Oct. 27, for five nights. The company consists of G. A. Hough, J. S. Murphy, A. O. Miller, J. W. Wilson, Abbie Sutter, Yankee Miller, H. A. Kendall, Geo. Burt, D. Townsend, C. H. Devlin, C. L. Hunter, H. Shafer, J. Edwards, J. E. Mervin, Master Barry, Mrs. A. O. Miller, Little Eliza Logan Burt, Mrs. D. E. Townsend, Agnes Burt, Mrs. R. J. Miller, Fannie Peak, Miss Burt and Emma Hastings.

"ROSEDALE" was performed in Toronto, C. W., on Oct. 26th, by the Holman Opera Troupe. A correspondent says:—"Allen Halford as Elliot Gray, G. H. Barton as Col. Cavendish May, Sallie Holman as Lady May, and Julia Holman as Rosa Leigh, sustained their different *roles* with ability, and were well supported by the other members of the company. It is on the bills for the rest of the week and until further notice."

NOT DOWN ON THE BILLS.—As the Townsend Family were performing at Barrie, Canada, on Oct. 28th, in their favorite play of the "Orphan of Geneva," the scene where the cottage is struck by lightning and set on fire was given so effectively that the fire brigade of the town, taking the alarm, turned out. Several of the members sprang on the stage, insisting upon "doing" the remainder of the play.

MADAM SCHELLER closed her engagement at the Helena Theatre Oct. 17, but was to appear for the farewell benefit of Mr. J. S. Langrishe [illegible] as Lucy, in "The Streets of New York." [illegible] she sang at a concert for the benefit of the Methodist Episcopal Church [illegible] appeared lately as Pauvrette, Pauline, Julie de Mortimer, Colleen Bawn, Violet, in the "Life of an Actress," and on her last night as Myrtillo, in "The Broken Sword," in which she demonstrated her claims as a clever pantomimist most successfully. On Oct. 15th she was tendered a complimentary benefit by the citizens, when she played Violet to the largest house ever assembled in Helena. The enthusiasm was great. Geo. Waldron played Grimaldi in a finished manner. Madam Scheller was to start on Oct. 20th for Salt Lake City, where she will commence another engagement soon...... Mr. Langrishe and troupe will play in Virginia City one week, and then march on to Denver.

J. W. LANERGAN, who, with a dramatic company, has been playing the past two weeks at the Opera House, Columbus, Ohio, was to go thence to Zanesville, Ohio, for one week.

T. CHARLES HOWARD started out with a "Grand Duchess" Company on October 19th, with Jennie Kimball as the Duchess, Moses Fiske as Gen. Boum, Scallan as Puck, and T. Charles Howard as Fritz. On October 22d and 23d they appeared at Bangor. On their opening night in Portland an accident occurred at the gas house, which prevented them from having any gas that night, causing the gas lights to go out just as the Duchess was making her appearance on the stage in the first act. The consequence was penny dips had to be called into requisition, besides two political torches and kerosene lamps.

O. W. BLAKE'S DRAMATIC COMPANY, consisting of W. R. Gray, J. L. Edwards, M. D. Lacy, H. Brent, O. W. Blake, H. Miller, Julia Blake, Alice Gray, Annie Williams and Minnie Taylor, are traveling through Michigan. Last week they were in Ann Arbor, and Mollie Williams was the star, supported by Felix A. Vincent.

GILBERT'S DRAMATIC COMPANY performed in Atlanta, Ga., the past week, appearing on Oct. 26th in "Under the Gaslight." The company consists of G. S. Gray, J. W. Fox, G. W. Harrison, Alfred Jones, J. M. Gilbert, J. P. Sutton, R. J. Reese, E. P. Wesson, J. V. Gilbert, William Locke, Mrs. Alice Harrison, Bettie Gray, Mrs. Cole, Annie Sutton, Jennie Gilbert and Katie Gilbert.

KATE RAYMOND AND O. B. COLLINS open in Charleston, S. C., in "Mazeppa," with Templeton's Company, on Nov. 9th.

THE NEW ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Marshall, Mich., handsomely fitted with stage, scenery, &c., is advertised to rent. For particulars see card elsewhere.

ROBERTS' OPERA HOUSE, Hartford, Conn., is eighty feet by forty and will be provided with all the modern contrivances for scenic effect. The room is surmounted by a dome twenty-seven feet in diameter, with a skylight, and the ceiling will be elaborately frescoed. There are two galleries, and the general arrangement is copied from Pike's Opera House at New York. The building will be ready for occupancy by the holidays, and a dramatic manager has leased it already for a six weeks' season.

MRS. ADDIE PROCTOR KUNKLE is said to have achieved a success at the Lexington (Ky.) Theatre, where she is now playing the leading female business. Her "Leah" and "East Lynne" are highly spoken of by the press in that vicinity, the local critics asserting that she is one of the most talented actresses that has appeared there since the days of Mrs. Drake. Business in that section is said to be quite flourishing.

MISS ADAMS advertises in another part of this week's issue for a situation with a dramatic company for the position of second chambermaids or respectable utility.

TEMPLETON'S COMPANY played "Romeo and Juliet" in Charleston, S. C., on Oct. 24th, with Alice Vane as Juliet. The company were in Augusta, Ga., the past week.

LAURA KEENE and company gave two entertainments at Ogdensburg, N. Y., Oct. 23d and 24th to full houses. They also played at Ottawa Oct. 26th, 27th and 28th.

THEATRICALS IN CHICAGO, ILL., are thus commented upon by our correspondent, "Loiterer," under date of Oct. 28th. He says:—"'Humpty Dumpty' has tumbled into the wildest favor, and the spacious Opera House can hardly hold the large audiences the pantomime attracts. At the *matinee* on Oct. 24th the funny people were greeted by the largest audience, in point of numbers, ever within the walls of Crosby's. It is running nicely, and Tony Denier is in high favor. His Policeman is received with shouts of applause. The fire scene, the opening of the pantomime, Goodrich's skating and Tony's police duty are the features. Mr. Sloan is a capital Pantaloon, and it is the wonder of all how he can stand so many bumps and tumbles. St. Ody, Pepita, Alexandrina, Ella Ellsler and M'lle Denier are well received in the *ballet*. A double Scotch fling by Alexandrina and St. Ody are specially pleasing. The last scene might be dispensed with, after what we have seen and may see nightly at McVicker's, where the 'Dream' has proved so pleasant that the public show no inclination to shake off the entrancement. McVicker, Annie Kemp and Fanny Stockton continue in as great favor as ever......At Col. Wood's Museum 'Foul Play' has been revived, and alternates this week with 'Long Strike.' The cast of 'Foul Play' has been changed and weakened. Mr. Frye, a careful and pleasing young actor, who made a hit as Hawkins, the detective, when Tom Holland became so suddenly indisposed, has been dropped, and F. L. Keller assumes the *role*, having formerly played Old Wardlaw. Mr. Frye took the part at short notice and made a hit and it is the only decent part he has been given since the opening. For Mr. Keller to take the part from a young man who had done so well and assume it himself, is certainly ill favored, and looks as if Mr. K. wanted all the popular parts himself. He makes the keen eyed, sharp scented detective a shuffling, whining old man—a class of characters Mr. K. ought to stick to. Harry Crisp plays Arthur Wardlaw commendably. Aiken appeared for the first time in six weeks, and was loudly applauded, leaving the impression that Frank *is* a great favorite. Mrs. Allen sustains the *role* of Helen in her accustomed good manner."

J. H. HACKETT opened an engagement at the Opera House, Pittsburgh, Pa., on Oct. 26th, in "Henry the Fourth." During the week he appeared in "Merry Wives of Windsor," "Rip Van Winkle," and "His Last Legs." Helen Western follows Mr. Hackett.

THE OPERA HOUSE, Norfolk, Va., closed on Oct. 24th, with a farewell benefit to C. B. Bishop.

PLUNKETT'S COMPANY appeared in La Crosse, Wis., on Oct. 28th, in "Hidden Hand," for the benefit of Mrs. C. Plunkett.

MAGGIE MITCHELL, supported by James W. Collier and a first class stock company, opened at the Opera House, Elmira, N. Y., on Oct. 26th, for a season of two nights, in "Fanchon" and "Lorle." Miss Mitchell was greeted with a $700 house on the first night, but the second dropped off some on account of the large political meeting held on that evening.

OPERATIC AND DRAMATIC traveling companies should bear in mind that the people outside of New York are just as capable of judging of the merits of performers and performances as those in it. Besides, it is best to leave a good impression behind, in case a second visit should be deemed necessary. Bateman manages to keep a portion of his opera bouffe troupe on the wing, dropping in at various places. Recently they performed in Louisville, Ky., but the management does not seem to have left a very clean record, if we may be permitted to judge from the following notice, which appeared in the *Louisville Journal* of the 26th ult.:—

"BAD ON BATEMAN.—During the stay of the opera bouffe, we spoke of its performances on their own merits. They were really very good, indeed. But the management of the company, we are sorry to say, did not leave behind it an impression so agreeable. It was confused and snaky. The ushers were not well drilled. People were knocked about helter-skelter for seats. The boys who sold the libretto repeatedly failed to return the proper change to purchasers. And the whole affair wound up on Saturday afternoon with a down-right swindle. The 'Grande Duchesse' was advertised. People went to see it, believing, of course, that Irma would appear as the Duchesse. She did not. Another did. Nor was this all. The piece was abominably cut and slopped over. The audience was disappointed, disgusted sold. Of such is the Bateman kingdom of opera bouffe."

A correspondent, in referring to this *matinee* performance, says:—"Mlle. Ducles is the artist (?) who was substituted in 'La Grande Duchesse.' Everybody went expecting to see and hear Irma; but the admission having been reduced to a dollar, the management, no doubt, thought Ducles good enough for an inexperienced *matinee* audience." If Irma was announced to appear on that occasion, or if the public had been led to believe that she would appear, it was the duty of Bateman to fulfil his obligation to the supporters of opera bouffe in Louisville.

ZOE opened an engagement at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, on Oct. 26th, in a new drama entitled "Nita, or Woman's Constancy;" which continues on the bills the current week.

J. HOLMES GROVER opened in Syracuse, N. Y., with a dramatic company under J. C. Myers' management, in his own play of "The Way of the Wicked." Mr. Grover personated six different characters, all of which were effectively given. For his benefit, on Oct. 29th, he repeated the same piece.

AN ELOPEMENT.—Frederick Roepenack, a German actor, and at one time stage manager of the Royal Theatre at Hanover, eloped from Detroit, Mich., one day last week, with the daughter of wealthy, respectable parents. He went to Detroit some weeks since and assumed the management of the Stadt Theatre there, and sold numbers of season tickets, for which he has never accounted to the proprietor. He also contracted numbers of debts and borrowed all the money he could from his friends, no suspicion of anything wrong being excited in the mind of any one, as his integrity was unquestioned. He has in Chicago a wife and six children, and is about 50 years of age, beside being very unprepossessing in his personal appearance. The lady is Miss Fecht, daughter of Eugene Fecht, a member of the bar and formerly one of the Justices of the Peace. She has been well educated, and was an ornament to the social circle in which she moved. Unfortunately she had a strong taste for the stage and has often appeared behind the footlights, through which means she became acquainted with this Roepenack, who was the last man that anyone would suspect of winning the affection of a young girl; but the freaks of Cupid are inscrutable, and he saw her but to ruin her, to desolate two families, and to cover his own name with obloquy, and his character with disgrace.

D. MACKENZIE took a benefit at Salt Lake City, on Oct. 20th, when he appeared as Admiral Franklin in "Sweethearts and Wives." John C. Orem gave a performance with the Indian Clubs.

TROUBLE IN THE CAMP.—Mons. Boldy, the *maitre de ballet* who was engaged at the American Theatre, Philadelphia, for one year, withdrew from the establishment before his time had expired, in consequence of some private difficulty with Mr. Fox. On Oct. 12th Mr. Fox caused a warrant to be issued for the arrest of Mr. Boldy, charging him with stealing some portion of the wardrobe. The case was heard before Alderman Harley, when he was discharged. Boldy then caused the arrest of Manager Fox, charging him with purjury and defamation of character. A hearing took place before Alderman Dougherty on Oct. 21st, when Fox was held in $1,000 bail to answer. Mr. Fox then caused the arrest of Robert Butler, the pantomimist, who had also withdrawn from the establishment. It appears that Mr. Butler paid his admission to the theatre on one evening, and it is stated that he was noisy and disturbing the audience with excessive laughter and applause. Mr. Fox had him arrested for disorderly conduct, and at a hearing before Alderman Dougherty he was held in $600 bail.

LEO HUDSON opened the second week of her engagement in Omaha, Oct. 26th, when "Rookwood" was given for the third time. Our correspondent says:—"The lady's engagement has amounted to a positive sensation. In 'Rookwood' Miss Hudson has been supported by Nobles, as Luke Bradley; Irwin, as Peter; Mrs. German, as Sybil; Miss Price, as Eleanor; Miss White, as Mrs. Mowbray; Mrs. De Bar as Barbara, and Ashton as Tom King. The entire company seemed to exert themselves to make the piece a success. Messrs. Jordan and Harris, as Dr. Coats and Titus, with a genuine donkey in pursuit of Turpin, were marked features of the performance. With only a desire to do the lady an act of friendship, I would venture a word of advice to the *soubrette* of the company. Her province as a *comedienne*, is if possible to make her audience laugh by natural acting and refined humor; but unwarrantable liberties with her audience, and constantly laughing at herself, on the stage, is neither funny or entertaining. The lady has many good qualties, or we should not take this pains to mention her bad ones."

F. S. CHANFRAU commenced the second week of his engagement at the National Theatre, Washington, on Oct. 26th, appearing in the new comedy, written for him by DeWalden, entitled "Joe." Our correspondent "Loiterer" says:—"The performance passed off splendidly and the comedy pronounced a success. Mr. Chanfrau enacted the four characters, Woodburn, Jr., Sparks, Old Isaacs and Shawckenheimmer, in his usual manner and was the recipient of a liberal share of applause. The Creeper Flaw of Wm. Davidge was a capital performance, and Francis Foster, as well as G. A. Parkhurst, deserves mention. The performance concluded with the laughable farce 'Stage Struck', in which E. Lamb appeared as Tom Tape and Mrs. Claude Hamilton as Sally Scraggs. During the evening, the orchestra, under the *baton* of Mr. Rosenberg, performed a new Quickstep arranged from the music of 'Good bye Sweetheart.' 'Joe' and the 'Widow's Victim' with Mr. Chanfrau in his imitations of Burton, Booth, Keane and Forrest, formed the bill on the next evening. On Oct. 29th, Tom Taylor's 'Ticket of Leave Man' was presented, with Chanfrau as Brierly; Hamilton as Hawkshaw; Myron as Dalton; Davidge as Moss; Mrs. Hamilton as Sam; Lamb as Green Jones; Parkhurst as Gibson; Mrs. Meek as May Edwards and Susie Schenck (her first appearance here) as Emily St. Evremond. This evening, (Oct. 30th,) for the second and last benefit of Mr. Chanfrau, three pieces are announced:—'A Glance at New York', with Mr. C. in the character of Mose, the 'Widow's Victim' and the 'Golden Farmer,' Mr. Chanfrau not appearing in the last. On Nov. 2d, we are promised a dramitization of the French play 'L'Abime,' taken from Charles Dickens' story, 'No Thoroughfare,' [illegible] and Reade's drama, 'Foul Play', enjoyed its first production in this city at Wall's Opera House on the evening of Oct. 24th. [illegible] appeared in his original quadruple impersonation of the minister, the convict, the missionary and the detective, and was received with marked favor. P. A. Anderson enacted the *role* of Joe Wylie and was decidedly good. Louise Hawthorne as Helen Rolleston came up to the expectations of the public. Miss H. was cordially received; she acted naturally in the character assumed. The rest of the characters were well sustained by Messrs. F. L. Wise, Walter Benn, H. R. Franklin, Frank Rea, H. C. Curley, A. S. Lawrence and Mrs. F. Rea. The piece was placed upon the stage in a style that commanded warm approbation and encouragement. The houses have been very crowded. 'Foul Play' *matinees*, at popular prices, are given on Saturday."

"UNDER THE GASLIGHT" has been successfully produced at the Galveston, Texas, Theatre. A correspondent says: "It has been placed upon the stage in excellent style, especially the railroad scene. R. D'Orsay Ogden as Snorkey, J. G. Beckett as Ray Trafford, E. A. Eberle as Byke, and Sam Ryan as Bermudas were well played. Miss Nellie Johnson as Laura Courtland is better than usual; this lady appears to be becoming quite a favorite here. Miss Maud St. Leon as Pearl Cortland does very nicely; Mrs. E. A. Eberle as Judas is a true representation of the crime stained women of the great metropolis; Miss Maggie Desmond as Peach Blossom gives a fine performance; Miss Ella Wesner as Sambo is very good and her songs are nightly *encored*; Mrs. C. H. Thompson as Mrs. Van Dam does very nicely; Mrs. S. E. Ryan plays the part of Peanuts and sings very well. At the *matinee* on Oct. 25th was given the 'Knight of Arva' and 'Mr. and Mrs. Peter White' to a full house."

ACTORS ORDER OF FRIENDSHIP.—The officers for the ensuing year have been elected, and members are requested to send their addresses to the secretary, as per advertisement in another column.

THE SEASON commences at Wall's Opera House, Washington, D. C., on the 30th inst. Stars wishing to appear there should address Humphrey Bland, as per advertisement.

EFFECTIVE CUTS for "Lancashire Lass" and "After Dark"—the two latest London sensations—for three sheet posters, inside bills and programmes, have been gotten up by the Ledger Job Printing Office, Philadelphia, and are offered to managers who intend producing these pieces. For particulars see advertisements elsewhere.

CARNER AND WOODWARD'S "Humpty Dumpty" Company performed in Binghamton, N. Y., on Oct. 26th, 27th, and 28th.

THE MOBILE, ALA., THEATRE, says our correspondent, "Guy," writing under date of Oct. 27th, "has done a slim business the past week. On the 20th 'Richelieu' was produced; 21st, 'Hamlet;' 22d, 'Merchant of Venice;' 23d, 'Hunchback;' 24th, 'Richelieu,' and on the 26th, 'Nobody's Daughter,' which was put on under the supervision of Geo. Herbert in a creditable manner. The gambling scene was good, while the Westminster Bridge scene was very fine. Walter Grisdale as Joyce Harker and Larkspur; Geo. Pardy as Dennis Wayman; and W. R. Hayden as Black Milsom, were well up in their parts, while J. J. Wallace, as Victor Carrington, was perfect as a polished villain, both in make up and action; Miss Caroline Carson as Lady Eversleigh and M'lle Drewer, was in some passages fair. Mrs. Chas. Henrie, as Jane Payland, was pleasing."

STARS AND STOCK TALENT in the operatic and dramatic profession, also pantomimists, will be liberally treated with for engagements in the South by John Templeton, whose card is inserted in another column.

FRANK AND RUSSELL'S DRAMATIC COMPANY closed in Kansas City on Oct. 23d.

E. S. SULLIVAN & CO., Boston, Mass., who advertise in another column, are prepared to furnish the theatrical and minstrel profession with costumes, properties and music. They also act as agents.

HARRY ROBINSON, the musical genius, continues to advertise that he will be at liberty to engage for two or four weeks after the 7th inst.

MRS. LANDER appeared in her impersonation of "Mary Stuart" before a large audience in Lowell, Mass., on Oct. 28th.

THE BRYANTS' MINSTRELS produce this evening the operatic burlesque of "La Sonnambula." In consequence of the great excitement going on at Tammany Hall, several evenings the past week, as well as in the streets in front of their hall, business was only fair with this company. As soon as the political fever moderates business will no doubt come up to its usual standard.

FANNY B. PRICE was the attraction at the Griswold Opera House, Troy, N. Y., the past week. She opened on Oct. 27th, in "Leah," and during the week appeared in "The Heart of the World," "Nobody's Daughter," "Foul Play" and "Madelaine." Our correspondent, "Mose," says:—"Miss Price failed to draw one good house during her stay with the exception of her benefit night (Friday), on which occasion 'Foul Play' was produced, for the first time in this city, to a house about two-thirds full. The piece was poorly put on the stage. Miss Price appeared as Helen Rolleston, John Davis, as Rev. Mr. Penfold, and afterwards as James Seaton, J. P. Delmer as John Hazel, E. Mackay as Gen. Rolleston, N. S. Leslie as John Wardlaw, T. J. Herndon as Arthur Wardlaw, T. A. Dow as Capt. Hudson, W. F. Owen as John Wylie, Imogene Tracy as Nancy Rouse, and Mrs. T. J. Herndon as Sarah Wilson. Miss Price did well. John Davis, as Penfold, was admirable. J. P. Delmer as Hazel was, as usual, letter perfect. E. Mackay gave a good embodiment of the rough tar. Imogene Tracy, as Nancy Rouse, and Mrs. T. J. Herndon as Sarah Wilson, were excellent. Charles Barron is the next star, opening Nov. 2d."

THE NEW NASHVILLE THEATRE, under the management of Andy Flynn, closed after a season of one week, but re-opened on Oct. 27th under the management of Bowles, Golden & Co. An old correspondent says:—"The people of Nashville want a *good* stock company and *good* stars in *good* pieces under a *good* management before a theatre will be given good support by our play-goers, and it is hoped by the sample given on the opening night, that this object has been accomplished at last by the present lessees. The stock comprises well known members of the profession, who will no doubt become favorites. The season opened with 'Jocrisse, the Juggler' and 'Andy Blake,' with Miss Nellie Germon and Mr. Robert Johnson in the leading parts. The part of the mountebank, by Johnson, was performed in a manner which left nothing to be desired in its personification, and Miss Germon as Andy Blake brought down the house and proved to be as excellent a *soubrette* as any management may desire to engage for a stock company. The scenery and other appointments were gotten up with care and precision, which feature was appreciated by the large audience. The bill for to-night (Oct. 28th) is 'Little Polly' and 'Spectre Bridegroom.' It is promised that stars will follow in rapid succession."

THE LEFFINGWELL COMBINATION, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Leffingwell and Blanche Chapman, were the attractions the past week at the Academy of Music, Indianapolis, Ind.

BATEMAN'S BOUFFE OPERA COMPANY opened at the National Theatre, Cincinnati, on Oct. 26th in "Barbe Bleue," which was repeated every evening until Oct. 30th, when the "Grand Duchess" was put upon the boards. While their stage was occupied by the Bateman troupe the National company, with Marietta Ravel as the star, played in Covington, Ky., opening on Oct. 27th in the "French Spy." On Oct. 28th Marietta's music and wardrobe were stolen while being carried across the river, and she was unable to appear, the audience being dismissed. The "Broken Sword" was given on Oct. 29th. There was no performance Oct. 30th. On Oct. 31st the play was "Masaniello," Marietta being supported in the principal male role by M. V. Lingham, stage manager of the National...... Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati, under the joint management of John Allen and Geo. W. Zebold, is to open on Nov. 2 with some spectacular piece—either "Undine" or "Cinderella."

MISS FANNY B. PRICE closed her engagement at Griswold's Opera House, Troy, N. Y., Oct. 31st. She will produce "Foul Play" at De Bar's Opera House, St. Louis, on Nov. 9th, and opens at the National Theatre, Cincinnati, on the 16th.

VIOLET CAMPBELL, who has been performing at the Theatre Royal, Montreal, the past four weeks, with success, can be engaged for long or brief engagements, as will be seen by an advertisement elsewhere.

EDWIN ADAMS was the star the past week at the Theatre Royal, Montreal. He opened Oct. 24th in "Hamlet," and appeared during his engagement in "Macbeth," "Wild Oats," "Richard," "Marble Heart," and repeated "Hamlet" on Oct. 29th.

A. O. MILLER'S DRAMATIC COMPANY appeared in Galena, Ill., on Oct. 29th, in the "White Fawn."

B. F. WHITMAN'S SPECTACULAR TROUPE opened in Columbus, Ohio, in "Undine" on Oct. 28th.

J. H. HACKETT appears at the Academy of Music, Cleveland, Ohio, on Nov. 4th, 5th and 6th.

"THE SIEGE OF VICKSBURG" was withdrawn from the boards of the Metropolitan, Indianapolis, Ind., on Oct. 27th.

A LOT OF SCENERY, well adapted for a traveling company, is advertised for sale, as will be seen by a card elsewhere.

FRANK LOWELL'S DRAMATIC COMBINATION opened in Manistee, Mich., on Oct. 26th, and closed there on Nov. 2d. They were to go thence to Grand Haven on Nov. 3d, for three nights, and Grand Rapids 6th for four nights, where they reorganize and open in Lansing on the 15th in the "Naiad Queen." A. Balfour, D. D. Squiers, Fred Smith, A. Holston, J. Barry, Velma Reynolds, Carrie Riggs, Mrs. Turner, Mollie Reynolds and Nellie Powers are at present in the company.

MANAGER JNO. S. LANGRISHE had a farewell benefit at the Helena Theatre on Oct. 19th. He produced "The Streets of New York," and Madam Scheller volunteered for the occasion as Lucy Fairweather.

THEATRICALS AT SEA.—The Virginia *Free Press* has the subjoined:—"We have seen a letter from G. R. Caine, formerly of the Silver Star Dramatic Troupe, in this city. He writes under date Shanghae, August 12th, and depicts a rough experience since starting with Amy Stone for a tour of all the leading towns on this coast. From Victoria the company took passage on a sailing vessel, and were some sixty days at sea. Then they fell into a Chinese typhoon or tornado, and were shipwrecked on an island. The Chinese pirates stripped them to the skin. A steamer rescued them and put them on land. They were playing with a fair success—expecting to do well in the fall, when the weather would be cooler. They intend going to Japan."

MISS ADAMS took a farewell benefit at the Salt Lake Theatre on Oct. 17th. The dress circle, where the Gentiles assemble, was crowded. The Mormon portion of the house presented a shy aspect.

THEATRICALS in St. Louis, Mo., are reported to have been very good the past week. A correspondent says:—"De Bar has had the best houses on account of the Maretzek Opera Troupe. On Oct. 25th, 'Der Freischutz was given in German. On the 26th 'Sicilian Vespers,' 27th 'Robert Le Diable,' 28th 'Crispino E la Comare,' and 29th, 'Fra Diavolo.' On the 30th was promised 'Don Giovanni,' 31st 'Star of the North' and Nov. 1st 'Fidelio' will be repeated by request......At the Olympic, 'Our Mutual Friend' was produced on Oct. 26th and 27th, with John Albaugh as Rokesmith; Mary Mitchell as Bella Wilfer; Duncan, Noddy Boffin; Davenport as Wrayburn; Sheldon, Silas Wegg; H. S. Duffield as Mr. Venus, Bilby as R. W., and Fanny Stocqueler Miss Lavinia. The piece was well put on. Duffield as Venus was very fine, as also Albaugh, Mary Mitchell, Duncan and Miss Stocqueler. On Oct. 28th 'Octoroon' was placed on the boards, with Mary Mitchell as Zoe, Albaugh as Wah-No-Tee; Frank Evans, Geo. Peytor, and Sheldon Salem Scudder. Maggie Mitchell opens on Nov. 3d."

N. C. FORRESTER opens with his company at the Opera House, Elmira, N. Y. for a short season, on Nov. 5th, in "East Lynne."

F. S. CHANFRAU will appear at Providence, Nov. 6th and 7th; Hartford, 9th and 10th; New Haven, 11th and 12th, in his specialties of Sam and Joe, under Lowell and Simmonds' management.

LILLIE ELDRIDGE can be engaged for singing *soubrettes*, juvenile, burlesques and boys' parts for the winter season. Her address will be found elsewhere. Mrs. Eldridge can be secured for first old woman, eccentric and character business.

ANNIE SEFTON'S DRAMATIC COMPANY opens at the Opera House, Pleasantville, Pa., on Nov. 16th. The manageress is in want of a star to play "French Spy," "Fanchon," and other pieces, for twelve nights, also a heavy woman. See advertisement.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Pittsburgh, Pa., is advertised to rent for first class musical and dramatic entertainments.

MLLE. DIANI, *premiere danseuse*, advertises in another column that she will be at liberty to engage after the 15th inst.

MRS. F. W. LANDER appears in Brooklyn on November 5th and 6th.

HUMPHREY BLAND and J. LEWIS BAKER have taken Wall's Opera House, Washington, D. C., for a season.

LOTTA opens at the Holiday, Baltimore, on Nov. 2d in her specialty of the "Pet of the Petticoats" and "Family Quarrels," and will be sustained by the regular company of that theatre, who return after a tour of four weeks in Virginia.

THE RICHINGS OPERA TROUPE closed a successful engagement of two weeks at the Concordia Opera House, Baltimore, on Oct. 31st. "Martha" was given on the 26th, when Mrs. E. Seguin, who had been indisposed, put in an appearance as Nancy, and was greeted with a most enthusiastic welcome. Our correspondent says:—"She performed her part in her usual brilliant and captivating manner. 'Fra Diavolo' was repeated, with Mrs. Seguin, Miss Abell and Messrs. Campbell and Castle in the principal cast. Miss Abell—a new acquisition—has made a favorable impression here, and with a little more experience will make a pleasing actress."

"LOVE'S ORDEAL," by Edmund Falconer, was produced at the Boston Theatre on Oct. 29th for the first time on any stage, under the supervision of Edwin Booth, for whom the play was especially written. Our correspondent says:—"It is in five acts, which are at least two acts too many for the amount of business done. The two first acts drag, and had not the great tragedian Booth [illegible] piece was played on the 29th and 30th, and will be the entertainment for the *matinee* on the 31st. Mr. Booth's engagement closes on October 31st, when he plays 'Richard III.' Thus closes the most successful engagement that Edwin Booth ever played here......Mrs. J. B. Booth is up for a 'ben' at the Boston Theatre on Nov. 2d, when she plays Desdemona to Edwin Booth's 'Othello' and J. B. Booth's 'Iago.' On Nov. 3d, Janauschek plays Lady Macbeth to Booth's 'Macbeth.'"

MAX MARETZEK'S GERMAN AND ITALIAN OPERA TROUPES open for a season of two weeks at Mozart Hall, Cincinnati, on Nov. 4th, in "Il Trovatore," followed for the other evenings of the week by "Faust," "Barber of Seville," "Ernani" and Beethoven's "Fidelio." In the opening piece Miss States, Mad. Cellini and Brignoli are billed to appear.

AT THE OPERA HOUSE, Dayton, Ohio, the past week, the military allegory entitled "The Drummer Boy of Shiloh" was performed, and was to have been continued this week. The exhibitions have been under grand army auspices for the benefit of soldiers' widows and orphans.

THE BOSTON MUSEUM produced the "Surf" on Oct. 26th, and it attracted crowded houses through the week. The beach scene is said to be magnificently worked up and the company make the most of what little they have to do. The play like most American plays draws heavier upon the artist and machinist than upon the genius of the company.

BATEMAN AND HIS BUFFERS appear at Music Hall, New Haven, Conn., Nov. 6th and 7th, on the same stage lately graced by Bob Brettle and his buffers. Opera and uproar must both have their representatives.

SELWYN has been playing the "Hunchback" and other standard pieces the past week at his Boston Theatre, to fair business. On Nov. 2d he produces the extravaganza "The Field of the Cloth of Gold," with Eva Brent in the cast, also several of the pretty ladies of the company.

J. HOLMES GROVER has made a hit in Syracuse, N. Y., under J. C. Myer's management. His new four act play "The Way of the Wicked" has been nightly received during his engagement with applause by large and enthusiastic audiences.

HELEN WESTERN'S wardrobe having been delayed until Oct. 29th, the stock company of the Academy, Cleveland, occupied the boards for the first three nights, producing "Under the Gaslight," "Rosedale," and "Peep O' Day" to good houses. On the 29th Helen Western made her appearance as "Cynthia," and was well received; on the 30th "Actress of Padua" and "Pet of the Petticoats;" and on the 31st "French Spy" and "Jenny Lind." "Foul Play" is underlined for early production.

EDWIN ADAMS opens in Syracuse, N. Y., this week in the "Heretic."

YANKEE LOCKE, who broke his jaw by falling down stairs in Gloucester, was removed from the Webster House, Gloucester, on Oct. 28th, and taken to his residence in Dracut, near Lowell, where he now lies in a painful, though not dangerous condition. His many friends will be pleased to learn that great hopes are entertained of his speedy recovery.

EMMA MADDERN opened at the Academy of Music, Buffalo, N. Y., on Oct. 26th, as Capitola in "Hidden Hand" to a crowded house. She appeared on the 27th as Fanchon, followed on the 28th with a dramatization of "Under two Flags," called "Cigarette," which was repeated for her benefit on the 30th, and for the 31st. Her engagement was a successful one.

FANNY JANNAUSCHEK appears at St. James' Hall, Buffalo, N. Y., on Nov. 9th, 10th and 11th.

C. W. COULDOCK and daughter continue the stars at the Louisville (Ky.), Theatre.

THE BATES company, less Daniels and Fanny Young, have resumed performances at Oro Fine Theatre, Oregon. The "Iron Chest" and the "Day After the Wedding," were presented October 9.

WILLIE EDOUIN, Sue Robinson Getzler, Tony Ward and others are performing at the Carson Theatre, Nevada.

PAREPA ROSA, assisted by Brookhouse Bowler, Sig. Ferranti and Carl Rosa, appeared in Virginia City, Oct. 26.

CALIFORNIA THEATRICALS.—We have advices from the Pacific Slope up to Oct. 17th, by the overland route. At the Alhambra the opera bouffe of "Barbe Bleue" was presented on Oct. 12th, the cast including Emma Howson as Boulotte, Clelia Howson as Princess Hermia, Olivia Rand as Queen Clementine, Nordblom as Blue Beard, John Howson as Popolani, De Angelis as King Bobeche, Bree as Prince Saphir, and Coes as Count Oscar. ......The Opera House produced the "People's Lawyer," on Oct. 12th; also "Married Life." J. A. Herne was announced to appear as Solon Shingle, a character "played by him in nearly all the cities in the United States with unbounded success." The "Colleen Bawn" was given on Oct. 17th, with Minnie Walton as Eily, and J. Herne as Myles....... The gross receipts—in currency—of the places of amusements in San Francisco, for the month of September, were as follows:—California Theatre (including subscription), $30,659; Alhambra, $14,938; Maguire's Opera House, $13,561; Olympic, $8,858; Metropolitan Anatomical Museum, $1,523......The new season at the Metropolitan, under the management and lesseeship of Charles Poole, will be inaugurated about the middle of November. The Lyster English and Italian Opera Troupe, now on their way from Australia, will be the opening attraction......Charles Wheatleigh has the right of producing "Under the Gaslight" on the Pacific Coast......The new Bush Street Theatre, of which Messrs. Barrett and McCullough are lessees, is rapidly assuming definite proportions. All the walls are up the second story, and the first and second floor timbers are already laid. The rear wall and the dividing wall running between the theatre proper and the front stores, are completed, and a correct idea may be formed of the size of the auditorium and stage, the latter of which will be, without exception, the most capacious and best arranged on the Pacific Coast. The grand entrance columns, facing the porch leading into the vestibule, are in place. They are of iron, fluted with richly ornamented caps, of imposing height and massive size......It is rumored that Charles Wheatleigh has made, or is about making, an engagement to appear at the Opera House.

Circuses.

JOHN ROBINSON'S CIRCUS AND MENAGERIE is traveling through the Southern country, doing, we are informed, a good business. A correspondent, writing from Sumter, S. C., on Oct. 26th, says:—"At Lynchburg the company played to the largest houses ever congregated under a pavilion there, and at each exhibition was compelled to close and shut out the anxious faces of hundreds who desired to see the show. And this, too, one week after Bryan's Circus and Menagerie, he charging 50 cents admission, and Jno. Robinson 75. On the route from Danville to Charlotte the march has been little less than an ovation, the crowning success of the 'veteran's' life—with Maginley and Carroll a few days ahead, and Stone and Murray one week behind. Franconi, with his dancing horses, joined the company at Lynchburg, and was well received. Pete Conklin is expected

to 'sherry' in an appearance soon. The company perform in Charleston, S. C., November 29th, 30th and 31st, and proceed thence by rail to Wilmington for Nov. 2d and 3d; Whiteoliver, 4th; Marion, 5th; Florence, S. C., 6th; Cheraw, 7th; Sumter, 9th; Camden, 10th; reaching Augusta for two days at an early day. 'Mama John,' as you facetiously call him, dear CLIPPER, is on the war trail with his big show, and depend upon it he will make money where others do not in this locality."

BRYAN'S MENAGERIE AND CIRCUS has been perambulating through the South. A correspondent writes us that "for the past two weeks the company have been on the eastern shore of Maryland, and business has been very bad. The boys are all worn out, and the chilly winds whistling around the canvas gives everything a gloomy appearance. The company intend running into Philadelphia and opening on the skating part, corner 15th and Wallace streets, on Nov. 2d. Pete Conklin leaves the show on Oct. 24th, and joins John Robinson at Charleston, S. C., on the first of November. The route of the Bryan show is as follows:—Berlin, Oct. 24th; Georgetown, 26th; Milford, 27th; Dover, 28th; Smyrna, 29th; Delaware City, 30th; Wilmington, 31st; thus terminating the traveling season. The concert connected with the concern is a good one, and has been under the supervision of N. B. Skinner and a corps of talented artists; it has rendered entire satisfaction throughout. Mr. Skinner opens in Detroit Nov. 7th, at Welch's Theatre Comique, his old stamping ground."

GERARDI'S CIRCUS, after an extended tour through the mountain towns of California, returned to San Francisco and opened in the building lately used by the State Fair, where they played to a good business. The concern was in Nevada on Oct. 17th. It is Mr. Chiarini's intention to remain in California for the winter. Mr. Chiarini's stud of horses is pronounced among the finest in the business. Laula Rouse does a manage act. Among the leading attractions of the Company is a real Indian, who does an Indian act of equestrianism; the dwarf Torex, who does a principal act of horsemanship; Rose and Carlo are well known as excellent acrobats and gymnasts. Fanny Brown, well known in the dramatic world, is with this show riding a double act of horsemanship with Mr. Rose. James Cooke is the clown. Teodora and Belen Cuba, the two Ethiopian pupils of Chiarini, Teodora and Belen Cuba, the two Ethiopian pupils of Chiarini, have met with much favor in "Frisco" by their riding. Catalina does a manage act on the thoroughbred Arabian steed—the only one of his race in America—from the stables of Maximilian One, the late Emperor of Mexico. Mr. Chiarini is said to give a good show and has been meeting with considerable success throughout California.

JULIAN H. KENT, clown, is advertised for. Any one knowing his whereabouts will address his wife as per advertisement, and thereby confer a favor.

"DAN RICE'S SHOW," so-called, has been worrying out the past week on the lot corner of Fifteenth street and Coates, Philadelphia, but it was like the play of "Hamlet" with the principal character omitted, for Dan Rice not only failed to appear, but notified the public in a card that he was no longer connected with the concern, and that his name was being used without his permission. Dan seems to have had a great deal of trouble with the proprietors of the concern ever since it started west, and we presume that when the "People's Choice for President" appears in public again, it will be under his own management. We do not think Dan has been treated right this season, and we are glad to find that he has had the nerve on more than one occasion to place the shortcomings of the show to the discredit of the proprietors.

AMES' CIRCUS opens in New Orleans on November 5th, for four weeks.

BRYANT'S GREAT ANIMAL SHOW AND CIRCUS occupy the Skating Rink at Fifteenth and Wallace streets, Philadelphia, all this week. The collection of animals is large, affording young as well as old a fine opportunity for the study of animated nature.

CIRCUS MEN ROBBED.—C. B. Bristle and three other members of the saw-dust fraternity have been staying in Cincinnati, at the Galt House, for some time. Late on the night of Oct. 27th, one of the party went to their room long after the three others had gone to bed, and, upon retiring himself, forgot to secure the door. About 4 o'clock in the morning Mr. Bristle heard the door creak violently, and, jumping out of bed, found his clothes scattered promiscuously over the floor. Suspecting that a thief had been in the room, his first movement was to examine the pockets of his vest, in which he had put two valuable diamond rings the night before. He found that both were gone. A further examination showed that a valuable diamond cluster pin, worth about $1,200, had been torn from the bosom of his shirt. An alarm was instantly given, and all possible efforts were made to find the thief. The house was searched from garret to cellar, but nobody found to whom the least suspicion could be attached. The two rings were valued at $300 each, making Mr. Bristle's loss $1,800. Nobody in the room save Mr. Bristle had any valuable jewelry laying around loose, so he has scarcely any one to sympathise with him in his misfortune. The pockets of all the garments in the room were, of course, thoroughly searched, but a very small sum of money was extracted from them.

SIGNOR FARANTA intends making a tour of the south with Dan Castello's Circus this winter.

BAILEY'S CIRCUS remains on Lindell's Lot, St. Louis, giving exhibitions to good houses. They go into winter quarters as soon as they close there.

DAN CASTELLO'S CIRCUS AND MENAGERIE travels South this winter. Among its attractions are James Cooke and wife, Mad. De Berg, Sig. Sebastian, a lot of camels and Bailey's Golden Chariot.

JOHN SAUNDERS, the "Jumpist" of Lee and Ryland's Circus, was corralled at Albany, Oregon, lately, for breaking in a hotel door which had been closed before his time for going to bed. He pungled forty dollars and continued on his travels.

CHIARINI'S CIRCUS was in Dutch Flat, Cal., Oct. 15th, Nevada City, 16th and 17th, and Grass Valley, Oct. 19th and 20th.

Music Halls.

THE PRINCIPAL attractions offered at the Varieties, Pittsburgh, Pa., the past week, were Millie Tournour, the female gymnast, Clark Gibbs, Harry Robinson and Billy Hart.

THE VARIETIES, Norfolk, Va., under the management of C. Tooker, is reported to be doing a good business. Charley Kane is stage manager. Alf Miles and Sam Gregory are on the ends in the minstrel show, while Georgie May, Emma Marsh and Fannie May appear in the olio business. Kate Clare and Christie Morell are underlined for an early appearance.

JOHNNY REED is acting manager at the Olympic, Norfolk, Va., and appears on the tambourine end, with Sam Williams as brudder bones; George Merton as interlocuter and banjoist. The company also consists of Gus Howard, the Florence Sisters, Charlie Solomon and Mike Sullivan. Hen Mason, who seceded from the Varieties on Oct. 26th, opened here on the 29th. Millie Smith, song and dance lady, was to open on Nov. 3d.

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Leavenworth, Kansas, business is said to be pretty good. A correspondent says:—"The manager is trying hard to make it a permanent place. He has a good company. Elise's dancing takes well, and her *pas de deux* with Sanford receives an *encore*. Maggie Willett has hit the Leavenworth people hard and is a great favorite. Her comic songs and acts are all new and please. Scott has done Capt. Jinks every night for three weeks, while John Denier's gymnastics and monkey 'bis' please highly. They did a trick pantomime Oct. 28th, that was one of the first ever done here. .....The Olympic Varieties is not doing much. Ben Brown was discharged on Oct. 22d for writing a very dirty personal programme in regard to the Theatre Comique, and the managers, Messrs. Smith & Preston, made an apology to Mr. Scott for it and discharged Mr. Brown.....The Clair Sisters are in town idle, and Mr. C. Richards is here; also Mr. McCarty and his wife, Carrie Chapman."

S. S. SANFORD closed with his company at the Opera House, Pleasantville, Pa. on Oct. 27th, with a benefit to Julia Sanford. The company, consisting of Julia Sanford, Louis Birch, Dave Wilson, Geo. Edwards, Master Johnny and S. S. Sanford, appeared at Rouseville on Oct. 28, Petroleum Centre 29th and 30th, Tideuote 31st and Nov. 2d, and go thence to Oil City 3d and 4th. S. S. Sanford and Julia Sanford then withdraw and open in Pittsburgh at the Varieties on Nov. 9th.

THE METROPOLITAN MUSIC HALL, Washington, D. C., continues to flourish, the audiences nightly in attendance being large and orderly, and the programmes being diversified and full of humor. Our correspondent "Novice" says:—"The stage manager, Mr. Geo. L. Hall, has arranged an excellent bill of fare, and shows ability in his line in directing performances. A very amusing affair occurred on Oct 27th, which was not set down on the evening programme. It seems that one of the barkeepers of the establishment has long cherished a great desire to make an appearance upon the stage as a singer. It was well known by the manager that the aspirant for lyric honors was not an accomplished musician, but as his desire for an early appearance was earnestly made, his wishes were gratified. Accordingly, on the evening named, the gentleman was in high glee at the prospects of his forthcoming *debut*, and at the proper time was announced from the stage. He appeared and went through the motions in an effort to sing a German song. His attempt at singing was so ridiculous that instead of being hissed off the stage he was loudly applauded and an *encore* accorded him. It was arranged that on his singing an *encore* verse, a gentle rebuke with a stuffed club should be given him, which was successfully and effectively done by one of the company, to the intense delight of all present. Miss Kate Clare, a new addition to the company, appeared on Oct. 26th, and has met with considerable favor. The lady is really a versatile artiste, being quite an able jig dancer as well as an accomplished balladist. I have one fault to find, however, and that is the singing of so many ancient songs, when there is such a variety of new and pleasing songs to be obtained. Miss Jennie De Mars, a very pretty faced warbler (also a late addition to the company), seems to need reminding that the song, 'Beautiful Dreamer,' although a very pretty composition, is entirely too ancient to ever here, and should be shelved for something a little fresher. Morrisey Little, Annie H. Hall, Billy Reeve, Ella Sheldon, Julia Robinson and Marie Zoel, are still in the company."

THE VARIETIES, Mobile, Ala., says our correspondent, "Guy," writing under date of Oct. 27th, "has done a middling fair business during the past week. On the 23d Augusta Lamareux put in an appearance, and on the 26th Fannie Williams made her bow. They were both favorably received. Miss Lillie Beckett continues a favorite; likewise Lottie Staw. During the week 'Quarrelsome Servants,' 'Slim Jim and Fat Jack' and 'Post Office Sam' keep the boards. Lillie Beckett as Lisa, Geo. Madden as Charley, and Johnny Redden as Sam—a character which he has made altogether different from what the author wrote, and I think considerably improved on it, making it full of local hits and witticisms. Lillie Beckett was also happy as Lizzie. Johnny Keegan seems to grow in popularity more and more nightly with his clogs and 'Essence of Old Virginia,' and the show all in all, Manager Bowser gives a very good variety entertainment."

AT THE MELODEON, Galveston, Texas, business is said to be rather meagre. There are no ladies in the company at present, but some are expected to arrive soon from New Orleans. Billy Wallace is in the company, Tom Warfield does the Musical Moke, Master Tommy, a dancer, Mr. John Russell is manager and proprietor, Tom Warfield is stage manager, and William De Hart, leader of orchestra.

KATE HAYDEN, the *ballet* girl, who was burnt at the Metropolitan, Louisville, Ky., on Oct. 20th, died in that city on Oct. 28th. She was a Cincinnati girl, and in that city she first took to the *ballet* for a livelihood. Her parents were Irish emigrants, and little is known of her childhood save that her father died, leaving her mother in abject poverty, with Kate and an older sister to care for and train up to a useful life. She was married to a telegraph operator. She was turned out of doors, and as the marriage ceremony had been performed by a magistrate instead of a priest, the mother declared it to be illegal, and endeavored to bring suit against the young operator for seduction. So bitter were the feelings engendered on both sides that the husband soon became disgusted, and would have nothing more to do with Kate, who was thus thrown upon the world without home or friends. In October, 1867, she made her *debut* at the Palace Varieties, in Cincinnati, then under the management of Gus. Barrown, the present *ballet* master at the Metropolitan in that city, and took a part in the rather ominous spectacular of "The Devil's Auction," then being brought out in that city. Strange to say, during her very first engagement she one night fell over the footlights, and was with great difficulty rescued from the fearful fate that subsequently befell her in Louisville. She soon recovered, and remained at the Palace Varieties until the close of the season. Her mother seems also to have been opposed to Kate's variety life, for one day when the *ballet* master called to notify her of a rehearsal the exasperated mother threw over him a pan of hot ashes. He cleared the premises somewhat demoralized, and did'nt travel that way again. She afterwards left her native city for Louisville, securing an engagement at the Academy of Music. On the opening of the Metropolitan she left the Academy of Music for an engagement at the new establishment. Her name always appeared upon the bills as Mademoiselle Marie, or Millie Marie, never as Kate Hayden, which was her maiden name. On the night of the 20th of October she was doing a solo with the corps de *ballet*, when, in the giddy whirl of the exciting dance, a false motion threw her across the foot lights, and being too dizzy to regain her feet, her light apparel was soon enveloped in flames, which made so much progress that she was nearly burned to death before she could be reached. She was removed as soon as possible, and after lingering in great agony until the 28th, passed away.

THE BALTIMORE OPERA HOUSE, after a season of over seven months, embracing the quietest period of amusements for years in that city, closed on Oct. 31st, but re-opens on the 7th inst.; with a new stage, built on the most approved plan, new scenery, gas fixtures, and extra seating capacity, and with a new company under the direction of the same management. During the past season a large first class variety show has been run introducing names of the first male and female artists in the, variety business.

THE GRISWOLD FAMILY appeared at Music Hall, New Haven, Conn., Oct. 30th and 31st.

CHARLIE HALL AND GEORGE BROWN, comedians of the Union Music Hall, New Haven, Conn., announce a benefit Grecian Bend Ball to take place at Union Hall Nov. 12th. The lady with the largest bend will be presented with $10. Old Abe Maine will assist on the occasion.

AT THE VARIETIES, St. Louis, Mo., business the past week is reported as fair. Will. De Ford, guitarist and drum soloist, Alice Preston, vocalist, and Fayette Welch, sensation actor, put in for the first time, taking well. The afterpiece was a burlesque on the "White Fawn," closing with a comic *ballet*, with Fayne as Moriaschi, Beane as Bonfanti, H. W. Eagan as Gabbetti, Cheney as Rhenina, Childs as Rica, Tony Benton as Barretta, and Geo. Powers as Scalfia.

THE HOWARD ATHENÆUM, Boston, continues to do the best business of any place in the "Hub." This week J. Trowbridge reappears and Josh Hart repeats his Lingard business.

BONFANTI continues one of the great attractions at the Theatre Comique, Boston, and appears in the *ballet* of "The Carnival of Venice." The Wilson and Snow Brothers also remain.

Negro Minstrelsy.

"THE AMATEUR MINSTRELS" is the title of an organization of young men recently formed in Philadelphia, and who gave their first entertainment in the Assembly Buildings on Thursday evening, 29th ult. There was quite a large and respectable audience in attendance, who repeatedly gave evidence of their appreciation of the performances by loud applause. Billy Howard, who was on one end, handled the bones in a manner superior to many who call themselves professionals; Frank Howard, on the other end, helped to keep the fun alive, while Wm. Hirst acted as interlocuter. The other members of the troupe are Wm. Gardner, a pleasing soprano singer; Chas. Parrot, alto; Chas. Benzon, basso; H. Abbott, Barry Brothers, Master Frank Wilson and others. They gave a regular first part and olio, and closed with a burlesque on the "Grande Duchesse." The initial entertainment was a marked success, and a second performance will shortly be given.

THE GEORGIA MINSTRELS were at Ogdensburgh, N. Y., Oct. 30th. COOL BURGESS' MINSTRELS appeared at Hamilton, Canada, Oct. 29th and 30th and are billed ahead as follows:—Brantford, Nov. 2d; Woodstock, 3d; Ingersoll, 4th; London, 5th and 6th; St. Thomas, 7th and 9th; Chatham, 10th; Windsor, 11th; and Detroit, Mich., 12th.

THE NEW ORLEANS MINSTRELS have been traveling through Canada. They were at Cobourg on Oct. 27th.

THE GEORGIA MINSTRELS opened in Montreal, C. E., on Oct. 26th, for three days and went thence to Cornwall, 29th, and Ogdensburg, N. Y., 30th.

SHARPLEY AND COTTON'S MINSTRELS open in Chicago, Ill., on Nov 12th, for the winter.

ARLINGTON goes out for a traveling season on his own hook, his late backer, J. H. Haverly, having, we are informed, withdrawn.

FRANK B. CONVERSE'S BANJO INSTRUCTOR, besides other books and banjo machinery, may be procured of P. C. Campbell as per advertisement.

MISS KATE ATWOOD is said to have made a hit at the Exchange, Indianapolis, by her singing and dancing; also Mlle. Jeressea and Kate Castello. Johnny Bowman has a complimentary benefit on Nov. 5th, and Sol. Yewell, Jr., takes one on the 10th. E. D. Gooding is now stage manager at the Exchange.

GEORGE LEA had a benefit at the Theatre Comique, Louisville, on Oct. 29th, and started on a traveling tour through Indiana, with the following company:—Frank Rivers, agent and stage manager; Wm. Carleton, Larry Tooley, Jas. Rooney, Geo. W. Herman; Stuart and Salley, clowgists; Johnny Carroll, Mons. Carom, Mons. Cardelli, Mlle. Galletti, Angelique Zanfretta, Lotta, Albertina, Millie Weller, Rosa Lee, Mary Hemming, Lizzie Stacey, Mary Russel, Ella Turner, and others. Lea opened in Lafayette, Ind., on Oct. 29th, 30th and 31st, and goes to Logansport 3d and 4th, and Fort Wayne 5th and 6th, intending to remain out four weeks, and return to Louisville and open in Weisiger's Hall.

WM. CARLETON, the Irish comedian, was the recipient of a gold headed cane from his friends in Louisville last week.

JOHNNY MORTON, Lew Cavanagh and Tommy Adams are the latest attractions at Court Street Music Hall, Indianapolis.

AT THE INTERNATIONAL, Toledo, O., the following was the company engaged the past week:—Nellie Haywood, Emma Dormer, John H. Carle, Johnny Judge, T. H. Hollis, Charlie St. Clair, Edward Pleiss and Herbert Luker.

THE SIEGRIST AND ZANFRETTA TROUPE continue at the Olympic, Detroit, Mich., where they were the past week. Alec Zanfretta, Marietta Zanfretta, Francois Siegrist, Josey Zanfretta, Master George Siegrist, Sig Manuel Cappole, W. Sharpstine, Mlle. Carolista, J. Cortois, Bernard, J. D. Buckben and several others are in the company. Edwin Rupert is doing Lingard's characters.

MR. NEWCOMB'S gift business, in connection with his minstrel company, has proved a great success in Cincinnati. The rush the first week was so great that he was compelled to seek a larger hall, and Pike's Music Hall was selected. A change was also made in the amount and number of prizes. $2,000 were given away during the week—$350 on each night, and $200 at the *matinee*. The prizes each evening were twelve, running from $75 to $10, while the gallery was favored with three $5 and one $10 prize. Mr. Newcomb's receipts the first night were over $1,300, and the house was literally packed the remainder of the week. On October 30th the hall was otherwise engaged, for an Odd Fellows' ball, and the troupe performed at Wood's Theatre, returning to Pike's for the *matinee* and evening performances of October 31st. The programme embraced little that was new. Winthrop gave "Snow White Blossoms," ballad, for the first time, Bynan repeated his stump speech, Johnny Queen appeared in his two old stand-by's, "My Father sould Charcoal," and "Dublin Dancing Master." "Cincinnatus," the newsboy, gave his imitation of Billy Emerson in the song and dance. The week was to have finished the long season of the Newcombs in Cincinnati, unless their success should induce them to hold over a little longer.

A BANJO SOLOIST who plays E or B Flat is wanted by Fish & Thornton, who advertise in another column.

CARROLL AND DIXEY'S MINSTRELS, of Philadelphia, are still running the "Grand Duchess," but in addition give several new acts this week, including "Turn Him Out," "I Really Shall Expire," and "Who Stole the Chickens?" Business continues excellent with this troupe.

NEWCOMB'S MINSTRELS perform in Schenectady, N. Y., on Dec. 2d, followed on the 4th by Arlington's Minstrels.

HAVERLY'S MINSTRELS are booked for Schenectady, N. Y., Jan. 11.

FISH AND THORNTON'S MINSTRELS are entertaining the people of the New Dominion. They commenced the present month at Seaforth, from whence they were to go to Gooderich, Mitchel, St. Thomas, London, Ingersol, and Woodstock, where they are to be on the 8th inst.

EMERSON, ALLEN AND MANNING'S MINSTRELS opened for a permanent season in Cincinnati, at the Fourth Street Theatre, near Elm, on Oct. 26th, to a full house, and drew good houses during the week, notwithstanding the unusual attraction at Newcomb's—Manning had the bone end and Emerson the *soubrette*—Johnny Allen appeared in the second part, in "As Through the Park I Go," and in the farce "Hit Him Again." Emerson appeared in "Captain Jinks," and his song and dance. Two of the best things on the programme were the double c'og dance of Kannane and West, and the "Essence of Virginia" by Ned West. The theatre is quite small, not holding over three hundred dollars.

THE GEORGIA MINSTRELS are reported as doing a good business in Canada West, and are billed ahead as follows: Prescott, Nov. 3d, Brockville 4th, and Kingston 5th.

AT WILSON OPERA HOUSE, St. Louis, business has been good. The usual first part and olio introduces Wagner, Kemble, Bray and Wilson in new parts. The closing piece the past week was "Lottery of Life," a very funny burlesque.

NEWCOMB'S MINSTRELS appear in Hamilton, Ohio, on Nov. 9th.

MANAGER HOOLEY makes several changes at his Opera Houses in Brooklyn and Williamsburgh this week. At the former place G. W. Griffin takes the middle, and Joe Emmett, the Dutch comedian, Billy West and J. L. Jones join the company. Donnelly's extravaganza entitled "The Feminine Wigwam or the Female Legislators" will be brought out this week, introducing all the company in female attire.....At the Williamsburgh establishment business has been excellent since the opening night. For the current week O'Reardon and J. K. Campbell are added to the company. The laughable base ball act will be given, also the farce of "Love in all Corners."

MINSTREL TROUPE consisting of Dick Sands, the clog dancer, Otto Burbank, Mark Kelley, Frank Prescott, Tommy Farren, Prof. Zimmer and others, gave an entertainment at Hillegass' Hall, Oakland, on Oct 20th. From Oakland the troupe extend their trip to other towns adjacent to the Bay.

Miscellaneous.

CARRIE A. MOORE, who, by her grace and skill on skates, has made herself a centre of attraction, has added several new acts to her *repertoire* and by a card in our advertising columns states that she wishes engagements to exhibit the same on rinks, and the stage, etc.

W. H. FARNUM continues to manufacture the Wilson banjo, as will be seen by his card in another column.

THE HANLON BROTHERS closed a six nights' engagement at the Holliday Street Theatre, Baltimore, on Oct. 31st. A correspondent says:—"Despite the intense political excitement which rages in our city and the joint opposition of the Richings Bayne Troupe, and the Maryland Institute Fair, the Hanlons have played to a succession of fine houses at the Holliday Street Theatre, and Manager Ford has reason to congratulate himself on having secured so talented a combination in these dull times, when our citizens are absorbed in political matters. The Hanlons have added many new and daring feats to their already extensive *repertoire*, and with the talent which they have gathered in their trans-atlantic Combination, give one of the most refined, amusing and diversified entertainments we have ever witnessed. Their velocipedes are a great novelty, and a large concourse of people assembled at Druid Hill Park on Oct. 26, to witness a race on these unique vehicles. Not having been present, I am unable to report the time made. Pfan, the Russian athlete, gave us the most startling performance ever seen in this city, and could no doubt have executed still more daring feats had he not been limited for room. Emily Thorne is an old favorite here, and increases the number of her admirers by her sweet ballad singing. Blamphin, the harpist, is assuredly one of the finest performers on that instrument that has been seen since the days of Bochsa, while Sedgwick stands unrivaled as a soloist upon the rarely introduced concertina. The Hanlons' pupils, who cannot be more than 7 or 8 years of age, are among the best juvenile acrobats in the country, and they show intelligence, nerve and skill, truly remarkable in children of their tender years. Taken altogether we have no hesitation in pronouncing the Hanlons' entertainment to be one of the best shows traveling. I understand they are to be at Wilmington, Del., on November 2d and 3d."

A MUSICAL SENSATION occurred recently at Montreal, says an exchange. It appears that the Allegbanians, while singing the "Ship on Fire," during their series of concerts there, created rather a horror stricken panic among a part of their large audience. The hall was crowded with eager listeners, and in the descriptive of the quartet the tenor (Mr. Galloway) gives the ventriloquial cry of "Fire! fire! fire!" with great effect in the rendition of the music. At once numbers started to their feet, and impressed with what they thought a reality, were rushing wildly from the room, till at length came the closing words, "We're saved! we're saved!" when the whole audience, in a state of breathless attention, unable to contain themselves, burst forth in prolonged applause.

THE PEAK AND BERGER FAMILY were at Warren, Pa., Oct. 26th and 27th; Tidioute, 28th and 29th; Oil City, 30th and 31st, and were to go thence to Petroleum Centre, Nov. 2d and 3d, and Titusville, 4th and 5th.

OLE BULL concertized in Schenectady, N. Y., on Oct. 28th.

ROBERT NICKLE, prestidigitateur, advertises in another column.

BLIND TOM commences an engagement at Concert Hall, Philadelphia, on Monday, Nov. 16th.

THE PEAK OF AVA, with Whiston, the Humorist, did a good business at Troy, N. Y., the past week.

GEORGE C. THOMPSON, the bone soloist, is quite ill at his residence in Indianapolis, Ind.

PROF. NICHOLS, glass blower, having returned from a southern tour, is at liberty to engage with responsible parties.

FANNY KEMBLE reads in Louisville, Ky., on Nov. 6th and 7th.

OLE BULL puts in an appearance in Elmira, N. Y., on Nov. 3d.

BUSH'S HALL, Bellefonte, Pa., well located and fitted up, has recently been the headquarters of the Peak and Berger bell ringers, and Sherry's Theatre company, who all harvested greenbacks there. Managers wishing to rent it should address as per advertisement.

THE COMPANY engaged for the Claude De Havens Combination are requested to meet at Thompson and Riggs' Agency in this city, on the 13th inst.

BLAISDELL'S TROUPE OF BELL RINGERS gave a performance at Vallegio, Cal., on Oct. 10 h.

JOHN EGAN, who teaches banjo playing, jig dancing, etc, advertises in another column.

A CHANCE to invest in theatrical business is offered in our advertising columns to any young man having $1,000 or $2,000.

TWO DANCERS, to go to California, are are advertised for by Messrs. Wetmore & Co.

SPAULDING & MANNING'S "Electric Oil Operatic Troupe," etc., is doing a good business out west, we understand. They showed at Paris, Ill., on the 4th and 5th inst., and at Terre Haute, Ind., on the 6th and 7th. By reference to their advertisement it will be seen that they are in want of talent.

A STEREOPTICON is advertised for sale in another column by Nelson Read.

FOUR MUSICIANS advertise in this week's CLIPPER for an opportunity to blow their horns, etc.

ANNIE HINDLE, as Rackety Jack, is doing a good business at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, we are informed. Managers can address her as per card elsewhere.

VARIETY TALENT is wanted at the new Variety Hall, Springfield, Ill. See advertisement.

VAN HAMME'S PANTOMIME AND BALLET TROUPE, consisting of M'lles Billon, Giovana and Louise Masmari, Van Hamme, the Leon Brothers and a full *corps de ballet*, start this week for a tour through the east as far as Boston, and thence to Albany for a western trip. They perform in Hartford, Conn., on the 6th and 7th, and Providence, R. I., 11th, 12th, 13th and 14th. Charles Melville is agent and Mark L. Townsend, treasurer.

HUTCHINSON'S COMPANY came to grief at Ashtabula, O., during the week ending Oct. 24th. Amateurs and novices ought to be more careful in making engagements with men of whose responsibility they know nothing.

Amateur.

THE SHAKESPEARE DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION, of Philadelphia, performed "Irish Assurance and Yankee Modesty" the past week, with Mr. C. Comber as Pat, Mr. E. Bateman as Brother Mr. Drayton as Capt. Herbert, Mr. Conway as Chelton, Miss De Vere as Nancy, Miss Montgomery as Arabella Duffer, and Miss Hughes as Susan, followed by "Good for Nothing," with Miss De Vere as Nan, and concluded with the farce of "My Neighbor's Wife." The occasion was Miss C. De Vere's "night." She made her *debut* on the regular stage at Annie Ward's benefit, in that city, some two or three seasons ago, and has since been playing for the "Shakespeare".....A complimentary benefit was tendered Messrs. Perry and Francis on the 22d, by the "Brotherhan," but last week their doors were closed.

THE WETHERLEY DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION of Philadelphia gave the first performance of their fall and winter season on Sept. 9th. On Oct. 28th they presented O'Keefe's comedy of "Wild Oats" to an intelligent audience, composed chiefly of ladies. A correspondent says:—"Mr. Brooke, who impersonated the Strolling Gentleman, has already gained a reputation which places him among the leading comedians in our city. Mr. Andrews as Sir George Thunder, rendered his part artistically, having acquired celebrity for this line of parts. Mrs Steele's rendition of John Dory proved conclusively his minute study of the difficult character. Mr. Herman possesses that ease and grace which was very pleasing in the character of Harry Thunder. Mr. Vincent, as Lamp, was fully appreciated by the audience. Mr. Edwins, as Sim, was extremely amusing. Miss Martin looked splendid, as the good hearted Quakeress. Miss Rogers, as the charming Jane, was interesting. Everything seemed to work like a charm."

Foreign Show News.

LONDON SHOW ITEMS.—No changes of importance at the western theatres have occurred since our last. Drury Lane has continued the "K. O'Scott;" the Lyceum, "The Rightful Heir;" the Princess', "After Dark;" the Queen's, "The Lancashire Lass;" and the Holborn, "Blow for Blow."..... The Royal Alfred Theatre—formerly known as the Marylebone—having been reconstructed, was opened on October 10th, under the management of Amy Sedgwick. Its interior ornamentation, in white and gold, is very artistic and striking. Rows of comfortable and luxurious stalls now occupy half the area formerly devoted to the pit. Private boxes, spacious and handsome, are on either side of the stage; and by their side rooms a dress circle, excellent and available in all respects. The opening piece was a new drama by Mr. Stephenson, entitled "Pindee Singh, the Pearl of Oude," somewhat similar in its action, it is stated, to "Jessie of Lucknow." Miss Amy Sedgwick (whose character is throughout very arduous) represented impressively the heroine, making the part one of exceeding earnestness and intelligence. In the scene wherein she portrays her love for her child her acting was very fine, and roused to great enthusiasm the audience, which summoned the lady before them to receive bouquets and applause. The drama, which has been liberally put upon the stage, has involved a great outlay in its production. It is pronounced too long and tedious, and needs a good deal of compression....."The Old, Old Story," is the title of a new piece produced at the Britannia on October 12th....Since the death of Mr. Charles Kean, his widow has restored to Mr. Lovell the copyright of the two dramas, "The Wife's Secret" and "The Trial of Love."..... A benefit was announced to take place at Sadler's Wells, on October 21st, in aid of the funds of the Clerkenwell Benevolent Society. Miss Rebecca Isaacs and the whole of the company were to appear, and an address written by Mr. Hain Friswell, spoken by Miss Hazlewood..... A new burlesque, by Mr. Robert Reece, is in preparation at the New Queen's Theatre, and will be produced shortly..... "Spiders and Flies, or Caught in the Web," is a new drama produced at the Grecian on Oct. 12th.....Boothroyd Fairclough appeared at Sadler's Wells on Oct. 12th as Shylock. The *Times* of Oct. 18th says:—"Shylock was the part in which he first exhibited himself to the patrons of legitimacy at the Wells. Those who had seen Mr. Fairclough in previous parts knew pretty well what to expect from him. It is impossible, indeed, that any further representation of Shakespeare's greater characters should change, or even greatly modify, our estimate of him. When a man has played Hamlet, Othello, Richard and Macbeth, he has given us full proof of his powers, full opportunity of taking his measure. A man who should be mediocre in these four parts and yet sublime in Shylock or Lear is inconceivable. Mr. Fairclough's Othello had accordingly the characteristics we were prepared to find—intelligence, clearness and scholarship. It was far better than most tragedies in which we are accustomed, and lacked only passion and inspiration, which we never expect to see the actor exhibit. It is, however, a performance most play-goers will do well to see. If it does not strongly move them it will not jar upon their feelings, and this is much to say."..... No change whatever has occurred at the Olympic, Strand, New Royalty, Prince of Wales', Surrey, Victoria, New East London, and Alexandra Theatres.....Louisa Pyne took her farewell of the stage on Oct. 9th, at the Alexandra Rooms. The entertainment opened with Offenbach's rustic operatta and concluded with a ballad concert. In the operatta Miss Louisa Pyne was Fanchette (a widow), and on making her appearance with her sister, Miss Susan Pyne (a widow), as Catherine, met with a very warm reception.....Fleming Norton commenced his mimetic entertainment at Egyptian Hall on Oct. 14th. The *Era* says:—"Although Mr. Norton is not so vivacious as Woodin, nor so mirthful as Maccabe, he has many of the qualities which are fitted to make him successful as an entertainer. His appearance is pleasing, his manner is gentlemanly, and he is a fluent, witty speaker, a clever actor, and a good singer. He personates twelve different individuals, and sings as many songs."

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES MATHEWS have been recreating themselves at Naples, and on Oct. 9th, returned to Rome, both in the enjoyment of excellent health.

MR. AND MRS. HOWARD PAUL gave their entertainment at Swansea, South Wales, on Oct. 12th, to an audience numbering over 2,000 persons—one of the largest audiences ever assembled at the Music Hall. With the exception of an Opera Concert Party, the Howard Pauls seem to be the most attractive singers at present before the public.

MAPLESON'S ITALIAN OPERA TROUPE opened at the Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool, Eng., on Oct. 16th, for a series of performances.

BARRY SULLIVAN and Kate Saville opened an engagement in Liverpool, Eng., on Oct. 10th, at the Amphitheatre, in "The Lady of Lyons," followed on the 12th with the same piece; 13th, "Hunchback;" 14th, "Richard;" 15th, "The Stranger," and 16th, "The Wife."

"BLOW FOR BLOW" was produced on Oct. 12th for the first time in the provinces, at the Prince of Wales Theatre, Liverpool, Eng., and created quite a *furore*. The author (Mr. H. J. Byron) received an ovation, and was called to the front *three* times by an audience crowded to the ceiling. On the second night the piece was quite as successful, and in fact, if possible, more so, the calls for the author being constantly repeated. Mr. Swanborough came forward and told them Mr. Byron had left that day for London.

"L'ARDIE" (No Thoroughfare) has been produced at Brest.

MADEMOISELLE CHRISTINE NILSSON has received an offer in England of $20,000, in gold, per month, for a season of four months.

AMONG rising German opera singers of whom the world may expect to hear more, Madlle. Murjahn it is said deserves especial mention. She has a pleasing and delicate soprano voice (delicacy not excluding power,) grace of expression without affectation, and considerable executive facility.

MISS FRANCES FANE, a young lady whose personal attractions are highly spoken of, made a most successful *debut* at the Theatre Royal, Bath, on Oct. 18th, in a petite comedy, entitled "Ripples on the Lake," specially written by Mr. Howard Paul.

SOPHOCLES' "OEDIPUS" has been reset to music by Herr Bellermann, of Berlin, who is, presumably, dissatisfied with Mendelssohn's attempt.

BALLETS have before now been made out of strange subjects. Heinrich Heine did not disdain to turn Faust into a dancing hero; "Les Mysteres de Paris" was converted into a *ballet* that for a long time delighted the chief cities of Northern Italy; and at the Tagliano, of Florence, the Anabaptist John of Leyden was converted into a saltatory "Prophet." But in that same city they have now gone a step further, Mollere's "Tartuffe" being there transformed into a *ballet*, with a furious con-can for its crowning glory. Not even Mollere himself ever imagined so bitter a satire on the clergy, whom he had such good reason to hate, The *ballet* should have been brought out on the 15th of October, the two hundred and first anniversary of the day on which "Le Tartuffe" first roused the ire of hypocrites.

A FETE.—On Oct. 11th there was a universal *fete* in Madrid. After bull fights came the opera. There was a grand performance for the benefit of the wounded of Alcoles. The piece selected for the occasion was the "Mustia di Portici." The celebrated duet, "Sacred love of country," given with great energy and passion by Tamberlik and Salva, raised thunders of applause, and was twice encored. But this was nothing to what occurred in the second act. A post of the neighborhood had written three stanzas, which were adapted to the grand air with which this act opens, and naturally related to Spain and liberty. Tamberlik, who appeared to feel great sympathy for the Spanish revolution, sang these stanzas in the Spanish language and was applauded to the skies. There was an enthusiastic ovation which seemed as though it would never end. The scene called to mind some of the wonderful performances of Rachel in Paris after the 24th of February.

"LA PERICHOLE," the successor of "La Belle Helene" and "La Grande Duchesse," was produced at the Varieties, Paris, lately, with equivocal success. The story is less objectionable than that of either of the two pieces of buffoonery just named. But the authors, MM. Meilhac and Ludovic Halevy, the usual collaborators of M. Offenbach, have subjected themselves to justifiable animadversion for assuming a title that is calculated to mislead. "La Perichole" will infallibly recall to the memory a certain charming little dramatic sketch, "Le Carosseau Saint Sacrement," originally published in the Theatre de Clara Gazul. It was in this collection—the name of Clara Gazul being quite supposititious—that, so far back as 1825, the original and striking talent of M. Prosper Merimee first manifested itself. In his sketch the actress Perichole, the favorite of the Viceroy of Peru, has a fancy for driving to the cathedral, on the occasion of some grand celebration, in the state carriage. The people are disgusted and enraged at this audacity, but their anger is of a sudden changed to admiration when they see the capricious actress voluntarily vacate her carriage in favor of a priest, who is carrying the sacrament to a dying penitent. Such a subject would be nowise suit M. Offenbach: so his authors have represented their Perichole as abandoning her lover Piquillo for the Viceroy, who in the course of his Haroun-al-Raschid wanderings has found the starved street singer asleep on the pavement. He is about to take her home, but on being reminded of a law forbidding admission to the palace of unmarried women, he forthwith orders a husband and a notary. The former is found in a youth who was about to hang himself, and who of course is none other than Piquillo. The

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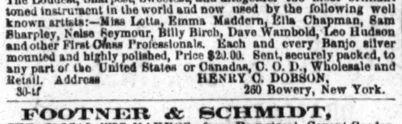

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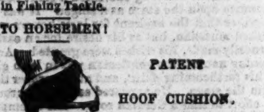
FISH  HOOKS,
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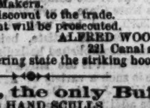
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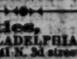
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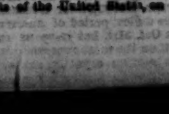
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